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THE CONFLICT OF YOUTH

BY LORD HALIFAX

SPEAKING in official capacity as Foreign Secretary of Great Britain and Chancellor of Oxford University, Lord Halifax addressed these words to Oxford undergraduates soon to go into uniform: —

In addressing you, members of Oxford University, I suppose that I assume in your eyes a dual personality — that of Chancellor of the University and of Foreign Secretary. This evening I propose to perform the feat, if indeed it is a feat, of welding this dual personality into one and speaking to you in all sincerity with single heart and mind.

One of my predecessors, Lord Grey of Fallodon, in whose steps I should be proud to walk, combined, though not like Lord Curzon simultaneously, the two offices with which I am today entrusted. It was only after Lord Grey had retired from public life, which did honor to his country and to himself, that his University welcomed him back as Chancellor. I can imagine no better representative of our University, and I would that he were here now to speak to you in my place.

Lord Grey hated war. He did his

utmost, in and before 1914, to avoid war with Germany, just as we, his successors, did our utmost to avoid war with Germany in 1939. When in spite of his efforts war came in the summer of 1914, Lord Grey, standing at the window of his room in the Foreign Office, used words which you will remember, but which you will allow me once again to quote, since they were so remarkable a forecast of what has happened since. 'The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime.'

The similarity between 1914 and 1939 or 1940 is striking. We too hate war. We also observe, with deepening anxiety, the growing darkness in Europe. Our attitude towards those instruments of force to which we are compelled to have resort in defense of the highest things for which and by which we live, our views about war, both these are unchanged. Nevertheless, I should be misleading myself and you if I were to suggest that there is no difference between the position in 1914 and the position as you see it today. The emotional experience of one generation must of necessity differ from that of the generation which preceded it.

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In 1939, I and others of my age could without much difficulty recapture that earlier experience of 1914, but I know that I should be profoundly mistaken if I were to imagine that the youth of today were entering upon this second European war in the same mood as that in which we entered upon the first. I will attempt to explain to you where, as it appears to me, lies the difference.

It is not only that now we know better what war means, and that the temper in which we face it is rather one of set determination than any feeling of approach to a great and unknown adventure. We in 1914 had been born and had grown up in an atmosphere of peace. Those who came up to Oxford with me lived in a world that we then thought was stable and secure. That security was rudely shaken in 1914, but not sufficiently shaken for us to have any serious doubt that it would soon be put right or to think that when the war was over the old life would not return. You, in the light of what has happened since, may think that we were foolish and shortsighted. Perhaps we were. But every generation must, *sub specie aeternitatis*, be foolish and shortsighted, and you no doubt hold your own views about your elders.

What exactly these views are I do not pretend to know, but I suspect that you see us as people who, though no doubt well-meaning, have made havoc of the world in which you now have to live. You probably regard us as having lived through, and perhaps as still living in, the years of illusion, while you have lived through the years of disillusion. I fancy that to us patriotism presented itself in simpler and more straightforward form than it does to you, and that for this reason the same appeals which moved us no longer have the same power with you. The poetry of Rupert Brooke which rightly inspired us has been replaced on your shelves by that of other poets of your own times, who bring you a harsher

message. We were sure, as I say, in 1914 that once we had dealt with the matter in hand the world would return to old ways, which, in the main, we thought to be good ways. You are not so sure.

I admit and sympathize with the difference, but, having made the admission, let me add this. No generation has the right to lay the cause of all its ills upon the shoulders of its predecessor, for no one age group of men has the monopoly of vision. We are all men and women of our particular time and particular environment. We are all subject to the limitations of human weakness and fallibility. Just as you may criticize us, those who come after will no less certainly criticize you. I have quoted to you some words of Lord Grey which have proved indeed prophetic. Let me quote also some words which were written by a French Jansenist in the seventeenth century and which are very similar:—

Il me semble que je suis né dans une Église éclairée de diverses lampes et de divers flambeaux, et que Dieu permet que je les vois éteindre les uns après les autres, sans qu'il paraisse qu'on y en substitue de nouveaux. Ainsi il me semble que l'air s'obscurcit de plus en plus, parce que nous ne méritons pas que Dieu répare les vides qu'il fait lui-même dans son Église.

You may perhaps find in these French words a deeper analysis of the present ills of Europe. You may think that Western culture is falling into darkness because it deserves no better fate. You may think indeed that these times earn the title of one of the most remarkable poems of our day and conclude that Europe is indeed 'the waste land.'

I would go some long way with you in agreement with this judgment. I think that the existence of war in Europe today is a sign of failure, or of something more than failure, in our Western civilization. When I consider that we — who hate war — are driven to the use of force, that you are asked to

be the instruments of this force, in maintaining against bitter and evil attack the first principles upon which European life has hitherto been based, the darkness that hangs over Europe seems to me something which Milton might have described as darkness visible. Moreover, I am appalled — there is no easier word for it — by one fact above all. This 'waste land' in which we live, this European civilization in which the lamps are burning dim, has not been brought to its present pass merely by the mistakes, the pride, and the selfishness of an older generation.

What has, for example, been the driving force behind the Nazi movement in Germany? It has been German youth. Deliberately deprived as they have been of the elements of true judgment, it is they who made the movement and who still sustain it. Their point of view stands in stark opposition to yours. They do not understand your way of thinking. Your ideals mean nothing to them. They have their own ideals, which to our minds are distorted and deformed, but for which hundreds of thousands of them are prepared without a moment's hesitation to sacrifice their lives. There is what seems an impenetrable barrier dividing you from them, which somehow will have to be broken down if the youth of Europe is to avoid living always in this waste land, and if the European temple of civilization is to deserve and win a rekindling of the lamps.

II

The real conflict, therefore, today is not between age and youth, but between youth and youth. It is important that this should be fully appreciated, for it is the kernel of our future problems. I am not disquieted by the divergences between age and youth. They have been with us since the world began. They represent an inevitable difference of perspective, but there is nothing in them which postulates a fundamental conflict.

If I were to see life as you see it, or if you were to see it as I do, I should feel that there was something wrong with one or other of us. But there is something sinister in the acceptance by the growing generations in different countries of standards of conduct in sharp contradiction to one another, for that does constitute a terrifying challenge to the very foundations of human thought and action.

But in this challenge also lies our hope: for as we move to meet it we shall more truly measure both its nature and the weapons with which it can be countered. It was easier a century ago to run away from the truth than it is today, less difficult to avoid looking squarely at grim and dangerous facts. In Victorian times there was much to encourage the assurance in the steady improvement of man's lot that generally prevailed. Major European wars were rare, and when they occurred they were, according to modern standards, brief. Their scale in any case was not such as to disturb the whole frame of national life. Human comprehension and knowledge were extended in both spiritual and material spheres; the arts and sciences flourished; man's social sense was awake and active; there was a growing respect for the rights of the individual, for freedom of speech and conscience; there was an insistent demand that all men should enjoy equality of opportunity. Ignoring the precarious nature of all human progress, we too lightly assumed that the good things thus reflected in our attitude to our fellow men had come to stay and that the clock would not be put back. I sometimes picture the Victorian, who had lived and died in the comfortable and comforting belief that we were marching in orderly fashion 'from precedent to precedent,' returning to life today. He would be astounded, no doubt, by the material conveniences with which we had added to the ease of life, but he would be still more astounded by the moral retrogression of Europe and

this devastating perversion of youth in Germany.

Do not let me overstate the case. I am far from thinking that the wounds inflicted on our civilization need be mortal. But I do think that we are fighting for its life; and inasmuch as that life finally depends upon the ideals that inspire it, I think we have no choice but to resist and defeat by force the attack to which those ideals — yours as well as mine — are now exposed.

I know that it is said by men of high principle that force in itself, if not an evil thing, has a value only negative. I think this is an exaggeration. Most true it is that force cannot of itself exorcise the evil spirits that enter and deprave the hearts of men. But when these evil spirits invoke force for the prosecution of their purpose, and the struggle is thus joined in the physical arena, it is only by force on the battleground thus chosen that the evil can be resisted. Nor can I doubt that if, under what I must hold to be a one-sided and mistaken interpretation of our Lord's teaching, we refrain on principle from replying in kind to the use of force, we may be surrendering to extinction the most sacred causes for which we stand to posterity as guardians and trustees. Thus force, by resisting the destructive power of evil and guarding the field in which good can work, can render positive service which can be given in no other way.

As I see this problem which is today so tragically forced upon our thought, it is the spiritual motive, alike in national as in individual action, on which judgment has to be passed. Always it is the spirit behind the application of force which makes or mars its value. And we may assuredly hope that the same spirit, which gives the physical and moral courage to defend the menaced values of life today, will avail us when we come through the valley of dark decision to the work of reconstruction.

III

Here I come back again to the idea of 'the waste land.' I do not believe, as I have said, that civilization has yet foundered, but I am certain that there is an active force of evil which, unless we fight it, will rapidly reduce our civilization to a desert of the soul. That evil force is at work in a period of human history in which change has been so sudden as to bring grave confusion of thought to give more favorable conditions for the Devil's work.

It is, of course, true that the world never stands still, but there are times when the flywheel races, and you and I live in such a time today. You have never lived in any other. Your world has been influenced, whether you acknowledge it or not, by what I must take leave to term the inhuman conception of the so-called economic man. There has been a tendency for great thinkers, who have analyzed the social and moral values on which the human community has been built, to stress the need for finding the perfect system. There has been a tendency to explain all history and humanity in economic instead of in human terms. Christianity, on the other hand, has rather made its end the perfection of the individual, in the conviction that here, too, lay the secret of life for all society. And this emphasis upon the ideal system, instead of the ideal individual, has not helped the development of the human character. Yet fundamentally men today remain much the same men as they were yesterday. They may be better informed, but they are not necessarily wiser. They wish to emancipate themselves from artificial conventions, but they are not more free from the dangers and pitfalls which caused those conventions to be accepted.

We none of us, young or old, like to be called conventional. Such a description seems in some way to impugn our intellectual fibre and independence. And

so, desiring to assert our independence, we are tempted to revolt against canons which reason has not yet made our own, regardless of the fact that some of them at least may have permanent significance. One consequence is that in many quarters today there is failure to distinguish between the necessary revision of conventions, which must inevitably recur in any intelligent community, and the recognition of the necessity for some rules, which if you like you may call conventions, for the guidance and protection of society.

Here is indeed one of life's problems which each has to settle for himself, finding his own adjustment between the necessity for change which is the law of life and the restraint without which society cannot live. T. H. Green once said, 'That man is free who is conscious of himself as the author of the law which he obeys.'

Conventions are after all but the warning signals of society, which has from the beginning of history felt the need of protecting human frailty. The substance of any conventional code, however, must derive from the appreciation by society of the principles of its own survival. These in turn emerge from moral principles which man has gradually come to apprehend, and which themselves are rooted in religious instinct. The danger that in revising traditional and outward forms we impair the substance is familiar enough. If this happens, man is adrift without bearings and without anchor; and, as we see today, in the vile savageries to which in this twentieth century he can revert, the descent from man to animal is easy.

And so it is that if we are to keep our bearings as a nation we must base ourselves firmly on social, moral, and religious standards. No country will be at peace with itself or with others on any other basis, for the world's disorder today is the reflection of turmoil and conflict in the minds of men. If, therefore, we are to recapture the secret of order

for international society, — and here I speak of all countries, — we must as individuals strive to erect or maintain standards that will bring true freedom through the way of discipline. Your standards will not perhaps be the same in form as those to which the loyalty of those older than yourselves are pledged. But in substance I fancy they will not greatly differ. That, however, is something which you must work out for yourselves, answering directly your own needs. And Oxford, much as she may have changed, still retains her essential quality as the great clearinghouse of ideals and ideas, where values may be tested and appraised in the free play of thought.

Oxford will still mould you as you are assuredly moulding her; and in this double process I do not doubt that she will remain the inspiration of a vital part of English life. Many of you, perhaps most of you, are preparing to take your place before long in the ranks of the fighting forces, and you have every right to put the question, 'What is it that we are to fight for, and what prospect is there that we shall in the end secure the better world for which the fight is waged?'

I have done my best here and elsewhere — as have others — to weigh what is involved in the present conflict. Its issue, as I believe, will affect profoundly the whole future of mankind, for what is here at stake is whether the nations that desire peace must perpetually be faced with war if they are not prepared to accept any settlement that force may seek to impose upon them. And so, except for those — a tiny fraction of our people — who would for whatever reason feel that we had been wrong to embark upon this war at all, I cannot conceive of doubt arising as to the duty of bracing our resolution until, so far as it may be humanly possible to do so, we have secured the world against a repetition of this ordeal.

IV

As to the future, it is not possible for me or for any other man to answer with complete assurance. If once the doctrine of force could effectively be put to shame, the way would be open to concentrate the effort now mobilized for war upon the cause of improving the common lot of man. Some months ago before the war I said that 'British policy rested upon twin foundations of purpose. One was determination to resist force. The other was our recognition of the world's desire to get on with the constructive work of building peace.' The implication of those words holds good today. To none of us is vouchsafed certainty as to what it may be in our power to do, and were I to attempt to make such claim you would rightly challenge my presumption. But what *is* within our power is to define clearly our direction and the spirit in which we shall try to work. If this and the purposes for which we strive are right, we can surely feel that we have done everything we can to make our endeavor worthy of the cost.

I constantly remember the story of the traveler who asked the peasant working in the fields how far it was to Carcassonne. 'How far it is to Carcassonne, sir, that I do not know. But that this is the road to Carcassonne, of that I am sure; for those who return say always that at the end lies Carcassonne.' Our Carcassonne is the world of our desire. I do not know whether it will be an easier world, but what matters is that we should desire not an easier but a better world, and equip ourselves in body, mind, and spirit to create it. For it depends mainly on ourselves whether we are to be masters of our fate.

There is no reason, therefore, to be disilluminated about the future, however much you may feel disilluminated about the past. Hope is the oldest and wisest counselor of mankind, for without hope

it is impossible for men to apprehend the power of the other great Christian virtues of faith and charity, and these alone can be the bond of peace for all members of the human family. I have said that the real conflict of ideas is between youth and youth, and that the beliefs of German youth, nurtured in Nazi doctrines, are in stark opposition to your own. We should gravely err if we were to rate lightly the strength and reality of their beliefs. The racial doctrine, as interpreted in the Nazi creed, may be, and in my view is, sheer primitive nonsense; and we are no more prepared to admit German superiority of race than we are concerned to assert our own. If that were all, it would not greatly matter, but when this doctrine is invoked in justification of the oppression of other races, it becomes a crime against humanity.

Not only does it deny the corporate claim to liberty of men and women organized in national societies, but it refuses the much more fundamental claim of men and women to the free expression of human personality, which rests upon the eternal value of every human soul. True pride of race may be tested by the behavior of its possessors towards their own fellow citizens and towards others. It will forbid conduct to individuals of which they should be ashamed in their private lives. It is thus evidently something far removed from the ideal of a race which by the German philosophy of today is called to stamp out the civilization of another. Between these two conceptions there is a great gulf fixed. The German race, under its present rulers, is betraying both itself and the greater whole of which it is part, and to whose progress it might, and ought to, be making its own distinctive contribution. And the real tragedy of that betrayal, as it affects the German youth, is the enlistment of the honorable instincts of self-sacrifice and devotion in the service of a crudely materialist philosophy. Until these false creeds are abjured, and

replaced by a wider toleration, they must continue to excite resistance. The future of humanity must not be left in the hands of those who would imprison and enslave it.

We may readily admit that we, like other men, have often fallen short of our professions. Our history has not been free from faults; it has taken time to establish in universal practice principles which have now won general acceptance. And there are things today within our body politic which we need to fight not less intensely, if with other weapons, than we fight the enemy without. But the broad record of the British race stands to be judged on facts that are incontestable. It is the fact that during the nineteenth century, when the power of this country was unchallenged, there was no nation in Europe that felt for that reason insecure, or that did not recognize our power to be an instrument of peace. The *Pax Britannica* has been no empty or self-righteous boast of purpose. It is the fact, too, that in every corner of the world where men of British race have established influence, there, by immutable law of nature, you find established the seed and plant of liberty. It is the trail by which is marked their progress, interpreted to all by the standards of good faith, respect for law, and equal justice. Most truly, therefore, of

our people was it said: 'Their country's cause is the high cause of Freedom and Honour. That fairest earthly fame, the fame of Freedom, is inseparable from the names of Albion, Britain, England.'

My message, therefore, to you today, as Chancellor and Foreign Secretary, is to be so proud of the race to which you belong that you will be as jealous of its honor as you are of its safety, and that you will fight for both with equal determination. The struggle will be arduous, it may be long, and it will certainly demand of our nation that it should withhold nothing that may contribute to our strength. Let us never forget that of all the resources at our command the most powerful will be the quality of our resolution, fed by a true perception of the responsibility laid upon each one of us, and of the spirit in which that responsibility must be discharged. In front of the Viceroy's House in New Delhi stands a column, on which are inscribed the words:—

IN THOUGHT FAITH
IN WORD WISDOM
IN DEED COURAGE
IN LIFE SERVICE
SO MAY INDIA BE GREAT

No one of us could offer for our country and our Commonwealth any better prayer today.

WHO'S IN COMMAND?

BY DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

I

AMERICAN soldiers are as much divided as other citizens are in their estimate of the probability of intervention in the European war, but they consider the prospect of ultimate involvement sufficient to justify speculation on the leadership of another A. E. F. Various names are mentioned. It is assumed that the Army would take the field under a General-in-Chief who had exercised regimental command during the World War or had served with credit on the staff at G. H. Q. Whether the first commanding General would remain, every soldier admits to be problematical. If the nation were fortunate, the Army might have the same General-in-Chief for the duration of the war. As readily, here might be half a dozen.

That Pershing's successor in France would be well furnished, all agree. The Army has progressed in training since 1917. All the schools are stronger; both the War Colleges give realistic instruction; the intelligence service of the Army has been reborn. Our approach to industrial mobilization will be less blundering. In training for command, the Navy now has everything short of combat. The Army lacks adequate modern equipment and large-scale manoeuvre. Congress never has been brought to see that much of the worst wastage of war is the result of inexperience in handling large bodies of troops. To reduce initial casualties, the men who are expected to command armies in war should manoeuvre them in peace. The best investment that

could be made in national defense today would be the provision of a vast camp where at least 50,000 men could be mustered and marched for a month every summer. That is incomparably the greatest need in the whole realm of Army training.

If, within these limits, there is a measure of confidence regarding the field command of another A. E. F., the approach of a Presidential election raises a question scarcely less serious: Will the next President have a proper conception of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy?

That question has been asked hypothetically in Washington whenever Mr. Roosevelt has referred to himself as Commander-in-Chief. It had special point last autumn when the patrol of the 'neutral zone' was being organized. One could hear with equal assurance that the President was going dangerously far and that he was displaying precisely the right initiative and control. Since then the general opinion has been that Mr. Roosevelt probably would be a vigorous war President but that he would not interfere in operations.

What of Mr. Roosevelt's successor? Although the command-in-chief is listed first among the powers of the President, under the Constitution, the American people seldom consider whether a particular candidate would make a good war Executive. In the most recent test, that of 1916, they reelected Mr. Wilson not

because they thought he would be a wise leader during hostilities but because he had 'kept us out of war.' This time, as the war spreads, is it too much to ask American people to realize that there is such a thing as the problem of Presidential command, and that, if Presidential command be not exercised wisely, the price may be the lives of tens of thousands of boys? An incompetent, officious war President is more dangerous to his country than an incompetent General-in-Chief, because he cannot be removed so readily.

It is easy to state in abstract terms the relation of the President to military operations. As Commander-in-Chief, the President should define the war aims of his country and should muster in support of them the national resources. He should insist that the larger strategy of military and naval operations—the 'grand strategy' of Napoleonic military parlance—conform to the war aims. Beyond that, the President as Commander-in-Chief should select the best men he can find to develop and to execute a sound strategic plan. He should give to his Generals and his Admirals full moral support, should see that their requests for men and munitions are met, should advance promptly those lieutenants who are qualified, and should protect the Army and the Navy from political appointees. In times of disaster or depression, the President as Commander-in-Chief should be able to sustain the morale of the nation.

That is the blueprint of ideal relationship. Details may be elaborated *ad infinitum*. The difficulty is that actual conditions seldom conform to theoretical design. What the President and the General-in-Chief respectively do in war is determined by what the two men prove to be.

'Who's in command?' may become at once the most personal and the most important question in war. Circumstance has unexpected ways of shaping compulsion.

II

To begin with war aims, a President may find their definition a complex task. In altered circumstances, war aims may be easy to state and impossible to execute. President Polk, for example, had as clear a general plan for his administration as ever a Chief Executive possessed. Among four major objectives, he sought California for the Union, but he intended to procure it by purchase rather than by war. When hostilities with Mexico came, there was long confusion over war aims which, in some particulars, had to be formulated by the Generals in the field. President Lincoln's war aims, on the other hand, were clear and were stated by him in the positive form most certain to appeal to the North—not as the prevention of secession, but as the preservation of the Union.

Always war aims should be as definite as this, but always they must be within the range of what can be done with forces that will be available. So long as attainable war aims relate to economics and morale, their definition is primarily a matter for the President and his cabinet, but when it comes to the military aspect of attainable war aims, the duty and the right of the President as Commander-in-Chief may clash. War in the Pacific might present a case in point. If the Philippines were lost to an invading force, should the President set the recovery and reconquest of the Islands by a combined land and naval force as an attainable war aim? The immediate answer, of course, is that no President in the possession of his faculties would dream of stating such a war aim until he had taken counsel with his military and naval advisers. True that is, but there have been instances where Presidents on their own motion fashioned war aims almost as fantastic as that of the prompt recovery of the Philippines from a first-class sea power. Jefferson Davis's persistent design of stamping

out Federal resistance by a simultaneous invasion of Ohio and Pennsylvania proved hopelessly beyond the resources of the Confederacy. During the illness of General McClellan in the winter of 1861-1862, President Lincoln ordered a general advance that his armies could not undertake. Perhaps the warning here is that any President who attempts to state military war aims in terms of his own grand strategy is apt to get himself in trouble.

When a President, as Commander-in-Chief, has set attainable military war aims and has called upon the high command to shape and execute the plans for achieving those aims, he begins his greatest gamble. The President may be sure that his field lieutenant will avoid certain elementary mistakes; but the chances that the first General-in-Chief will be an eminent strategist and a competent army administrator are not high. A prudent wartime President may as well assume, in fact, that his principal task as Commander-in-Chief will be that of finding 'the man' who can win the war.

Presidents Polk and Wilson were more fortunate in this quest than were the rival Northern and Southern executives of the 1860's. Winfield Scott, one of the ablest of all American soldiers, was in 1846 at the peak of his powers. For personal reasons the President was unwilling at the outset to employ General Scott, but in the end he was induced to use old 'Fuss-and-Feathers.' The subsequent expedition from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, which decided the war, was conducted flawlessly. A shabby cabal that deprived Scott of his command after the capture of the Mexican capital served only to show how well the Army had been led. It was an historic oddity that Mexico, almost seventy years later, should have been one of the testing grounds of General Pershing. He was selected in 1917 by a cold, careful appraisal of all the men of promise in the Army, and from the first he met every

essential requirement as commander of the A. E. F.

In the experience of Mr. Lincoln and of Mr. Davis are examples of virtually all the difficulties a President may expect to encounter in searching for 'the man.' The first of those difficulties was that of chance assignment. General Scott was too old and too feeble for field service in 1861, though his broad strategic plan of operations, slightly revised, was the one by which Federal victory was achieved. At his instance, Major General Robert Patterson was given command in the lower Shenandoah Valley. Patterson was a Mexican War veteran; he was head of the Pennsylvania militia; his reputation and his proximity to the scene of operations made him appear desirable. Irvin McDowell owed his rise to the good opinion of Scott and, no less, to the influence of Secretary Chase. When a division in the command around Washington became desirable as a matter of organization, McDowell was given responsibility for the troops on the south side of the Potomac — and apparently without a thought that this might involve the conduct of the first major operation of the war. Patterson failed to coöperate with McDowell, while Johnston was marching to reinforce Beauregard. The result was the battle on Bull Run and a frightful blow to the pride of the North.

When a defeat as disgraceful as that of Bull Run is sustained by the Army, what is the duty of the President? He may permit a Patterson to be mustered out, and he may give to a McDowell a command less exacting; but where is he to look for a General-in-Chief? If the President, the Secretary of War, and the Chief of Staff are courageous and detached, they may go over the Army list and may conclude that the general record of, say, four or five men indicates that one or another of them probably has the qualities of command. A man chosen from such a list has perhaps better than an even chance of being a

good soldier; but if public alarm is high and resentment over defeat is sharp, the President may make an appointment on the basis of promise. That was what President Lincoln did. General George B. McClellan had conducted a brisk and clever little campaign in Western Virginia against feeble Confederate forces that were operating on a frail, extended line of communications. The Federal commander had made the most of his opportunity and had advertised his success thoroughly. Newspapers sounded his praise. He was acclaimed the 'Young Napoleon of the West,' and in the eyes of President Lincoln he seemed to be 'the man.' Although McClellan had retired from the Army in 1855 as a captain of cavalry, he had been recommissioned in May 1861 as Major General in the regular Army and, after the defeat of McDowell, was given the key command, the Department of the Potomac, which covered the defense of Washington. In November, when Scott retired, McClellan became General-in-Chief.

Thus heavily did President Lincoln gamble on the man who seemed his 'best bet.' Almost any President would have done the same thing. If a soldier has 'military sense' he will exhibit it at every grade of command. When the record of a good general is examined he almost invariably will be found to have been a good colonel, a good major, a good captain, though, manifestly, it does not follow that every competent captain will be an able general of division. General McClellan's record, though brief, seemed to justify the hope that he would demonstrate in a large command the abilities he had shown in a small. Before that could be put to the test, he gave abundant evidence that he was an excellent army administrator. Stage by stage he built up for the Army of the Potomac an organization that survived all the shocks and strains of three and a half years of war. It was weak only where General McClellan went outside the Army and

used private detectives as the basis of his intelligence service — the costliest mistake he ever made.

By the beginning of 1862, the Army of the Potomac had reached a stage analogous to that attained this June by the enlarged British Army. The troops and the organization seemed ready for the offensive. In Congress and in the newspapers, demands for action were voiced. When these went unheeded, grumbling began. Was General McClellan ceaselessly to strengthen a vast war machine and never to use it? Did he not perceive that the resources of the country were being taxed for the support of so large a force? Why did not he advance on Richmond? This was a challenge to the President no less than to the General-in-Chief. When the same cry was raised day after day, what was the duty of the Commander-in-Chief? Should he wait indefinitely on McClellan and, meantime, defend him before the nation?

For a time Mr. Lincoln excused his General's delays, but ere long he had doubts of his own. He was not sure that McClellan ever would take the initiative until compelled to do so. Was it necessary for the President to exercise directly his authority as Commander-in-Chief and force McClellan into the field? Reluctantly Mr. Lincoln answered in the affirmative and, without notifying McClellan, issued those 'President's war orders' that remain unique in American history.

Although the provocation was great, the method was inexcusably wrong. McClellan launched his Peninsular campaign, but he believed that the Administration would not support him and he built up in advance an excuse for any failure that might overtake him. By September 1, when the Army was back on the line of the Potomac again, some 42,000 Federal casualties had been sustained in Virginia alone. Whether the President or General McClellan or General John Pope was most to blame

for those losses, historians never will agree.

With the failure of McClellan's offensive, the President took up anew his quest of 'the man.' He tried early to assure coöperation among the various field commanders by naming a General-in-Chief, whose duties were essentially those of a modern Chief of Staff. Unfortunately, Mr. Lincoln's choice for that position, Major General H. W. Halleck, was not well-suited to his rôle, though he had far more military virtues than have been credited to him. Nor was his authority well defined. One day he was ordering operations that should have been directed only from the field; the next day he might be little more than adjutant to the President or clerk to the Secretary of War. With or without Halleck's counsel, President Lincoln made the shift from McClellan to Pope, then back to McClellan and on, in succession, to Burnside, to Hooker, and to Meade. Not one of these commanders in the East satisfied President Lincoln. None of them felt that he had the whole-hearted backing that he required if he was to defeat Lee.

All the while, in the West, military success was bringing to the fore soldiers who acquired confidence in themselves and won the confidence of the Administration. Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and Buell were fortunate in their adversaries and fortunate also in that they often could employ sea power; but they had the ability to make the most of good fortune. After Grant captured Vicksburg, and Meade failed to follow up the advantage he won at Gettysburg, events trended steadily to the choice of Grant as General-in-Chief.

When President Lincoln at length was satisfied that Grant was 'the man,' relations were established between the two that remain a model of those that should subsist between the Commander-in-Chief and the high command in the field. At their first meeting, Mr. Lincoln could not quite suppress his im-

pulse as an amateur strategist, and he explained to the General a plan of operations which Grant was too polite to criticize. The President did not insist that General Grant disclose his own plan, nor did he exhibit curiosity of a sort to embarrass. General Grant in his *Memoirs* thus recalled their first private conference: 'Mr. Lincoln . . . stated to me that he never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them; but that procrastination on the part of commanders, and the pressure from the people at the North and in Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "military Orders" — one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted or had ever wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the government in rendering such assistance.'

From that hour he took command, General Grant neither lacked nor supposed that he lacked the most absolute support of the President. The knowledge that the President would sustain him was as important a factor as his own personal determination in prosecuting the campaign against Richmond. Other Federal commanders had recrossed the Rappahannock when they had been halted by Lee, but General Grant was sure the President would not begrudge the losses or withhold reinforcements if he came to a clinch with his adversary.

Almost three years it had taken President Lincoln to 'find the man.' Thirteen months were required to finish the war after the man was found. Neither period must be regarded as typical of what a future President may expect. He may not have to search three years before he finds the 'fashioner of victory.' How soon success can be won, even by the

ablest General, depends in large degree on the condition of the opposing force. General Grant gained in 1864 by all the losses his predecessors had inflicted on Lee's Army.

III

Jefferson Davis's experiences, during the rise of Grant, present many variants of the problem, 'Find the man.' By every test, Mr. Davis seemed qualified to procure early the best commanders and to give them the wisest aid. No President of the United States except Washington himself ever had as large a knowledge of the military establishment as Jefferson Davis possessed at the head of a hostile government. After graduation from West Point, he had served five years in the United States Army, had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, had been for four years Secretary of War, and for nine had been chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. He was familiar with the record and the rating of every senior officer in the United States Army. For some of those who came under his control as Confederate Commander-in-Chief he had a personal affection that was to show itself in loyalty the most intense. Against a few others he had prejudices of which he found it difficult to divest himself, but his abilities seemed far to outweigh his disabilities.

His first unhappy experience as Commander-in-Chief was one that any President is apt to have: General P. G. T. Beauregard, who had shared in a creditable operation at Manassas, concluded that he was a great strategist and, in an official report, intimated that the President had frustrated a design that held every promise of great success. In this controversy, most of the equities and the verities were on the side of Mr. Davis, but he probably would have lost heavily in reputation had not Beauregard indulged in some patently foolish remarks that discredited him. Next Mr. Davis

had to deal with what he regarded as the retreating impulse of his chief field commander in Virginia, General Joseph E. Johnston. After the wounding of Johnston at Seven Pines solved that problem for Mr. Davis, the Confederate President had to cope with a mild opposition among some of Johnston's officers to the appointment of 'an engineer,' in the person of Robert E. Lee, to head the Army of Northern Virginia. Within little more than a month, Lee so clearly had demonstrated his ability that Mr. Davis was troubled no more concerning the direction of Confederate forces in the East; but while Mr. Lincoln was searching for a competent officer to face Lee in Virginia, Mr. Davis was seeking a soldier able to meet Grant in the West. Davis's loyalty to Braxton Bragg and his antagonism for Joseph E. Johnston alike were disastrous to the fortunes of the Confederate Army of Tennessee. The whole story is full of instruction for every soldier and every executive.

Mr. Davis's record as Commander-in-Chief makes it plain that military training is not altogether a prerequisite and may not even be an asset for a wartime President. The one clear benefit of Mr. Davis's knowledge of military affairs was that it kept him from assigning his 'political Generals' to important posts. He commissioned almost as many politicians at the rank of Brigadier General as President Lincoln did; but he named few such men to the rank of Major General. When he did elevate a 'favorite son' for reasons of politics, he usually put the inexperienced officer under a competent and vigilant division commander, or else assigned the politician to a post where little harm could be done.

Perhaps it should be added, though one cannot be quite sure, that Mr. Davis's military experience served him in dealing with amateur strategists on the floor of the Confederate Congress. He might not be able to hold his own in a strategi-

cal controversy with, say, Joseph E. Johnston, but he could overwhelm a Congressman. Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, and many of his generals in the field suffered much at the hands of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, the curious body that exemplified at the worst what Elihu Root subsequently styled 'government by suspicion.'

A further contrast between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis will serve to emphasize the final most important duty of the President as Commander-in-Chief. No matter how successful he may be in finding the soldier who can interpret war aims in terms of strategy, each war President must bear on his own shoulders the responsibility of making those aims popular. His task it is to assure financial support from Congress and among private investors. When war weariness comes, he must combat it. If zeal for the nation's cause seems to wane, he must revivify it by some captivating restatement of war aims or of the nation's ideals. Mr. Davis never was able to do more in this respect than to issue some moderately appealing state papers and to deliver a few speeches somewhat above the Senatorial average. His adversary in Washington seldom failed to rally the North in its hour of depression. Mr. Lincoln's slow but watchful approach to the issuance of the emancipation proclamation is one of the most interesting examples in American history of deliberate waiting for the moment of largest psychological opportunity. The proclamation made double sure a last-ditch fight by the South, but it fired the imagination of the North.

At almost every stage of his difficult service, from the enunciation of war aims to the rally of the nation for the largest sacrifice, the President as Commander-in-Chief must have, above everything else, willingness to learn from his own experience and from that of his predecessors. The lessons are there for every

man's reading. Nowhere is better emphasized the truth of Sir George Adam Smith's dictum that 'History never repeats itself without interpreting itself.' The success of Woodrow Wilson as a war President should make a student of every Chief Executive who has to direct a war, because there is no doubt whatsoever that Mr. Wilson in 1917-1918 shaped his administration largely by what he knew of the successes and mistakes of Lincoln and of Davis. One may get the general plan of Mr. Wilson's own war administration from his comments on the Union and Confederate Presidents. His admiration of Mr. Lincoln's political sagacity often was expressed. In his *History of the American People*, where he listed some of the extralegal emergency acts of Mr. Lincoln, he remarked that, despite these, nobody suspected Mr. Lincoln of wishing to be a dictator. Is it not a safe assumption that this memory of Lincoln prompted him, as soon after the Armistice as conditions permitted, to urge on Congress the repeal of his own emergency powers? Woodrow Wilson lived close enough to the era of Jefferson Davis to have a fuller knowledge of the Confederate President, to have heard all the complaints about Mr. Davis's disposition to 'run the army' as well as the government. A single phrase in Mr. Wilson's *History* expresses inferentially his amazement that a President should attempt to conduct operations, but that phrase epitomized the rule of his administration. I remember asking Newton Baker in 1921 whether President Wilson ever had given him or General Pershing a direct order for a military operation. 'Never,' Mr. Baker said. He specified: 'The most Mr. Wilson ever did was to inquire if we had considered the possibility of such and such a course. Usually I was able to tell him we had, but whether we had or not, he did not go further than to ask the question.'

Some of those who have been wondering what manner of Commander-in-

Chief they could expect in President Roosevelt have forgotten, apparently, that in 1917-1918 he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He felt, as Newton Baker did, — as Pershing did, as Daniels did, — the immense advantage of working for a President who did not dabble endlessly in departmental affairs. If Mr. Roosevelt felt free to speak on a subject so delicate, he doubtless would say that, while Mr. Wilson often made discerning observations and posed sharp questions, he never gave an order for a fleet operation.

The memory of that training under Mr. Wilson is one, but only one, of the reasons for predicting that if America entered the European war — which God forbid — before next January Mr. Roosevelt would disappoint those who expect him to be President and General-in-Chief and Admiral of the fleet. That is not his method, anyway. In a spirit of comradeship with the armed services of which he is proud, he sometimes calls himself Commander-in-Chief; but in actual administration he shapes policies and expects his lieutenants to execute them. He would shape war aims, but he

scarcely would dictate strategy. All that he had learned of public psychology he would apply in assuring subscriptions to war loans and in maintaining national morale. He would not attempt to tell the Generals or the Admirals what to do in a realm as technical as his own. Reassurance concerning his policy is to be found in his deliberate orders of 1939 that no officer should be promoted General who could not serve full four years at that grade. This denied promotion to many excellent men, but it displayed the soundest military sense. A President who will do that for the Army is capable of doing more. His zeal for the Navy, and his contributions to it, need not be stressed.

No, it is not Mr. Roosevelt but his successor whose aptitude for the military duties of the Presidency should be a matter of question and concern. The American people think of the President as Commander-in-Chief almost exclusively in grumbling terms of a twenty-one-gun salute. They need to realize that in war he can add incredibly to the efficiency of their national defense, or, by his blundering, can butcher their boys.

LIFE DRAWING IN

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

THE robin whistles again. Day's arches narrow.
Tender and quiet skies lighten the seeding flowers.
Spiders besheen the dew. . . . And that tiny arrow
Circuiting high in the blue, the year's last swallow,
Knows where the coast of far, mysterious, sun-wild Africa lours.

WOMEN ARE MISUNDERSTOOD

BY SIBYL PEECH

I

GENERALLY speaking, the women of Germany are capable, the French have esprit, the English are pertinacious. But the American woman is smart. She is brisk, quick-witted, dextrous; the best-dressed and best-groomed woman in the world. There is no situation that she cannot master, no problem for which she cannot find a quick solution. Written and unwritten laws give her a highly preferred position in social life. She controls two thirds of the nation's wealth, and one fifth of the country's industries serve her needs and luxury. She should be happy. But something is wrong. It is a strange experience for a foreigner to find that the world's prototype of beauty and unlimited freedom is haunted by restlessness and a feeling of being 'misunderstood.' She resents nothing more than being told that she is the most privileged woman on earth. The cause of this dissatisfaction is relatively simple: the well-to-do German woman is content to be what she is, and so are the French and the English; whereas the American woman wants constantly to be what she is not, and, since she can't really shed her skin, she considers herself frustrated and oppressed.

The worst victims of this obsession are not among the small number of rich women who are perfectly happy with the shadow existence of traveling and society, nor the unmarried girls who are reared in the belief that youth in itself is an achievement. The underprivileged homemakers are not among the afflicted;

their physical work is too endless to allow time for self-examination. The army of discontent comes from the middle class with incomes from five to fifteen thousand, where the struggle for existence has been replaced by a certain amount of security. For two hundred years the American women lived, like the American man, in the vision of a new country. When the frontiers were closed, it hit them harder than it did him. In a society where the aim no longer was expansion, but consolidation, their only function could be homemaking and reproduction, with all the inevitable routine and unspectacular sacrifices which are implicit in these tasks. They were expected to accept this plight as the ultimate aim of a female life, as all women of Western civilization had done before them. But they refused this suggestion as an unjust curtailment of democratic freedom and a gross misunderstanding of the woman's true value. Barred from other possibilities, to show their protest the unpolitical majority of women found an outlet in a new life aim: beauty culture became the battle cry.

Every country has its own ideal age for women. France values experience, whether it has taken forty or fifty years to gain it. Germany has her ideal of the young mother. England adores, though with a cooler heart, the grand lady. America, the pioneer country, created the worship of youth, and American women of all ages excel with unprecedented skill in the art of make-believe.

But this preoccupation runs into insurmountable obstacles. For, in spite of amazing successes in the race against time, American women, like all others, start to get old between forty and fifty, and by fifty-five they must accept the fact that they are not twenty.

The second stumbling block is that the American woman has brains, and usually very good ones. Her intelligence seems to be higher than that of European women. Those good brains urge her into activities where success is independent of age, usually at the time when the first gray hair raises the doubt that it will be eternally possible to keep chic and youthful. The pioneer tradition still lives in her gameness, her unwillingness to be resigned; so the hunt begins for something to fill the threatening emptiness. But her very quickness and cleverness prevent her from finding satisfaction. She projects herself into every new enterprise, only to find that, although it provides activity, it is empty of satisfaction. Fashion becomes caricature as wilder hats and madder trimmings divert attention from aging faces. Psychoanalysis is elevated to a religion in order to satisfy the craving for understanding and to shift personal responsibility to the paid analyst. Clubs and committees are founded on countless pretexts, but seem to function as a means of compensation for a feeling of uselessness. The extraordinary number of lectures, the adult courses in writing, the determination for self-improvement, which exist in this country as in no other, help to give the soothing illusion that one is in vigorous touch with life.

Yet with all their knowledge, real or superficial, the restlessness among American privileged women has grown, proving that their native intelligence and vitality are not easily duped by substitutes. The discrepancy between these native qualities and the American woman's ability to employ them is the one general symptom which clearly differentiates the hordes of 'misunderstood'

middle-class women from the discontented elite. Dissatisfaction with a status quo is no negative emotion. The lives of Alma Lutz, Jane Addams, Grace Abbott, in this country, show what women of power and initiative can do. The great difference between these women and their restless sisters is that they were without self-conceit. It was not lack of personal understanding that incited their actions, but realization of all the dangers which beset an ill-balanced society, a deeply rooted feeling of responsibility towards the common fate of women.

II

To conquer a wilderness called for individualism, vitality, and romanticism, qualities which the American woman had in abundance. But with the land secure under his feet, the American man cast off the Leatherstocking spirit and became absorbed in the task of building up a civilization based upon realism, proficiency, and coöperation. When he found out that the woman showed little ability to adapt herself to this unsensational way of living, he lost interest in her mental life. To keep her from interfering with his work he set her apart on a pedestal of moral superiority. For a time American women did not notice their isolation; as soon as they became aware of the gap between their life and that of their husbands, their innate intelligence revolted against the false halo, and with enthusiasm they set out to reconquer their lost importance. These were the days of suffragettes, of the founding of women's clubs and women's colleges, of the leagues for 'moral purity' and prohibition — in short, the 'Me Too' years of America's womanhood.

The result was primarily imitative — bound from the very beginning to foster aimlessness instead of curing it, and to spread misunderstanding between the sexes instead of equalizing their standards. Many of the high aims of the

feminist movement were borrowed from the world of men, and much valuable strength was wasted to hide this very fact. It is no coincidence that the most active members of the emancipation drive belonged to the wealthy upper middle class, and that the working woman, with her greater sense of reality, kept out of it.

There were shining triumphs at the beginning. Suffrage was granted, equal educational opportunities provided, professional competition accepted, prohibition legislated. But one by one the conquered positions proved unsubstantial victories. Suffrage lost its appeal because the 'lady reformer' surrendered an excellent cause to the ridicule of the public. Political and professional equality between man and woman is the exception rather than the rule. Prohibition had to be revoked; and if morals have improved, it is by a gradual break with obsolete tradition and not because of feminist efforts. The present generation of women between thirty and fifty were reared in the belief of the permanence of feminist successes. With failure dawning in their minds, they were unable to analyze the reason. So they took refuge in self-pity and in spasmodic attacks on man as being the sole obstacle to their progress. The story of the failing feminist movement is the history of woman's grudge against man and his freedom. For compensation women turned back to the only field which was pre-eminently their own: matrimony. But there the influence of feminism had a dangerous consequence. Since he refused to share his world of objective aims, the American man was denounced by women as culturally inadequate and his position in the home reduced to the rôle of a disdained money provider. To make up for her unfulfilled dreams of a career and public influence, the privileged American wife has a tendency to be domineering and egocentric, and to underestimate the value of her husband's influence on domestic life.

III

To be fair, it has not been solely the woman's fault that family life among the well-to-do suffers from an unbalanced distribution of power and influence. In order to free his mind and energy for the big business game, the man has found it convenient not to assume the responsibilities of the European 'house father.' It is partly his fault that today he plays such an inferior rôle, but the effect is a kind of passive resistance on his part. To buy himself off he consents to provide more and more money. His life centres exclusively around the problem of how to get it, which incidentally keeps him conveniently detached from the uncongenial atmosphere of his home. His neglect of married life is very often self-defense.

Of all the evil consequences of the American wife's feeling of being misunderstood, this domestic alienation should be the easiest to remedy. American men are fond of homes and children. The domestic tradition of the pioneer family is still alive among the less privileged classes, and its spirit could be recaptured in more prosperous homes by a simple determination towards self-sacrifice, practical collaboration, and mutual forbearance.

But sheltered women in America have been taught to demand, not to sacrifice. If their old demands are unfulfilled, they substitute new ones. In a way they create an endless chain of what they want to be and what they want to have, a chain whose links are 'a job,' 'personal freedom,' 'the right to self-expression.' They have, they say, brains of their own, ideas, talents. They were not meant for paddling along in a man's wake; they don't want to hold his stirrup. They want a career, nothing but a career, and their discontent is directed against everything standing between them and the realization of that aim.

One would think the logical result of this attitude would be a marriage strike.

But the marriage rate is higher than ever, because the average woman wants the economic security of marriage. She does not stop to ask whether this is reconcilable with her yearning for a career. She simply demands more rights and greater privileges. In order to endure the gnawing suspicion regarding the soundness of these demands, she has constantly to belittle the job of matrimony, and she has done that so long and so persistently that there is hardly a wealthy American woman who does not look with contempt on any work connected with home and family.

This constant opposition to reality creates a poisoned atmosphere in which children, husbands, and wives alike are the sufferers. Of all the causes of a married woman's maladjustment, her unwillingness to cope with her domestic job is the most dangerous. She knows that job is the price she must pay for economic security, and yet she tries in a thousand ways to evade it. The united efforts of husband, industry, and science have done everything to coax her into accepting the task which, thanks to her biological destiny, she can best fulfill. Housekeeping and child rearing in America are play compared to the domestic inconvenience in European countries. But she tries to dodge this task, and, when she does accept, bears the burden with the attitude of a martyr.

In England before the present war one could find a good many of these aimless matrons, divided into two groups: the hypochondriacs and the charity fanatics. One group filled doctors' pocketbooks. The other pestered mankind with appeals for every conceivable cause from providing food for the doves on Trafalgar Square to preserving kangaroos in Australia. American women are too healthy and too intelligent for these pastimes. They still see life as a reality and throw themselves with enormous energy into investigating it, suddenly realizing that their too early marriages have deprived them of many experiences.

They feel that they have missed all opportunities to explore human relationships.

Unfortunately, 'life experience' means to the majority 'love experience,' and their restlessness grows in proportion to their curiosity. This state of mind is aggravated by their lack of sexual education. American women have the reputation of being not very good lovers. Despite her many limitations, the European woman is generally considered a much more gifted marriage partner. Well-to-do American women have never been taught to take love seriously, even though it is the first rule that if love is to be good it must be taken seriously. In their lives love has been confused either with flirtation or with economic calculation. The inevitable result is emptiness and disappointment.

To compensate for emptiness, women fill their days with expensive pastimes. They have to travel, to maintain an extensive competitive social life, to play bridge, to have their names on the committees of a dozen different social and charitable causes — not to mention again the obligation to 'beauty culture and fashion.' These activities have resulted in a campaign that costs strength, money, and time. Of course, such conditions are not confined to the American upper middle class. They prevail, although moderated by a lower standard of living, in most European countries, but the French or German wife has at least kept up the most important matrimonial tests. She gives her children personal care and she regards homemaking as a job. In Germany nurses are the exception, and even the wealthiest woman will supervise her marketing and cooking. In France it still is a point of honor for a married woman to be a good lover as well as an intellectual companion. She considers her political and civil influence on her husband, and through him on public life, so satisfactory that she has never made serious efforts to win the franchise.

The contentment of these women comes from their ability to accept, while the unhappiness of American wives comes from a dislike for the work which lies nearest at hand. Most of them would like to picture themselves in a laboratory, dressed in snowy white, dealing with shining machines and instruments, a blessing to suffering mankind. They could do exactly this in the perfection of their households.

The privileged woman's attitude toward her children will often contribute to her personal dissatisfaction. Once they have made up their minds to have them, American women love their babies, and although this love rarely goes so far as to impel them to take care of their children personally, they do feel genuine affection for them. But the school-age child seems unable to hold the mother's interest. He drops out of the picture — in winter left to school and a governess, in summer tucked away in a camp. The feverish urge to keep young is irreconcilable with any serious attempt to establish an intelligent relationship with children. Most of these women display considerable nervousness in the presence of their offspring. Perhaps they sense criticism, or dislike being reminded of their neglected duties. The escape from this strain is the same old comfortable feeling of being misunderstood in regard to one's real, though unfortunately hidden, talent — which, they try to prove, is not to be a nurse.

IV

Whether she likes it or not, biology assigned to woman the job of being homemaker and educator of the next generation, and no community can afford to see her leave that job undone, or badly done. If women are poisoned by a feeling of futility, and by this bitterness of thinking themselves misunderstood, their children will be deprived of one of the most important sources on which to build future happiness. It is apprehension for

these children which urges an analysis and solution of their mothers' problems.

What can be done? It is, of course, tempting to begin with grandiose educational schemes for girls. But these would not affect the women already suffering from martyr complexes. It is too late to give them advice about marrying older and less often, about better preparation for marriage, or about flirting less and being economically braver. If women in middle life are to be helped they must begin by accepting the present social order, and their place in it. That place is the home. This does not mean that the home is the only place for a woman, not even for a married one if her will power and her talents are strong enough to secure her a satisfactory place in the professional world. But it does mean that women who have already made matrimony their profession, either by having children or by accepting financial support from their husbands, have no excuse for not living up to their bargain merely because they can't be fired for inefficiency. A woman who has chosen matrimony as a way of making a living must make matrimony her first responsibility. The intelligence and vitality which are now a major cause of her unhappiness must be used to cure her 'matrimophobia.'

The first step would be to raise homemaking and childbearing to the status of a profession. A competent housewife is banker, cook, nurse, teacher, and artist all in one. There is no reason why she should not have the same standing as any other highly responsible executive. This would mean comprehensive training and adequate remuneration. Efficiency does not come from attending lectures on flower decoration and cutting recipes out of the evening paper. It comes from specialized knowledge, which could be made available in schools or school-extension courses. Americans love competitions. Why not have state or community sponsored competitions on themes like preventing the common cold, plan-

ning a proper diet for an overworked man, interesting a hitherto indifferent child in music or painting, and the neglected problems of recreation, leisure, and old age? The power behind these activities should be the government, which, one might assume, should have the greatest interest in getting the utmost collaboration from mothers and wives to improve health and education.

The demand for adequate remuneration for wives has been made often, and has always met with contempt — especially from husbands. Perhaps at first glance it does seem illogical to ask for more money for women who already have too much. But, apart from the vague idea of 'personal freedom,' it is the idea of self-earned money which fascinates women. Why not? This country has made money its yardstick of personal worth, and why should wives be the only people excluded from trying to measure their value by it? A woman should be paid by her husband in proportion to her competence, and to the amount of work and responsibility she assumes. In most cases 25 per cent of her husband's income would be fair.

This arrangement would offer a fair chance to all those misunderstood women who feel that early marriage and lack of self-expression have denied them business careers. It would also give them a chance to decide how much they wanted to pay for their own laziness, or their desire for excessive entertainment. They would certainly not be forced to do work for which they genuinely had no talent. They would simply have to decide that, if there were certain household tasks they did not want to assume, they would hire out of their home salaries enough domestic help to free them for more congenial outside activities. The sacri-

fice, coming as it would out of their pockets and not out of their husbands', would be a good test of sincerity.

From this home salary a wife would pay for her clothes and for her beauty treatments — thus doing away with those painful domestic discussions which have done so much to create matrimonial discord. It would be her money, earned by her and for her to spend. If home-making could be raised to some such level it would become, as it should, a respected human profession, and one of the greatest value to society.

But the most important point in this program is also the most difficult — the business of rousing genuine interest in it in obstinate female hearts. America's misunderstood women must learn that they are *not* misunderstood. Rather they misunderstand their position in society. In this age of often deadly specialization they alone still have a field of activity comprehensive and varied beyond anything left for men to do. By giving up false romanticism and the pose of martyrdom, by a brave effort to use their natural intelligence, they will inevitably see how much more valuable and remunerative a home job is than office or factory work which pays them an average of sixteen dollars a week.

As a first step towards a new peace of mind they must realize that, whether their husbands make one thousand or twenty thousand a year, they themselves are designed to be the strongest educational and emotional power in the community. To gain the maximum of personal happiness they must accept the fact that they are small, essential wheels in a tremendous social mechanism, and that this mechanism cannot function without a renewal of their honest collaboration and personal sacrifice.

LABOR MUST DECIDE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

DURING the past few years more has happened in our country in labor relationships in industry than during all its previous history. It is high time we took stock, got our bearings, adjusted ourselves to new conditions, looked our labor problem in the face, and saw just what has to come next.

Here are a few things that have happened. Gone are the days of labor spies, company police, anti-union coercion, black lists, strikebreakers, yellow-dog contracts, and injunctions to enforce them upon workers who, as a condition of employment, had agreed not to join any labor union. Strikebreaking gangs of thugs and blacklegs, assembled by professional strikebreakers in industrial warfare, are out. Collective bargaining is in, with nothing to stop it.

The Wagner Act has been found constitutional by the same court which not so many years ago sustained the yellow-dog contracts and approved their enforcement by injunctive relief against breakers of contracts. Labor has organized where it never was organized before.

With many hundreds of thousands of dollars given by established unions for the furthering of the cause of unionism elsewhere, organizers, who for the most part knew nothing about the industries they were organizing, have gone about the country forming unions, and, incidentally, making jobs for themselves in industries whose workers knew as little about union organization, union

discipline, or the propriety of keeping union contracts, as a green immigrant of the old days knew about America, the promised land.

When the Wagner Act was enacted in 1935, the American Federation of Labor claimed three and one-half million members. Now the total union membership in the two rival labor groups is more than seven and one-half million, and we find ourselves in the midst of a most devastating and destructive warfare between them, with the welfare of millions of workers depending on the outcome of the jurisdictional battles between them. The National Labor Board itself has been under prolonged Congressional investigation, during which the newspapers have been filled for weeks with stories of its shortcomings in the use of its functions of prosecutor, judge, and jury, its lack of industrial statesmanship, its partiality for labor organizations in any controversy with employers, its partiality for the CIO or the A. F. of L., as claimed alternately by each. All such investigations lack balance, and this one is no exception. What the Board has done that is good is lost for the moment in the overshadowing picture of its mistakes and shortcomings.

The country is full of new unions with green leaders who know practically nothing about how such organizations should be run, with no discipline over their members, no industrial common sense, and a strong tendency to call strikes simply to show how good they are at put-

ting over wage increases even when these are actually calamitous to the country, to the industry, and to their own members. The Chrysler strike of last year is a good recent example. It is estimated that it will take the workers six years to make up, even at the increased wage rate under the new contract, for the \$18,000,000 wage losses of a foolish and unnecessary strike beginning with the slow-down, in violation of the then existing contract.

Collective bargaining is no final answer to anything. It is, of course, important, and is now firmly established by law as applied to workers and employers engaged in interstate trade. And everything seems to be interstate trade now, to judge by the Supreme Court's own decisions in affirming the constitutionality and applicability of the Wagner Act, unless that Court shall reverse itself by affirming the ruling of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the recent Apex Hosiery case, now fortunately on its way to the Court of Last Conjecture.

The Wagner Act is, moreover, buttressed by statutes corresponding to it in many of our industrial states. But collective bargaining is a means rather than an end. There is no happy issue unless the bargaining powers now guaranteed by law result in fair dealing, peace, and a decent respect for the rights of other people, including the public and the worker himself, considered less as a conscript in a collective-bargaining war and more as a man who wants to work for his bread and who has a family to support and bills to pay.

Most of us will agree, I think, that, whatever amendments may later be made to the Wagner Act, the principle of free collective bargaining is here to stay. With labor free from its previous trammels, and with its essential civil rights assured by law, the existence of that freedom makes good labor relationship a major prerequisite to successful business operation in a multitude of

fields. It requires a new and more difficult approach, with a lot to learn in the Captain's office in far too many American concerns.

Associations of manufacturers who normally get together annually and chant old refrains have for years past behaved about as intelligently on labor problems, including the Wagner Act itself, as did Belial, Beelzebub, and their confreres, whom Milton portrays to us as the leaders of Hell in the First Canto of *Paradise Lost*. The fallen angels know they are in Hell; they know they are not going to like it; they know they are not going to get out. They do not propose to reform, however, and they expect to resist the new dispensation of light even when they know resistance will be fruitless. The net results of the joint councils of manufacturers, proceeding along like lines of reasoning for many years, have hardly been worth the carfare to the convention. The December meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers showed, however, a better and wiser spirit long overdue.

II

We should realize that statutory collective bargaining, as we have it today, is for the most part negative in its character. The Wagner Act simply sets down certain things which an employer shall not do, and which he should not be allowed to do, to prevent his employees from bargaining collectively. It defines a series of acts as unfair practices, which obviously are unfair practices in so far as they seek to prevent their employees from organizing if they choose. The employer is forbidden to interfere with, restrain, or coerce employees in the exercise of their right of collective bargaining. He cannot dominate or interfere with the formation or administration of any labor organization, or contribute financial or other support to it.

The thing that the Act aims to prevent is any limitation of freedom of

the workers to organize. It stops right there. Whatever responsibility attaches to a labor agreement, how it is to be enforced, what lawless acts of labor are to be prevented, are left to state and federal laws outside the Act itself. It is the right and duty of the states and Congress to fill in such supplementary legislation as may now be required to meet the enlarged area of freedom which has been given to our industrial workers. Some of this supplementary legislation is now under consideration and will be referred to later.

So far as the National Labor Board itself is concerned, it is still on the firing line. A considerable number of the criticisms which have been leveled at the Board itself are due to the fact that Congress has turned over to it an exceedingly difficult task without any chart or compass or rule to guide it: that is, the power to determine what are the appropriate bargaining units to be fixed for collective bargaining; whether the majority rule shall apply to the entire plant; whether craft unions in a plant shall be entitled to separate bargaining power for their group; whether a concern which has half a dozen plants, some of which are strong for the CIO, some for the A. F. of L., and some of which want neither, are to be regarded as one group with a majority in number authorized to dominate the whole. These are all questions which Congress has turned over to the Labor Board to struggle with.

This part of the Act seems to make singularly applicable a saying of Father Divine's which, alas, is applicable to too much of our recent legislation. He says, 'The trouble with this world is that it has got too many metaphysicians who don't know how to tangibilitate.' The absence of 'tangibilitation' on the effective bargaining unit in the Wagner Act has resulted in the Pandora box of evils which are now afflicting American industry. It is one of those matters that require Congressional action and more

cogitation on the Wagner Act than has yet been bestowed upon it.

So far as employers are concerned, the Labor Board's general attitude leaves much to be desired. It has definitely taken sides with the union against the employer wherever possible. Moreover, it is likely to do so as long as its records are full of cases of employers who have tried to disregard every protective feature of the Act, to coerce their employees to prevent unions, and to make the Wagner Act unworkable. This attitude of so many employers in the past obviously has had much to do with the attitude of the Board itself. It may be wrong, and a bad policy in the long run, but at least it is understandable.

Nevertheless, there is a distinct limit to the Board's powers. It cannot require industrial chaos to continue. It cannot prevent decent employers from putting their relations with their employees on a workable basis. Where they are observing the requirements of the Act so far as the domination or direction of their employees' bargaining power is concerned, they can safely leave it to the courts to decide how far the National Labor Board can go to prevent free speech by employers to their own employees, or to prevent employers and employees who want no national union from laying down the terms of industrial peace between themselves without coercion or intimidation by the employer, but because both sides want it. When a given industry wants peace under the terms of the Wagner Act, it can get it, and the Labor Board cannot stop it. The trouble so far has been in the main that the employers have not wanted peace on these terms. They must learn to want it and be prepared to get it.

There have been many vicious or dishonest company unions in the past, organized in the days when employers who did not know how to handle their employees as human beings turned the whole nasty business over to so-called

Personnel Directors who were, a few years ago, happily engaged in forming illusory company unions of the non-representative type, giving a minimum of actual power to the employees with the emphasis on welfare work rather than on wages or working conditions.

Company unions, more recently devised as a fighting front against the Wagner Act itself, have failed, as 'little steel' learned to its cost through the courts when the United States Supreme Court not long ago refused to interfere with the reinstatement decision of the Labor Board in the Republic Steel case. These company unions can no longer function, and for the best of reasons.

There are plenty of employers, however, who have for years been doing all they could to make their relationships with their workers harmonious and fair, and to afford adequate machinery for maintaining industrial justice. In these cases the derogatory term 'company union' does not properly apply. When such relationships have been established in good faith they should be able to withstand the opprobrious charge of paternalism and still survive as a means of maintaining industrial peace, as the recent overwhelming vote of the Endicott-Johnson employees against either the CIO or the A. F. of L. unions in their plant has clearly shown. A vote is being taken of the employees of the Consolidated Edison Company in New York in which a similar result should be anticipated. If this conflict in the labor world between the national unions continues much further, employees will want company unions of the new type to obtain industrial peace and continued payrolls.

The Labor Board has considered it one of its functions to destroy company unions in every form and on the slightest excuse. The whole attitude has been wrong. It is no part of its business as a Board to create unions, but to see to it that the right to organize is protected, leaving to the employees an untrammelled right to decide.

III

Today the legislatures in our states and a Congressional Committee in Washington are busily engaged in considering labor legislation to correct defects in the Wagner Act, and to supplement the Wagner Act by state legislation so that the new conditions of freedom of labor in collective bargaining shall cease to result in civil war between unions or unnecessary and unjustified interferences with public order or with the rights of workers or employers.

It is an exceedingly difficult field, because its essential subject matter is the determination of the allowable area of economic conflict — an area which must exist, and a conflict which must be within proper limits permissible. Most of us are easily irritated at any form of disorder or industrial strife. We are irritated when we see pickets marching up and down the sidewalk featuring in large letters the word 'Unfair.' We do not like to have our convenience disturbed by strikes. We dislike by instinct John L. Lewis, and we are outraged at what his CIO unions have done in sit-down and slow-down tactics, are even more outraged at the A. F. of L. unions and what they did last year at the World's Fair to create international ill-will by practising extortion on the nations who sought to participate. The Fair episode was a particularly unfortunate one. It created a wave of anti-union public opinion which has been extremely harmful to the union cause. Whether the present year will see a repetition of such proceedings remains to be seen. The demands of the theatrical unions which recently threatened to prevent the production of the *Pageant of America* have just been compromised as I write.

We too easily forget that there are good unions, and plenty of them. We too easily take sides, and generally against organized labor. There is a large class of worthy citizens who fall into a category which a distinguished

labor leader identified as the 'I-am-for-organized-labor-but . . .' school. If, however, we are calm enough to realize that a considerable part of our present economic distress is due to a long-continued unequal distribution of the earning power of America, and that the lack of unions to formulate and enforce wage demands has had a great deal to do with this, we shall, perhaps, conclude that we too have a stake in the organization of American labor and on labor's side.

No adequate reconsideration of these labor problems can be made without a careful study of at least two major federal laws and their corresponding state replicas. These laws are inter-related. One is, of course, the Wagner Act itself; the other its predecessor, the so-called Norris-La Guardia Act passed by Congress in 1932. This Act helped labor very much in its economic warfare by greatly modifying the power of the courts to issue injunctions in labor cases. By special rules made applicable to labor disputes it greatly narrowed the field in which injunctions would issue in such disputes. It definitely created industrial war powers previously denied to labor organizations. It greatly limited the power of the courts to issue injunctions, and made questions of contempt of injunctive processes questions to be considered by juries instead of by the judge. It gave substantial immunity to the funds of the unions for the acts of their officers or agents, unless those acts have been ratified or definitely authorized by the unions themselves. An employer who has to rely for the protection of his industrial and civil rights during a strike on police courts only is seriously handicapped. The police court is the weak spot in the American judicial system. If he has no other means of redress for the lawless conduct of strikers than the customary ten-dollar fines or reprimands normally available in these courts, he is substantially without legal protection. This fact gives a particular importance to the term 'labor dispute' in

the Norris-La Guardia Act which handicaps or prevents an employer from obtaining the support of courts of equity by the injunctive process where a 'labor dispute' is involved. Today it is a very broad term.

One of the first questions we have to consider is whether the definition of 'labor dispute' does not need legislative revision both in the Norris-La Guardia Act itself and in similar statutes of some twenty-three industrial states, and in the National Labor Relations Act as well.

Perhaps a few illustrative cases on 'labor disputes' may make this point a little clearer. Here, for example, are some motion-picture houses in New York. They have a definite contract with the motion-picture operators' union to which all their employees belong. There is no dispute between the companies and their operators. However, another motion-picture operators' union places sandwichmen in front of the theatres advising prospective patrons that this concern does not employ members of their union. An injunction had been issued in the lower court and had been approved in the intermediate appellate court. One of the findings of fact in the case was: 'The sole purpose of the picketing union was to induce the public not to patronize the theatre, to injure and destroy the plaintiff's business, and by pressure and coercion to compel the plaintiff to break its contract with the other union.'

Should this be allowed? Should this be considered a labor dispute? The New York Court of Appeals declared that under the language of the New York statute it was a labor dispute, and that the picketing was lawful.

The United States Supreme Court has held likewise in two cases interpreting the broad language of the federal Norris-La Guardia Act, which declares that the Act applies when the case involves persons who are engaged in the same industry or occupation, or have either direct or indirect interest therein.

It says that "labor dispute" includes any controversy concerning terms or conditions of employment regardless of whether or not the disputants stand in the proximate relation of employer and employee.' Today we have a multitude of employers who find themselves between the upper and nether millstone, between two great labor organizations.

A concern whose employees are all members of a single union, at satisfactory wages and under contract, finds itself held out to its public as an unfair employer. Is this sort of business helpful to the unions themselves? Should the matter be left merely for time to resolve through some amnesty or treaty of peace between these two labor groups, or should it be covered by new law?

IV

The Wagner Act to a large extent, as I have previously stated, creates these conflicts, and, in fact, its major legal and economic problems arise from its own inadequacy. Let us consider some of them. Here, for example, is a business in which the Labor Board has determined what the appropriate bargaining agency shall be — that is, what union shall be recognized as the sole bargaining agent for all the employees within its scope. The employer has complied with the requirements of the Act in recognizing this agency, and then finds his premises picketed by another union representing a minority of his employees who are dissatisfied with the Labor Board's conclusion. Is such picketing lawful? Or, if it is lawful, should it continue to be so?

There is as yet no decision of the Supreme Court on the interesting question whether, after the Labor Relations Board has determined which union represents the workers, a dissatisfied minority belonging to another union can go on strike against the Board's determination and against the employer. Unless we are prepared to permit this

type of economic conflict between the unions to go on indefinitely, with no peace in sight, some legislation on this irritating subject would seem necessary. The continuance of this futile industrial warfare is bad for the entire union cause. The Wagner Act now provides: 'Nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike.' Do these words mean the right to strike against a decision of the Labor Board? This too is a question which the Supreme Court has not yet decided, and the Wagner Act affords no answer.

Should the power to strike exist when the Labor Board has decided against a labor organization as a bargaining unit? The question is not so simple as it would seem. The situation obviously calls for a legislative rather than a judicial answer. It is no part of the business of the courts to have to declare what should be a proper unit for collective bargaining to be applied by the Labor Board, nor should Congress leave the Board itself with no standard to guide it, standing between the devil and the deep blue sea of conflicting types of unionism, in determining a question whose solution is bound to produce resentment whichever way it is decided. We should hesitate long before enjoining the right to strike by minority unions while the Labor Board retains life or death control over them in its present power to determine as it pleases what is an appropriate bargaining unit. This question has been implicit in a great part of the nearly two thousand elections the Board has been called upon to supervise, involving some six hundred thousand workers.

From the employer's standpoint the whole business is one protracted headache. He can, under the law, take no initiative of any kind, and must simply sit by and see his business impeded, his production retarded, and his harassed employees more absorbed in labor politics and collective-bargaining alignments

than in turning out a full day's work.

Another matter that may reasonably be considered at the present time is whether, in view of the very large extensions now given to the right to organize which the Wagner Act provides, and the corresponding increase in the economic power of unions, there should not be some modification of the provisions earlier adopted in the Norris-La Guardia Act on injunctions. Under this latter Act employers are required, for example, on an application for an injunction in a labor dispute, to show that they have exercised every reasonable effort to adjust their difficulties by negotiation with the union or with the aid of the machinery of mediation or arbitration provided by law or in the contract, and they cannot have an injunction if they have failed to do so. Such mediating authorities are now in existence by law in many of our industrial states. Why should not the unions themselves be required to take similar action before striking, so that the facts of the labor controversy may be thoroughly discussed and made public? Unions which refuse to take this course might fairly be considered to be acting arbitrarily, and their failure to accept mediation should make the injunctive process more readily available to employers. The legal machinery by which the injunctive process can now be obtained by employers contains many restrictions which should not exist if it appears that they are dealing with an arbitrary and dictatorial union.

Many of these mediating authorities in our states are doing most excellent work, and are composed of men of high character, without political ambitions, who are endeavoring as citizens to make contributions to industrial peace. They have met with a high measure of success. Moreover, arbitration in labor disputes is increasing as a practice. While compulsory arbitration is, of course, unthinkable, the growth of these mediating services should in time civilize the whole

process of industrial wage disagreements, so that resort to them in good faith by both unions and employers will be a matter of course; and a time should come soon when those unwilling to accept these services will find themselves in a distinct and less favored class, both from the standpoint of the law and from that of public opinion.

Another question which deserves consideration is whether the so-called 'cooling-time provision' of the English law might not properly be made applicable in this country. It has recently been adopted in Minnesota, apparently works well there, and has been entirely satisfactory to unions, employers, and the public in England for many years.

The right to strike is of inestimable importance to unions, and it cannot be impaired or weakened without great public danger involving the substitution of the Fascist state for the American system of free government. It is a weapon, however, which should not be used recklessly or improvidently, nor as the result of hot blood generated by acrimonious and unsuccessful negotiations. Requiring a short but definite period before a strike occurs might give both sides a chance to cool off and make sounder conclusions, with a possible adjustment found still available.

Neither the 'cooling time' nor the required negotiations with proper authorities should involve any protracted period. There should, of course, be a definite time limit for the negotiation with any state authority, and further extensions of time only with the definite consent of both parties.

One matter on which legislation is imperative is action to prevent contributions by unions to political parties. Such contribution is not permitted in England except under great safeguards thrown around the union's treasury, which do not exist with us. It is natural for unions which have contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the campaign funds of a national party

to expect an adequate return. Contributions by corporations were stopped years ago, so that the field of political gratitude should be eliminated. These union contributions are in the same category, and should be forbidden for the same reason.

V

No more serious question confronts America today than the problem of what to do about labor. The freedom of collective bargaining should, of course, be permitted. This being granted, what are the just limitations upon the use of the collective-bargaining power which the common safety of our country demands in a world at war? How shall we restore the balance by which, in a country still struggling against depressions in industry, order as well as justice can be maintained? Our states are considering these questions.

Four of the great industrial states, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania, normally favorable to labor, have already enacted laws which are considered unfair by some labor unions. Oregon, as a result of a referendum, has adopted a drastic anti-union law. These laws are, however, significant attempts to redress the social balance in favor of industrial order, to prevent labor from erecting a new despotism of its own at the expense of a country which needs a fair labor law and a fair administration of it as an essential part of our conception of industrial justice. No one can question the fact that labor strife has let down the New Deal. The new rights and privileges the New Deal has given to labor unions have been to a very extraordinary degree abused, and industrial recovery retarded. This is bad for all of us.

It is, perhaps, inevitable. If release from economic bondage produces some excesses at the inception of new industrial civil liberty, it affords no just reason for the return to chains. An indiscriminate anti-union reaction is nei-

ther desirable nor just. There are too many established labor unions in our country whose history will stand comparison with most of our larger corporations in honesty of management, fair dealing, and industrial common sense to deprive them of essential liberties simply because liberty has been abused by others, to many of whom the very existence of industrial civil rights is a new thing.

Peace aims in the midst of war for survival are not to be reasonably expected. We are now approaching a time, however, when calmer counsels should emerge involving the creation of legal and social instrumentalities not for war but for peace in the labor world.

We cannot afford to permit a labor problem to arise in America such as that which confronted France just preceding the war. John Gunther, in a recent article on Daladier in *Current History*, says something of France and its labor problems which is peculiarly applicable to us. Speaking of Daladier's predecessor, Blum, and his government, he says:—

It had to face one of the most difficult of all questions: Can a Left government reform capitalism without abolishing it? Can a Left government function efficiently *inside* a capitalist structure? . . . He gave the trade-unionists such privileges and concessions that work almost stopped. The industrial structure all but disintegrated. . . . France needed airplanes and munitions, yet the government was shortening hours, tacitly encouraging strikes, which made efficient production on a big scale impossible. During the last six weeks of the Blum government, not a single airplane was manufactured in France.

This was the French government which had to meet the critical decision of Munich. France was not prepared to fight. The Munich pact became necessary. The world is now seeing its consequences.

Those who are at present struggling with the labor problem of America should have this at least in mind: It must not happen here.

CRICKET FOR AMERICANS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

At the present hour all of us who are British are anxious to cultivate cordial relations with the United States. It has occurred to me that something could be done here with cricket. Americans, I fear, do not understand our national British game, and lack sympathy with it. I remember a few years ago attending a county match in England with an American friend, and I said to him at noon on Wednesday (the match had begun on Monday), 'I'm afraid that if it keeps on raining they'll have to draw stumps.' 'Draw what?' he said. 'Draw out the wickets,' I answered, 'and call the game ended.' 'Thank God,' he answered. Yet this was a really big game, a county match — Notts against Hants, I think, but perhaps Bucks against Yorks. Anyway it was a tense, exciting game, Notts (or Bucks) with 600 runs leading by 350, four wickets down, and only another six hours to play.

Ever since that day I meant to try to put the game in a better light, and then people in America could understand how wonderful it is.

Perhaps I should explain that, all modesty apart, when I speak of cricket I speak of what I know. I played cricket for years and years. I still have a bat. Once I played in an All-Canada match at Ottawa before the Governor-General. I went in first in the first innings, and was bowled out by the first ball; but in the second innings I went in last, and by 'playing back' quickly on the first ball I knocked down the wickets before the ball could reach them. Lord Minto told

me afterwards that he had never seen batting like mine before, except perhaps in India, where the natives are notoriously quick.

Let me begin with a few simple explanations. Cricket is played with eleven on a side, provided you can get eleven. It isn't always easy to get a cricket team and sometimes you have to be content with ten or nine or even less. This difficulty of getting men for a side really arises from the fact that cricketers are not paid to play. They wouldn't take it, or rather they do take it when they can get it, but then they are professionals. This makes a distinction in English cricket as between players and gentlemen, although, as a matter of fact, a great many gentlemen are first-class players, and nowadays, at any rate, a good many of the players are gentlemen, and, contrawise, quite a number of the gentlemen are not quite what you would call gentlemen. I'm afraid I haven't brought out the distinction very clearly. Perhaps I may add that when we play cricket in Canada there is no question of gentlemen.

So, as I say, although cricket is properly played with eleven on a side, it is often difficult to get enough. You have to be content with what you can bring, and pick up one or two others when you get there. When I played in the All-Canada game at Ottawa, we had nine at the start, but we got one more in the hotel and one in the barbershop. When the All-England team goes to Australia they easily get eleven men, because that

is different. That's twelve thousand miles. But when it's only from one town to the next it's hard to get more than seven or eight.

But let me explain the game. Cricket is played by bowling a ball up and down a 'pitch' of 22 yards (roughly 66 feet, approximately) at each end of which are set three upright sticks called wickets. A batsman stands just in front of each set of wickets, a little at the side, and with his bat stops the ball from hitting the wickets. If the ball hits the wickets he is out, but otherwise not. Thus if he begins on Monday and his wickets are not hit on Monday he begins again on Tuesday; and so on; play stops all Sunday.

Of course, when you are looking on at a cricket match, you are not supposed to shout and yell the way we do over baseball on our side of the water in Canada and in the States. All you do is to say every now and then, 'Oh, very pretty, sir, very pretty!' You are speaking to the batsman, who is about two hundred yards away and can't hear you. But that doesn't matter; you keep right on: 'Oh, well done, sir, well done.' . . . That day of the county match in England that I spoke of, my American friend heard an Englishman on the other side of him say, 'Oh, very pretty! Very pretty, sir,' and he asked the Englishman what was very pretty. But of course the Englishman had no way of telling him. He didn't know him. So my friend turned to me and asked, 'What did he do?' And I explained that it wasn't what he did, it was what he didn't do.

A great many things in good cricket turn on that — what you don't do. You let the ball go past you, for instance, instead of hitting it, and the experts say, 'Oh, well let alone, sir.' There are lots more balls coming; you've three days to wait for one. In the game of which I speak, the really superb piece of play was this: the bowler sent a fast ball through the air right straight towards the batsman's face; he moved his face aside and let it pass, and they called,

'Well let alone, sir.' You see, if it had hit him on the side of his face, he'd have been out. How out? Why, by what is called L. B. W. I forget what the letters exactly stand for, but we use them just as in the States you use things like P. W. A., A. A. C., and S. S. E. and R. I. P. You know what they are about, though you can't remember what they stand for. Well, L. B. W. is a way of getting out in cricket. It means that if you stand in front of the ball and it hits you, — not your bat, but you, — you are out. Suppose, for instance, you deliberately turn your back on the ball and it rises up and hits you right behind in the middle of your body — out! L. B. W.

There was a terrible row over this a few years ago in connection with one of the great Test Matches between England and Australia. These, of course, are the great events, the big things every year in the cricket world. An All-England team goes out once a year to play Test Matches in Australia, and an All-Australian team comes to England once a year for Test Matches. As soon as they know which is really best, they can have a real match. Meantime they keep testing it out. Well, a few years ago the Australians started the idea of bowling the ball terribly fast, and right straight at the batsman, not at the wickets, so as to hit him on purpose. Even if he started to run away from the wickets they'd get him, even if he was halfway to the home tent. I didn't see it myself, but I understand that was the idea of it. So there was a tremendous row about it, and bad feeling, with talk of Australia leaving the British Empire. However, outsiders intervened and it was suggested (the Archbishop of Canterbury, I think) that the rule should be that if the bowler meant to hit the man to put him out, then he wasn't out, but that if he didn't mean to hit and he hit him, then he was out. Naturally the bowler had to be put on his honor whether he meant it. But that didn't bother the Australians; they were willing to go on

their honor. They're used to it. In fact the English agreed, too, that when they got the ball in their turn they'd go on their honor in throwing it at an Australian.

That, of course, is the nice thing about cricket — the spirit of it, the sense of honor. When we talk of cricket we always say that such a thing 'isn't cricket,' meaning that it's not a thing you would do. You *could*, of course. There'd be nothing to stop you, except that, you see, you *couldn't*. At a cricket game, for example, you never steal any of the other fellows' things out of the marquee tent where you come and go. You ask why not? Well, simply that it 'isn't cricket.' Or take an example in the field and you'll understand it better. We'll say that you're fielding at 'square leg.' That means that you are fielding straight behind the batter's back and only about twenty-five feet away from him. Well, suppose you happen to be daydreaming a little, — cricket is a dreamy game, — and the batter happens to swing round hard on a passing ball and pastes it right into the middle of your stomach. As soon as you are able to speak you are supposed to call to the bowler, 'Awfully sorry, old man': not sorry you got hit in the stomach, sorry you missed the chance he gave you; because from the bowler's point of view you had a great opportunity, when you got hit in the stomach, of holding the ball against your stomach — which puts the batter out.

So you see when you play cricket there comes in all the time this delicate idea of the cricket spirit. A good deal of English government is carried on this way. You remember a few years ago that very popular Prime Minister who used to come to the House — that means the House of Commons — and say, 'I'm afraid, gentlemen, I've made another mess again with this business of Italy and Ethiopia; damned if I can keep track of them; that's the third mess I've made this year.' And the House wouldn't vote him out of office. It

wouldn't have been cricket. Instead, they went wild with applause because the Prime Minister had shown the true cricket spirit by acknowledging that he was beaten, though of course he didn't know when he had been licked. And, for the matter of that, he'd come all the way down from Scotland just for the purpose at the very height of the grouse season, — or the fly season, — anyway, one of those insect seasons that keep starting in Scotland when the heather is bright with the gillies all out full.

That's the way we run a government — cricket. We don't need any constitution. And that is the great secret of how the British Empire has been spread out all over tropical countries. Other nations go out and say to the natives, 'You see this gun!' But the English say, 'Now, you see this piece of coconut matting? Well, you help me to peg it down, and this is a cricket bat, and I'll teach you how to play cricket.' And next thing you read is that Ram Jam is playing for All-England, and that his tribe are sending a contingent to look for the next war. . . .

Looking back over what I have written above, I am afraid I may have given a wrong impression here and there. When I implied that the two batsmen stand at the wicket and stop the ball, I forgot to say that every now and then they get impatient, or indignant, and not only stop it but hit it. And do they hit it! A cricket ball is half as heavy again as a baseball and travels farther. I've seen Don Bradman, the Australian, playing on our McGill University stadium, hit the ball so hard that it traveled right out over the top benches of the stadium and then over the tops of the trees on the side of Mount Royal, and from there on. They had to stop the game and drink shandygaff while they sent a boy to get the ball. They almost thought of getting a new one.

And when I talked of hitting a cricketer in the stomach with the ball I forgot to explain how awfully difficult it is to

do it. Not that they've no stomach, — no, indeed, plenty! — you don't train *down* for cricket, you fill *up*. But the point is that the cricketer will catch any kind of ball before you can hit him. And can they catch! You'll see a fellow playing cover-point, — that's northeast half a point east from the bat, distance 20 yards, — and a ball is driven hard and fast above his head, and he'll leap in the air with one hand up, and, *while still in the air*, leap up a little farther still, and smack! goes the ball into his one hand. Can you wonder that the specta-

tors all murmur, 'Oh, very pretty, sir'?

And in point of excitement you think cricket slow, but can't you see how the excitement slowly gathers and all piles up at the end? Two totals coming closer and closer together — fifty to tie, fifty-one to win, twenty to tie, twenty-one to win — then three to tie, four to win — one smashing hit will do it now! Ah, there she goes! — high above the pavilion, a boundary hit for four! 'Oh, very nice, sir, very nice!'

Oh, yes, cricket's all right. Let's have a shandygaff.

FOXES AMONG THE LAMBS

BY ERNEST MOLL

EACH morning there were lambs with bloody mouth,
Their tongues cut out by foxes; behind trees,
Where they had sheltered from the rainy South,
They'd rise to run, but fall on wobbly knees.
And knowing, though my very heart was sick,
That only death could cure them of their ills,
I'd smash their heads in with a handy stick
And curse the red marauders from the hills.

Each afternoon, safe in a sheltered nook
Behind the smithy, I'd prepare the bait;
And I remember how my fingers shook
With the half-frightened eagerness of hate
Placing the strychnine in the hidden rift
Made with the knife-point in the piece of liver;
And I would pray some fox would take my gift
And eat and feel the pinch and curse the giver.

Each night I'd lie abed sleepless until,
Above the steady patter of the rain,
I'd hear the first sharp yelp below the hill
And listen breathless till it rang again,
Nearer this time; then silence for a minute
While something in me waited for the leap
Of a wild cry with death and terror in it;
And then — it strikes me strange now — I could sleep!

GOIN' TO TOWN

BY WALLACE STEGNER

I

AFTER the night's rain the yard was spongy and soft under the boy's bare feet. He stood at the edge of the packed dooryard in the flat thrust of sunrise looking at the ground washed clean and smooth and trackless, feeling the cool firm mud under his toes. Experimentally he lifted his right foot and put it down in a new place, pressed, picked it up again to look at the neat imprint of straight edge and curving instep and the five round dots of toes. The air was so fresh that he sniffed at it as he would have sniffed at the smell of cinnamon.

Lifting his head backward, he saw how the prairie beyond the fireguard looked darker than in dry times, healthier with green-brown tints, smaller and more intimate somehow than it did when the heat waves crawled over scorched grass and carried the horizons backward into dim and unseeable distances. And standing in the yard above his one clean sharp footprint, feeling his own verticality in all that spread of horizontal land, he sensed how the prairie shrank on this morning and how he himself grew. He was immense. A little jump would crack his head on the sky; a few strides would take him to any horizon.

His eyes turned south, into the low south sky, cloudless, almost colorless in the strong light. Just above the brown line of the horizon, faint as a watermark on pale blue paper, was the wavering tracery of the mountains, tenuous and

far-off, but today accessible for the first time. His mind had played among those ghostly summits for uncountable lost hours; today, in a few strides, they were his. And more: under the shadow of those peaks, under those Bearpaws that he and his mother privately called the Mountains of the Moon, was Chinook; and in Chinook, on this Fourth of July, were the band, the lemonade stands, the crowds, the parade, the ball game, the fireworks, that his mind had hungered toward in anticipation for three weeks.

His shepherd pup lay watching, belly down on the damp ground. In a gleeful spasm the boy stooped down to flap the pup's ears, then bent and spun like an Indian in a war dance while the wide-mouthed dog raced around him. And when his father came to the door in his undershirt, yawning, running a hand up the back of his head and through his hair, peering out from gummed eyes to see how the weather looked, the boy watched him, and his voice was one deep breathing relief from yesterday's rainy fear.

'It's clear as a bell,' he said.

His father yawned again, clopped his jaws, rubbed his eyes, mumbled something from a mouth furry with sleep. He stood on the doorstep scratching himself comfortably, looking down at the boy and the dog.

'Gonna be hot,' he said slyly. 'Might be too hot to drive.'

'Aw, Pa!'

'Gonna be a scorcher. Melt you right down to axle grease riding in that car.'

The boy regarded him doubtfully, saw the lurking sly droop of his mouth. 'Aw, we are too going!'

At his father's laugh he burst from his immobility like a sprinter starting, raced one complete circle of the house with the dog after him. When he flew around past his father again his voice trailed out behind him at the corner of the house. 'Gonna feed the hens,' he said. His father looked after him, scratched himself, laughed suddenly, and went back indoors.

II

Through chores and breakfast the boy moved with the dream of a day's rapture haunting his eyes, but that did not keep him from swift and agile helpfulness. He didn't even wait for commands. He scrubbed himself twice, slicked down his hair, hunted up clean clothes, wiped the mud from his shoes with a wet rag and put them on. While his mother packed the shoebox of lunch he stood at her elbows proffering aid. He flew to stow things in the topless old Ford. He got a cloth and polished the brass radiator. Once or twice, jumping around to help, he looked up to catch his parents watching him, or looking at each other with the knowing, smiling expression in the eyes that said they were calling each other's attention to him.

'Just like a race horse,' his father said once, and the boy felt foolish, swaggered, twisted his mouth down in a leer, said 'Awww!' But in a moment he was hustling them again. They ought to get going, with fifty miles to drive. And long before they were ready he was standing beside the Ford, licked and immaculate and so excited that his feet jumped him up and down without his volition or knowledge.

It was eight o'clock before his father came out, lifted off the front seat, poked

the flat stick down into the gas tank, and pulled it out again dripping. 'Pretty near full,' he said. 'If we're gonna drive up to the mountains we better take a can along, though. Fill that two-gallon one with the spout.'

The boy ran, dug the can out of the shed, filled it from the spigot of the sixty-gallon drum that stood on a plank support to the north of the farmhouse. When he came back, his left arm stuck straight out and the can knocking against his legs, his mother was settling herself into the back seat among the parcels and water bags.

'Goodness!' she said. 'This is the first time I've been the first ready since I don't know when. I should think you'd have got all this done last night.'

'Plenty time.' The father stood looking down at the boy, grinning. 'All right, race horse. You want to go to this shindig, you better hop in.'

The boy was up into the front seat like a squirrel. His father walked around in front of the car. 'Okay,' he said. 'You look sharp now. When she kicks over, switch her onto magneto and pull the spark down.'

The boy said nothing. He looked upon the car, as his father did, with respect and a little awe. They didn't use it much, and starting it was a ritual like a fire drill. The father unscrewed the four-eared brass plug, looked down into the radiator, screwed the cap back on, and bent to take hold of the crank. 'Watch it now,' he said.

The boy felt the gentle heave of the springs, up and down, as his father wound the crank. He heard the gentle hiss in the bowels of the engine as the choke wire was pulled out, and his nostrils filled with the strong, volatile odor of gasoline. Over the slope of the radiator his father's brown strained face lifted up. 'Is she turned on all right?'

'Yup. She's on battery.'

'Must of flooded her. Have to let her rest a minute.'

They waited — and then after a few minutes the wavelike heaving of the springs again, the rise and fall of the blue shirt and bent head over the radiator, the sighing swish of the choke, a stronger smell of gasoline. The motor had not even coughed.

The two voices came simultaneously from the car. 'What's the matter with it?'

His brow puckered in an intent and serious scowl, the father stood blowing mighty breaths. 'Son of a gun,' he said. Coming around, he pulled at the switch to make sure it was clear over, adjusted the spark and gas levers. A fine mist of sweat made his face shine like oiled leather in the sun.

There isn't anything really wrong with it, is there?' the mother said, and her voice wavered uncertainly on the edge of fear.

'I don't see how there could be,' he said. 'She's always started right off, and she was running all right when I drove her in here.'

The boy looked at his mother where she sat erect and stiff among the things in the seat. She looked all dressed up, a flowered dress, a hat with hard red varnished cherries on it pinned to her red hair. For a moment she sat, stiff and nervous. 'What'll you have to do?' she said.

'I don't know. Look into the motor.'

'Well, I guess I'll get in out of the sun while you do it,' she said, and, opening the door, she fumbled her way out of the clutter.

The boy felt her exodus like a surrender, a betrayal. If they didn't hurry up they'd miss the parade. In one motion he bounced out of the car. 'Gee whiz!' he said. 'Let's do something. We got to get started.'

'Keep your shirt on,' his father grunted. Lifting the hood, he bent his head inside, studying the engine. His hand went out to test wires, wiggle spark-plug connections, make tentative pulls at the choke. The weakly hinged

hood slipped and came down across his wrist, and he swore, pushing it back. 'Get me the pliers,' he said.

For ten minutes he probed and monkeyed. 'Might be the spark plugs,' he said. 'She don't seem to be getting any fire through her.'

The mother, sitting on a box in the shade, smoothed her flowered voile dress nervously. 'Will it take long?'

'Half hour.'

'Any day but this!' she said. 'I don't see why you didn't make sure last night.'

He breathed through his nose and bent over the engine again. 'Don't go laying on any blame,' he said. 'It was raining last night.'

One by one the plugs came out, were squinted at, scraped with a knife blade, the gap tested with a thin dime. The boy stood on one foot, then on the other, time pouring like a flood of uncatchable silver dollars through his hands. He kept looking at the sun, estimating how much time there was left. If they got it started right away they might still make it for the parade, but it would be close. Maybe they'd drive right up the street while the parade was on, and be part of it. . . .

'Is she ready?' he said.

'Pretty quick.'

He wandered over by his mother, and she reached out and put an arm around his shoulders, hugging him quickly. 'Well, anyway we'll get there for the band and the ball game and the fireworks,' he said. 'If she doesn't start till noon we c'n make it for those.'

'Sure,' she said. 'Pa'll get it going in a minute. We won't miss anything, hardly.'

'You ever seen skyrockets, Ma?'

'Once.'

'Are they fun?'

'Wonderful,' she said. 'Just like a million stars, all colors, exploding all at once.'

His feet took him back to his father, who straightened up with a belligerent

grunt. 'Now!' he said. 'If the sucker doesn't start now . . .'

And once more the heaving of the springs, the groaning of the turning engine, the hiss of choke. He tried short, sharp half-turns, as if to catch the motor off guard. Then he went back to the stubborn laboring spin. The back of his blue shirt was stained darkly, the curving dikes of muscle along the spine's hollow showing cleanly where the cloth stuck. Over and over, heaving, stubborn at first, then furious, until he staggered back panting.

'God damn!' he said. 'What you suppose is the matter with the damn thing?'

'She didn't even cough once,' the boy said, and, staring up at his father's face full of angry bafflement, he felt the cold fear touch him. What if it didn't start at all? What if they never got to any of it? What if, all ready to go, they had to turn around and unload the Ford and not even get out of the yard? His mother came over and they stood close together, looking at the Ford and avoiding each other's eyes.

'Maybe something got wet last night,' she said.

'Well, it's had plenty time to dry out,' said his father.

'Isn't there anything else you could try?'

'We can jack up the hind wheel, I guess. But there's no damn reason we ought to have to.'

'Well, if you have to, you'll have to,' she said briskly. 'After planning it for three weeks we can't just get stuck like this. Can we, son?'

His answer was mechanical, his eyes steady on his father. 'Sure not,' he said.

The father opened his mouth to say something, saw the boy's lugubrious face, and shut his lips again. Without a word he pulled off the seat and got out the jack.

The sun climbed steadily while they jacked up one hind wheel and blocked

the car carefully so that it wouldn't run over anybody when it started. The boy helped, and when they were ready again he sat in the front seat so full of hope and fear that his whole body was one taut concentration. His father stooped, his cheek pressed against the radiator as a milker's cheek touches the flank of a cow. His shoulder dropped, jerked up. Nothing. Another jerk. Nothing. Then he was rolling in a furious spasm of energy, the wet dark back of his shirt rising and falling. And inside the motor only the futile swish of the choke and the half-sound, half-feel of cavernous motion as the crankshaft turned over. The Ford bounced on its springs as if the front wheels were coming off the ground on every upstroke. Then it stopped, and the boy's father was hanging on the radiator, breathless, dripping wet, swearing: 'Son of a dirty, lousy, stinking, corrupted . . .'

The boy, his eyes dark, stared from his father's angry wet face to his mother's, pinched with worry. The pup lay down in the shade and put his head on his paws. 'Gee whiz,' the boy said. 'Gee whiz!' He looked at the sky, and the morning was half gone.

His shoulders jerking with anger, the father threw the crank halfway across the yard and took a step or two toward the house. 'The hell with the damn thing!'

'Harry, you can't!'

He stopped, glared at her, took an oblique look at the boy, bared his teeth in an irresolute, silent swearword. 'Well, God, if it won't go!'

'Maybe if you hitched the horses to it,' she said.

His laugh was short and choppy. 'That'd be fine!' he said. 'Why don't we just hitch up and let the team haul this damned old boat into Chinook?'

'But we've got to get it started! Why wouldn't it be all right to let them pull it around? You push it sometimes on a hill and it starts.'

He looked at the boy again, jerked his

eyes away with an exasperated gesture, as if he held the boy somehow accountable. The boy stared, mournful, defeated, ready to cry, and his father's head swung back unwillingly. Then abruptly he winked, mopped his head and neck, and grinned. 'Think you want to go, uh?'

The boy nodded. 'All right!' his father's voice snapped crisply. 'Fly up in the pasture and get the team. Hustle!'

III

On the high lope the boy was off up the coulee bank. Just down under the lip of the swale, a quarter mile west, the bay backs of the horses and the black dot of the colt showed. Usually he ran circumspectly across that pasture, because of the cactus, but now he flew. With shoes it was all right, and even without shoes he would have run — across burnouts, over stretches so undermined with gopher holes that sometimes he broke through to the ankle, staggering. Skimming over patches of cactus, soaring over a badger hole, plunging down into the coulee and up the other side, he ran as if bears were after him. The black colt, spotting him, hoisted his tail and took off in a spectacular, stiff-legged sprint across the flats, but the bays merely lifted their heads to watch him. He slowed, came up walking, laid a hand on the mare's neck and untied the looped halter rope. She stood for him while he scrambled and wriggled and kicked his way to her back, and then they were off, the mare in an easy lope, the gelding trotting after, the colt stopping his wild showoff career and wobbling hastily and ignominiously after his departing mother.

They pulled up before the Ford, the boy sliding off to throw the halter rope to his father. 'Shall I get the harness?' he said, and before anyone could answer he was off running, to come back lugging one heavy harness, tugs trailing little furrows in the damp bare earth. He

dropped it, turned to run again, his breath laboring in his lungs. 'I'll get the other'n,' he said.

With a short, almost incredulous laugh his father looked at his mother and shook his head before he threw the harness on the mare. When the second one came he laid it over the gelding, pushed against the heavy shoulder to get the horse into place. The gelding resisted, pranced a little, got a curse and a crack with the rope across his nose, jerked back and trembled and lifted his feet nervously, and set one shod hoof on his owner's instep. The father, unstrung by the hurry and the heat and the labor and the exasperation of a morning when nothing went right, kicked the horse savagely in the belly. 'Get in there, you damned big blundering ox! Back! Back, you bastard! Whoa! Whoa, now!'

With a heavy rope for a towline he hitched the now-skittish team to the axle. Without a word he stooped and lifted the boy to the mare's back. 'All right,' he said, and his face relaxed in a quick grin. 'This is where we start her. Ride 'em around in a circle, not too fast.'

Then he climbed into the Ford, turned on the switch to magneto, fussed with the levers. 'Let her go!' he said.

The boy kicked the mare ahead, twisting as he rode to watch the Ford heave forward as a tired, heavy man heaves to his feet, begin rolling after him, lurching on the uneven ground, jerking and kicking and making growling noises when his father let the emergency brake off and put it in gear. The horses settled as the added pull came on them, flattened into their collars, swung in a circle, bumped each other, skittered. The mare reared, and the boy shut his eyes and clung. When he came down, her leg was entangled in the towline and his father was climbing cursing out of the Ford to straighten it out. His father was mad again, and yelled at him. 'Keep 'em apart! There ain't any tongue

or trees. You got to keep Dick kicked over on his own side.'

And again the start, the flattening into the collars, the snapping tight of the tugs under his legs. This time it went smoothly, the Ford galloped after the team in lumbering, plunging jerks. The mare's eyes rolled white, and she broke into a trot, pulling the gelding after her. Desperately the boy clung to the knotted and shortened reins, his ears alert for the grumble of the Ford starting behind him. The pup ran beside the team yapping in a high, falsetto, idiot monotone, crazy with excitement.

They made three complete circles of the back yard between house and chicken coop before the boy looked back again. 'Won't she start?' he shouted. He saw his father rigid behind the wheel, heard his ripping burst of swearwords, saw him bend and glare down into the mysterious inwards of the engine through the pulled-up floorboards. Guiding the car with one hand, he fumbled down below, one glaring eye just visible over the cowl.

'Shall I stop?' the boy shouted. Excitement and near-despair made his voice a tearful scream. But his father's wild arm waved him on. 'Go on, go on! Gallop 'em! Pull the guts out of this thing. Run 'em, run 'em!'

And the galloping — the furious, mud-flinging, rolling-eyed galloping around the circle already rutted like a road, the Ford, now in savagely held low, growling and surging and ploughing behind; the mad yapping of the dog, the erratic scared bursts of runaway from the colt, the mother in sight briefly for a quarter of each circle, her hands to her mouth and her eyes hurt, and behind him in the Ford his father in a strangling rage, yelling him on, his lips back over his teeth and his face purple.

Until finally they stopped, the horses blown, the boy white and tearful and still, the father dangerous with unexpended wrath. The boy slipped off, his lip bitten between his teeth, not crying

now but ready to at any moment, the corners of his eyes prickling with it, and his teeth tight on his misery. His father climbed over the side of the car and stood looking as if he wanted to tear the thing apart with his bare hands.

IV

Shoulders sagging, tears trembling to fall, his jaw aching with the need to cry, the boy started toward his mother. As he came near his father he looked up, their eyes met, and he saw his father's blank with impotent rage. Dull hopelessness swallowed him. Not any of it, his mind said. Not even any of it — no parade, no ball game, no band, no fireworks. No lemonade or ice cream or paper horns or firecrackers. No close sight of the mountains that throughout every summer called like a legend from his horizons. No trip, no adventure — none of it, nothing.

Everything he was feeling was in that one still look. In spite of him his lip trembled, and he choked off a sob, his eyes on his father's face, on the brows pulling down and the eyes narrowing.

'Well, don't blubber!' his father shouted at him. 'Don't stand there looking at me as if it was me that was keeping you from your picnic!'

'I can't — help it,' the boy said, and with a kind of terror he felt the grief swelling up, overwhelming him, driving the voice out of him in a wail. Through the blur of his crying he saw the convulsive tightening of his father's face, and then all the fury of a maddening morning concentrated itself in a swift backhand blow that knocked the boy staggering.

He bawled aloud, from pain, from surprise, from outrage, from pure desolation, and ran to bury his face in his mother's skirts. From that muffled sanctuary he heard her angry voice. 'No,' she said. 'It won't do any good to try to make up to him now. Go on away somewhere till he gets over it.'

She rocked him against her, but the voice she had for his father was still bitter with anger. 'As if he wasn't hurt enough already!' she said.

He heard the heavy, quick footsteps going away, and for a long time he lay crying into the voile flowers. And when he had cried himself out, and had listened apathetically to his mother's soothing promises that they would go in the first chance they got, go to the mountains, have a picnic under some waterfall, maybe be able to find a ball game going on in town, some Saturday — when he had listened and become quiet, wanting to believe it but not believing it at all, he went inside to take off his good clothes and his shoes and put on his old overalls again.

It was almost noon when he came out to stand in the front yard looking southward toward the impossible land where the Mountains of the Moon lifted above the plains, and where, in the town at the foot of the peaks, crowds would now be eating picnic lunches, drinking pop, getting ready to go out to the ball field

and watch heroes in real uniforms play ball. The band would be braying now from a bunting-wrapped stand, kids would be tossing firecrackers, playing in a cool grove. . . .

In the still heat his face went sorrowful and defeated, and his eyes searched the horizon for the telltale watermark. But there was nothing but waves of heat crawling and lifting like invisible flames; the horizon was a blurred and writhing flatness where earth and sky met in an indistinct band of haze. This morning two strides would have taken him there; now it was gone.

Looking down, he saw at his feet the clean footprint that he had made in the early morning. Aimlessly he put his right foot down and pressed. The mud was drying, but in a low place he found a spot that would still take an imprint. Very carefully, as if he were performing some ritual for his life, he went around, stepping and leaning, stepping and leaning, until he had a circle six feet in diameter of delicately exact footprints, straight edge and curving instep and the five round dots of toes.

THE COST OF LIVING IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY GERARD SWOPE

IN the fall of 1937, in the course of a trip to a number of European countries, I made some comparisons of costs of living that were published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March 1938. The article aroused much interest and discussion, and many reprints were made. During a visit to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay in the first three months of 1940, encouraged by this interest, I collected data along a similar line.

No direct comparisons can be made between the figures and conclusions herein presented and the study of European countries referred to above. Time is one disqualifying element, but more important is the fact that the European study was based on the average income in the same industry in each country for which it was possible to secure accurate data. It was impossible to use such a basis in these South American countries. The basis taken, therefore, was the low-income group, using the hourly rate in the nationals' money unit of value for the unskilled worker in the largest city of each country.

To compare wage rates or costs of living by reference to units of money value, however, either nominal or in actual rates of exchange, is practically out of the question, as all these countries are affected by exchange restrictions. For example, the official rate of exchange in one country was 60 per cent higher than the actual rate paid. In other countries conversion could be made only by pay-

ing from 5 to 8 per cent more than the quoted rates — the variation depending on whether it was conversion into or out of the currency of the country. Furthermore, it would be misleading to compare wage rates of these countries by conversion at actual exchange rates into a common standard, say the United States dollar, because of the difference in purchasing power.

In the early months of 1940, the Argentine peso was equivalent to \$.2335 in United States currency; the Brazilian milreis, \$.051; the Chilean peso, \$.0325; the Uruguayan peso, \$.38. On the basis of these valuations the rates per hour for unskilled labor in the four countries were approximately as follows: —

	Unit of money value	Equivalent in U. S. currency
Buenos Aires, Argentina...	.50 peso	\$.117
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil...	1\$000 milreis	.051
Santiago, Chile.....	1.50 pesos	.049
Montevideo, Uruguay...	.20 peso	.076

These rates seem very low when translated into United States currency and compared with the rate for unskilled labor under similar conditions in this country, — say \$.625 per hour (\$5.00 for an eight-hour day), — and lead to erroneous conclusions if they are compared even with each other. A much truer comparison is of the length of time that such unskilled workers must labor to procure the essentials of life, such as food and shelter — not the same total quantity of

food or the same standard of housing, but the unit of food staples and the kind of shelter that climatic conditions and standards of housing make necessary or usual.

In all these countries labor is organized and social-security legislation is in effect, with the eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week, and overtime at higher rates; in some of them there is vacation with pay, usually two weeks a year; they have dismissal wage or separation allowances, usually of one month's pay for each year of service, and old-age pensions and survivor's insurance contributed in approximately equal amounts by the employee, the employer, and the government. In all four countries, to a varying degree, better housing for the lower-income groups is being sponsored and financed, generally not subsidized by the government. The standards of shelter vary widely even among government-sponsored projects, but the problem is recognized and its solution is going forward as finances permit.

The length of time an unskilled worker must labor to provide shelter for his family for a year, and the proportion it bears to his full year's labor, show no great variation as between these countries themselves or even as compared with the United States and the eight European countries in the previous study. In Argentina the yearly rental an unskilled worker has to pay represents approximately 27 per cent of his year's income; in Brazil, 25 per cent; in Chile, 25 per cent; in Uruguay, 23 per cent. In the United States the corresponding figure would be 20 to 25 per cent, and in the eight European countries it would vary from 20 to 33 per cent.

Clothing worn in these South American countries — in some cases almost nothing — is too diversified to offer any basis of comparison.

Food also, of course, varies in character, kind, and quantity. Even the principal articles of food that served in the previous study — milk, eggs, bread, but-

ter, and meat — are not used to the same extent by the families of workmen in the four different countries, but all of them are used to some extent; therefore we shall take a unit of one quart of milk, one dozen eggs, and one pound each of bread, butter, and meat. In these countries the metric system is used, and the equivalents in United States usage have been determined.

The amount of work required to purchase the unit of five food items is as follows: —

	<i>Hours of work</i>
Argentina.....	5.20
Brazil.....	13.34
Chile.....	14.04
Uruguay.....	5.86
United States.....	2.25

In Chile, therefore, a man must work almost three times as long to purchase the food unit as in Argentina.

Another interesting comparison can now be made with the rates of pay per hour shown in our first table. While in Argentina the rate per hour is approximately 11.7 cents (United States currency) as compared with 62.5 cents in this country, or less than one fifth as much, in Argentina the worker must work 5.2 hours for his unit of food as against 2.25 hours in the United States — in other words, the Argentinean must work 2.3 times as long. Compared with the Chilean, the worker in the United States gets 12.75 times as much per hour, but the worker in Chile works 6.2 times as long for the same basket of food.

In the previous study the worker in the United States labored 1.7 hours for this food unit, the difference arising out of the difference in basis of comparison used; and if this same ratio of 1.7 to 2.25 holds good for the European countries, the number of hours that the unskilled worker there must toil for this food package varies from 5.6 to 9.5 hours. So that, in terms of hours a man must work for food, the Argentine workman is better

off than a workman in any of the eight European countries considered. But Argentina is the *only one* of these South American countries of which this can be said.

Food and shelter are produced in each country from its own resources. In predominantly agricultural or mining countries such as these, if we take into consideration articles concerned with industrial development which must be wholly or largely imported, — with the added burden of transportation costs, customs duties (disregarding quotas), and exchange, — a very different picture is presented. Let us consider, for instance, the smallest automobile, with the lowest first cost.

The number of years of work required to purchase this automobile, assuming that not more than 10 per cent of the annual wages is used for the purpose, is as follows: —

	<i>Years of work</i>
Argentina.....	50
Brazil.....	100
Chile.....	100
Uruguay.....	80
United States.....	5

This naturally means that there are very few automobiles in these South American countries in proportion to the population. People walk, ride horseback, or use oxen.

A unit of small cost is the kilowatt-hour (KWH) of electricity, or a standard-size incandescent lamp of 60 watts, which adds greatly to comfort, convenience, and health. The cost of either of these in the South American countries is affected by the fact that machinery for the generation of electricity or for the manufacture of lamps (if the lamps be

made in the country) must be imported, subject to the burdens referred to above. The same is true of automobiles.

The number of minutes of work required to purchase one KWH of electricity (sufficient to light twenty 50-watt lamps for one hour) is as follows: —

	<i>Minutes of work</i>
Argentina.....	31.0
Brazil.....	30.0
Chile.....	37.0
Uruguay.....	36.0
United States.....	4.5

And the comparative figures for the purchase of an incandescent lamp are just as revealing: —

	<i>Hours of work</i>
Argentina.....	1.70
Brazil.....	3.80
Chile.....	3.90
Uruguay.....	2.00
United States.....	.25

Finally, from the standpoint of the development of higher standards of living, better and more widespread education, stability and progress of democratic government, an interesting comparison can be made as regards the cost of a daily newspaper. In the South American countries the production of newspapers bears to some extent the burdens already referred to — that is, the machinery, supplies, and news must be brought into the country in whole or in part. Our final table shows the cost of a daily newspaper in minutes of labor: —

	<i>Minutes of work</i>
Argentina.....	12.0
Brazil.....	24.0
Chile.....	16.0
Uruguay.....	12.0
United States.....	3.0

IS PACIFISM ENOUGH?

A Christian Determination

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND G. ASHTON OLDHAM

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

Your question, 'What is the American Christian answer to war?' is one which no single individual should presume to answer. But, as you break it down into a series of personal inquiries in the questions, 'What is your present attitude on pacifism, on war against aggression, and on war to save another nation from attack and dishonor? What were your opinions during the World War? Also the reasons for change — if a change took place? And what do you think your attitude might be if our own country became engaged in a war at this time?' I feel compelled to attempt a frank answer, especially as these are questions in the minds of multitudes of Americans at the present time.

Pacifism has long intrigued me, but fails to convince. As a worker for world peace for the past two decades, I have many times been asked to sign a pacifist pledge and have declined on both practical and moral grounds. I have been unwilling to commit myself in advance to a specific course of action in future unknown circumstances, and have grave doubts as to the morality of so doing. While I admire the conscientiousness of those who take this stand, and feel that it is a much needed and valuable witness to an ideal, I cannot feel it to be adequate to the situation.

Too often pacifism is overconcerned with the physical and material, lays too much stress upon death and suffering

as compared with moral and spiritual values. Even when it does not do this, it still remains negative in character, and so, ineffective. Merely to abstain from fighting, even to have our jails filled with conscientious objectors, will not necessarily prevent war, much less secure justice. Moreover, the basic idea of non-participation in war is today a fantastic impossibility. In olden days when war was fought between professional armies, with the civilian population largely left out, it was quite possible for persons to refuse to participate. Today, however, war is waged with the massed power of the entire nation. Not only its military forces, but its economic resources, its industry, in a measure its everyday life, are regimented and organized into instruments of war. Under these circumstances, no one can be a nonparticipant. One may refuse to fly a bombing plane, but if he fabricates the aluminum which goes into the fuselage, he participates. One may refuse to throw a hand grenade or bomb, but if he has a clerical position in a mining plant or a steel company, he participates. Indeed, if one is selling groceries or raising sheep, he is in some measure a participant. This constitutes a very real and cruel problem for many people; but if we are to be honest and realistic it must be faced.

Since, in this closely integrated and interdependent world, one cannot possibly refrain from some kind of participation in war, it becomes then merely a matter

of the kind and extent of such participation. One may refuse to take his place in the fighting line, in which case he releases some other to do that task for him, and elects himself to participate in a safer and less direct, but none the less essential and real, fashion. For all these reasons, then, — that spiritual and moral values are above material, that positive action is more important than negative, that nonparticipation is impossible, — despite my loathing of war and the war system, I cannot accept the pacifist position as either essentially right or peculiarly Christian.

A year ago, when visiting the Archbishop of Canterbury, we were strolling in his garden after dinner, and I chanced to remark that such things as truth and liberty could not perish, but would hold their own despite all attacks — admittedly a rather trite statement. After a brief silence his Grace turned to me and said, 'The trouble is, they have no force behind them, and today the world is ruled by force.' This utterance startled me at the time, but the more I reflected upon it, the more I felt its truth and cogency. Modern science has placed in man's hands forces undreamed of by our ancestors. These may work for weal or woe and be so used as to bring blessing or curse to mankind. At the present time we see such forces used by men to attain their selfish and often inhuman ends. Under such circumstances the only practical procedure is to have preponderant force on the side of righteousness and truth.

Fundamentally the issue between pacifists and nonpacifists depends upon one's philosophy of force. If the pacifist assumption be that force is an evil *per se*, then we must give up not only armies and navies, but our police force as well, and indeed all other kinds of physical coercion, including parental punishment and discipline of children. There are few who would go as far as that. Force in itself is neither moral nor immoral, but amoral. Its rightness or wrongness de-

pends upon the motive with which it is used. To oppose aggression, for example, the use of force is certainly justifiable. In law there can be no question about this; neither does there seem to be much doubt from the standpoint of morals. If a wild beast or gangster is loose in the streets threatening innocent women and children, the use of force to restrain him is not only necessary but justified. All decent people have the right to live their lives in peace and security; and, if those who threaten them can be controlled in no other way than by force, then force is right. The same applies to nations. If gangster nations are abroad threatening those nations whose only desire is to live in peace and security, then resistance to such aggression by force is justified.

Of course, war is a terrible evil. But so are the incarceration and torture of innocent men, women, and children in concentration camps; so is the turning of multitudes of helpless individuals out of house and home to wander the fields like wild beasts; so is the exaltation of cruelty, hate, and lies, and the scornful repudiation of truth, kindness, and love — and one might go on. The difference here lies in one's sense of values. Horrible as I know war to be, I am not able to convince myself that it is the greatest evil in the world, nor am I able to believe that it is always morally unjustifiable. History abounds with instances of wars that any moral theologian or historical writer would claim to have been just wars. Had not Charles Martel won the battle of Tours, Europe would probably be Mohammedan today, and so should we. Are we ready to say that the American Revolutionary War or the Civil War were unjustifiable? In each case certain values were endangered, certain rights threatened, and force saved and preserved them.

The attitude of the Christian toward war was one of the subjects thoroughly discussed at the so-called 'Life and Work Conference' at Oxford in 1937.

The views were so divergent that all that could be done was to state the several points of view held by large numbers of Christians. Some took the extreme pacifist position that under no circumstances should a Christian fight. Some claimed that he might fight in a just war. Another group, holding the State to be of divine institution, held that a Christian should fight in any war the State declared. The Conference agreed that those conscientiously holding any of these views should be recognized as remaining within the Christian fellowship.

This was obviously an inconclusive and unsatisfying statement, and, at a conference of Christian leaders held the past summer in Geneva, an advance was made when it was voted that 'war is an evil and unchristian method of settling disputes and the higher and, therefore, Christian method is that of conference, arbitration and conciliation. In short, no nation is to be the sole judge of the righteousness of its cause.' The Christian, therefore, must bend every effort to see that arbitration and conciliation are attempted, even to the point of sacrifice, before resorting to war. In the last resort, however, I hold that war against aggression is justified.

As to war to save another nation from attack or dishonor, this would seem to me to be morally more justified than any other, because the selfish element, and such rationalization or warped judgments as often go therewith, are eliminated. An individual, for example, may be justified in refusing to strike back and accepting punishment and loss, if he alone is concerned, whereas he would not be so justified if others were suffering and it was in his power to help. The same reasoning applies to nations. While traveling about the Continent of Europe last summer, I was impressed with the constant fear and dread on the part of Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland — cloaked under the thin guise of 'neutrality' — of invasion by Germany.

These countries simply want to be left alone to live their lives in peace, but are not allowed to do so. An intelligent Swiss said to me, 'We can't stand this any longer. Every year or oftener new threats appear and we are forced to mobilize. All our money goes into taxes to buy uniforms and guns. We can do no proper business. It simply must be stopped.' That is the general feeling, and these countries look on England and France as their saviors. Surely, to play that rôle and bring a sense of peace and stability to distraught and helpless little nations is a worthy act. To be sure, motives may not be always pure; but for a strong and powerful nation to use its power to ensure the honor and safety of a weaker nation is an act of very high international morality and one which, if constantly followed, would go far to establish respect for the rights of all.

In the last war I was on the side of the Allies and honestly believed America's entrance into the war was right. Further, with most of my countrymen, I sincerely believed we were fighting a war to end war and to make the world safe for democracy. With them, I was of course disillusioned afterward and came to see very clearly the definite limits as well as the evils of the war system, and have labored in season and out to get my own country as well as others to take the necessary steps to avert another world war. At the beginning of the post-war era, it seemed as if our efforts might succeed. Even so clear-headed an individual as Andrew Carnegie, when leaving his generous endowment to the Church Peace Union, was concerned chiefly with what should be done with the income of the fund after its purpose was achieved. Not wishing to tie the hands of the trustees, he made some informal suggestions as to what they should do with the money in that event.

This incident evokes a smile now, but it is well to remember that at that time most intelligent and informed people

really believed that we had learned the lesson of the last war and were moving into an era of increased coöperation and understanding. Events since then have proved the fallacy of this point of view, and now we are once again facing what is little short of catastrophe. With much heavier heart, I nevertheless feel, as I did then, that, taking all the circumstances into account, England and France are justified in resisting tyranny and cruelty by force of arms.

War is a terrible, sinful, and futile thing, but in this sinful and disordered world, of which Christians are a part, one cannot always do the absolute right. More frequently one is faced with a choice between relative rights, or, if you please, two evils, and with the best judgment one can command one has to make a choice of the lesser evil or the clearer right. Such is the only justification for war from the Christian standpoint. We still look forward to the day when it will be eliminated completely from the earth.

If, however, we are to be realistic in our thinking, it won't do to say too easily and without qualification that the last war is the cause of all our present evils. In so far as war creates and enhances hatred, suspicion, and fear, it is indirectly the cause of succeeding wars; but the direct cause of the things from which we are suffering today is not so much the war itself as what came after — not the soldiers, but the statesmen and politicians. It is said that when the war was over Marshal Foch said to Clemenceau, 'Now, my task is ended. Yours is about to begin.' The army, horrible as their task was, did what they were told to do by civilians and they succeeded in checking a monstrous evil. The more difficult achievement which should have followed, and which alone warranted such tremendous sacrifices, was creating conditions of such character as would have made another war unlikely, if not impossible. This the politicians and

statesmen failed to do, which in turn was owing to the selfishness of the nations, including our own.

We are faced with the same situation today. If this war ends in victory for the forces that in the main stand for law and order and decency, the battle will be only half won. The ultimate results for mankind will depend, not on the victory of the Allies' arms, but on the spirit and acts that prevail afterward. All force can do is to check evil. In its nature it is not constructive and cannot produce goodness. In the profound words of Admiral Mahan, 'The function of force is to give time for moral ideas to take root.' Force can, so to speak, clear the field of certain hindrances to good and so enable men of good will thereafter, if they so desire, to build a structure of true and abiding peace.

To lay the entire blame for the present war upon the last one is not only an instance of muddled thinking, but a bit of unconscious rationalization. It is not only too simple a statement, but untrue, and has the effect of excusing those who make it from any sense of responsibility or guilt in the circumstances. If statesmen, politicians, and all citizens could only be made to see and realize their own individual responsibility in the making of a post-war world, there might be some hope of its achievement. Certainly calling war horrible and wicked and laying upon it all the blame for the sins of mankind will not help very much. For example, it is so easy for Americans, often with a holier-than-thou attitude, to place upon the last war or the Treaty of Versailles the whole blame for the present situation. We should be more honest and more realistic if, instead, we examined our own hearts and our own actions as a nation to discover our own share of the guilt. It is easy to see that powerful nations over there used the League of Nations for their own selfish purposes, but it is less easy to see that the same sin of selfishness caused us to withdraw from any participation in the building up of

the machinery of peace. Indeed I am inclined to think that our withdrawal set the first example of selfishness, and so we may in a measure bear the chief guilt.

Certainly, if we are to look for a suitable peace following the present war, it will not come by simply condemning the Treaty of Versailles or the 'imperialistic powers.' It will come only when all the nations — and especially the neutrals, including the United States — take their full part in coöperation with one another to ensure a peace free from vengeance and the lust of power. Without American participation, such a peace will be utterly impossible.

The desire to keep America out of war is one which I share, though I am not nearly so much interested in keeping America out of war as in the motive for so doing. Acts are right or wrong according to their motive; and if America keeps out of war for the purpose of saving her own skin or pocketbook, or living in ease and comfort while others are suffering, she will lose her soul. There is only one motive that can justify our abstention, and that is the conviction that we can better serve the world by remaining out — and it is a valid reason. If the war can be confined to a limited area, and if, after the exhaustion of the countries over yonder, there can be preserved in this world some one island of safety where the precious things of our civilization can be maintained for the sake of handing them on to a needy world, that is a valid and worthy purpose.

But let us be honest and realistic in asserting that purpose. The history of the past two decades does not give us much encouragement to think that America primarily desires to serve. We have consistently refused all kinds of coöperation toward the organization of a peaceful world; and, unless our point of view undergoes radical change, we cannot without hypocrisy allege such a motive.

If, however, we are sincere in this

and mean to pay the price of full coöperation, then there is new hope for the world. Oddly enough, this is exactly in line with what George Washington envisaged when he wrote: —

I consider how mankind may be connected, like one great family, in fraternal ties. I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive . . . that the period is not very remote when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war. And I most sincerely and devoutly wish that the exertions of those having this view may effect what human nature cries aloud for — general peace.

These are truly prophetic words and they envisage some sort of international organization of which America would be a part.

The answer to the question as to what my attitude would be if America should become involved in actual military participation in this war is, I think, not inconsistent with all that has gone before. I hope and pray we may abstain; but if it should come to pass that freedom, truth, and justice are in danger of being obliterated in a large part of the globe, and that only American participation can save them, I should then feel such participation justified. In that event, as a Christian, I should still condemn war as an evil and futile thing and an unchristian method of settling differences. I should work in every way to bring nearer the time when we could adopt the more rational as well as more Christian method of conference and coöperation to the extent of considerable sacrifice.

I should also hold that the Christian Church must endeavor to see that the war is prosecuted as far as possible without personal hatred. We should be fighting evil systems, not men; and, paradoxical as it may seem, we should have to feel that even while we were causing the

suffering and death of individuals we were doing it for their own good as well as ours. Perhaps this may seem farfetched and hypocritical to some, but it is the only ground on which a Christian could conscientiously countenance war. In addition to all this, the Christian Church must endeavor to eliminate some of the modern barbarisms, such as poison gas, and in particular the bombing and killing of innocent civilians, and must take special care to minister to refugees and all other sufferers. We must also strive incessantly to eliminate the causes of war and so hasten the peace.

Increasingly do I feel that there is a good deal of unconscious hypocrisy or self-deception in our clamor for peace, and that many of our efforts are superficial and ineffective. Of course, we all desire peace when we have everything we want, including our own way, but what we fail to realize is that these two things are incompatible. True peace and selfishness cannot go together. Peace is far more difficult to attain than most people realize. It cannot be had by passing resolutions or singing hymns, or even praying for it, unless at the same time we are sowing the seeds of peace. If, instead of decrying war and aiming directly at peace, we were to begin further back with the moral and spiritual causes of war and peace, we should make more progress. For the individual, this means

the elimination of selfishness, bigotry, pride, race prejudice, and all narrow nationalism. For the nation, it means justice and fairness, a willingness to give and take in all international dealings, and above all a realization that no nation has the right to be the sole judge of its own case. This presupposes some international tribunal to which all nations will submit and some form of international organization or federation.

For our own country, it would mean that we must be ready to lower our tariffs, to adapt our currencies, even to forgo some elements of our so-called 'absolute sovereignty' in the interests of world community. All this involves thinking and acting often more arduous and painful than war itself. Such is part of the price we must pay. Peace is a costly thing. It cannot be bought cheap. Its nature is such that it cannot be secured by direct seeking, but is the fruit of prior sowing. It is not an isolated entity, but the result of justice and good will. It is not a thing, but rather a state or condition, not so much an object to be sought as an atmosphere to be experienced. Peace is the halo that descends upon the head of the righteous community. If individuals and nations will but do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, they will inevitably enter into that peace which truly passes understanding.

OF THE LIBRARIAN'S PROFESSION

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

NOTHING is more difficult for the beginning librarian than to discover in what profession he is engaged. Certain professions define themselves. Others are defined by those who practise them. The librarian's profession is of neither nature. A librarian is so called not for what he does, as the farmer who farms or the lawyer who laws, but from the place in which he does it. And the definitions of the librarians, though they are eloquent in describing the librarian's perfections, are reticent in saying what the librarian's perfections are for.

Hugo Blotius, the sixteenth-century librarian of the Hofbibliothek in Vienna, defined his profession by saying that a librarian should be learned in languages, diligent, and quiet — adding by way of reminder to his master, the Emperor, that 'if not of noble blood he should be given a title to enhance the dignity of his office.' Cotton des Houssayes told the general assembly of the Sorbonne in 1780 that when he reflected 'on the qualifications that should be united in your librarian' they presented themselves to his mind in so great a number, and in such character of perfection, that he distrusted his ability not only to enumerate but even to trace a true picture of them. Pressing himself to the point, however, the learned orator (who spoke, it should be noted, in the Latin tongue) supplied the following description of the office: 'Your librarian should be, above all, a learned and profound theologian; but to this qualification, which I shall call fundamental, should be united vast liter-

ary acquisitions, an exact and precise knowledge of all the arts and sciences, great facility of expression, and lastly, that exquisite politeness which conciliates the affection of his visitors while his merit secures their esteem.'

One gathers that M. des Houssayes thought well of the librarian's office, but beyond that, and a certain conviction of personal inadequacy, one is little wiser than before. To be at once a profound and learned theologian, the possessor of vast literary acquisitions, the exact and precise master of all the arts and all the sciences, a facile writer and a charming gentleman possessed of that exquisite politeness which wins heads as well as hearts, is to be an unusual and admirable human being — but even to be all these things at once is scarcely a profession.

And yet it is largely in the vein of the orator of the Sorbonne and the librarian of the Hofbibliothek that the profession of the librarian is presented. Modern librarians — perhaps because they do not speak in Latin — have never been as eloquent as Cotton des Houssayes, but even modern librarians write as though the profession of the librarian had been defined when the scholarly attainments and linguistic achievements of the, perhaps, ideal librarian have been described.

The consequence is that the beginning librarian is thrown upon his own resources, upon the dictionary, and upon the familiar sentences of the great founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. From Sir Thomas Bodley, besides learning that

a librarian should not be 'encumbered with marriage nor with a benefice of cure' and that he should be 'a personable scholler and qualified, if it may be, with a gentlemanlike speeche and carriage . . . able to interteine commers in aswel of other nations as our owne, with meete discourses for the place,' the apprentice librarian will learn that a librarian is a Keeper of a library. From the dictionary he will learn that a library is 'a large collection of books, public or private.' And by his own resources he will attempt to deduce what the Keeper of a large collection of books, public or private, may, in actionable and intelligible language, be. Keeper, but how a keeper? Of books — but what, then, in this context is a book?

It is not an altogether simple question, and for this reason. There are two meanings of the word 'book' and two relations, therefore, between a book and the man entrusted with its keeping. There is one meaning which signifies a physical object made of certain physical materials in a physical shape. There is another meaning which signifies an intellectual object made of all materials or of no materials and standing in as many shapes as there are forms and balances and structures in men's minds. The two meanings overlap and are confused. Readers associate the intellectual book with the physical book, thinking of Plato's vision of the world in terms of dark green linen and a gilded name. Collectors associate the physical book with the intellectual book, imagining that because they possess a rare edition of a poet's work they somehow have possessed the poem. But the two meanings are nevertheless distinct. The physical book is never more than an ingenious and often beautiful cipher by which the intellectual book is communicated from one mind to another, and the intellectual book is always a structure in the imagination which may hang for a time above a folio page in ten-point type with a half-calf binding only to be found thereafter

on a different page above a different type and even in another language.

When it is said, therefore, that a librarian is a keeper of books, it must be determined first of which of these two books he is the keeper. Is he, for one example, the keeper of the small, cloth-bound object of 110 pages of text and vi of front matter manufactured by Macmillan and Co., Limited, in London in 1928 and called *The Tower* by W. B. Yeats? Or is he the keeper of that very different object created in many men's minds before, and now in yours, by this — these words, these symbols, images, perceptions: —

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
— Those dying generations — at their song,
The salmon falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten born and dies.
Caught in that sensuous music all neglect
Monuments of unaging intellect.

It makes a difference whether the book is the cloth and paper or the intellectual image. If it is the physical book of which a librarian is keeper, then the character of his profession is obvious enough. He is a custodian as all keepers of physical objects are custodians, and his obligations are a custodian's obligations. He is a sort of check boy in the parcel room of culture. His duty is to receive the priceless packages confided to him by the past and to redeliver them to the future against the proper stub. To perform that obligation he must be reliable, orderly, industrious, and clever. He must devise infallible and complicated ticket systems to find the parcels on the shelves. He must read the notations of origin and ownership in a dozen tongues. He must guard the wrappers from the risks of time and theft and matches and men's thumbs. He must be courteous and patient with the claimants. And for the rest he has no duty but to wait. If no one comes, if no one questions, he can wait.

But if it is not the physical book but the intellectual book of which the libra-

rian is keeper, then his profession is a profession of a very different kind. It is not the profession of the custodian, for the intellectual book is not a ticketed parcel which can be preserved by keeping it from mice and mildew on a shelf. The intellectual book is an imagined object in the mind which can be preserved only by preserving the mind's perception of its presence. Neither is the librarian's profession the profession of the check boy who receives and guards and redelivers, — receives from the past, guards against the present, and redelivers to the future, — for the intellectual book is not a deposit of the past which the future has a right to call and claim. The intellectual book is a construction of the spirit, and the constructions of the spirit exist in one time only — in that continuing and endless present which is Now. If it is the intellectual book rather than the physical book of which the librarian is keeper, then the profession of the librarian is not and cannot be the neutral, passive, negative profession of the guardian and fiduciary, but must become instead the affirmative and advocating profession of the attorney for a cause. For the intellectual book is the Word. And the keepers of the Word, whether they so choose or not, must be its partisans and advocates. The Word was never yet protected by keeping it in storage in a warehouse: the preservation of the Word is now, as it has always been, a cause — perhaps the greatest — not, I think, the least in danger in this time.

It makes a difference, therefore, — a very considerable difference in the understanding of the librarian's profession, — which of these two meanings of the book is taken. Both are held. The librarian who asserts that the sole and single strength of his profession in a distracted world is its disinterested objectivity — meaning its negative and custodial detachment from the dangers which beset the Word — thinks of the book necessarily as a physical object on his shelves for which, in its intellectual

aspects, he accepts no share of risk or credit. The library trustee or the moralizing editor who demands of librarians that they stick to the job of pasting on the labels and handing out the loans accepts, but with less honesty, the same assumption — less honesty because he speaks, not from love of the librarian's profession, but from hatred of the Word, and fear of its persuasions.

Those who love the power of the Word and who defend it take the opposite position. Shortly after William Dugard was released, through the efforts of John Milton, from Newgate prison, he published two letters by John Dury, deputy keeper in 1649 of the King's medals and library, which put the case with eagerness and passion: 'For if Librairie-Keepers did understand themselves in the nature of their work, and would make themselves, as they ought to bee, useful in their places in a publick waie; they ought to become agents for the advancement of universal learning. . . . The end of that Imploiment, in my conception, is to keep the publick stock of Learning, which is in Books and MSS, to increas it, and to propose it to others in the waie which may bee most useful unto all. His work then is to bee a Factor and Trader for helps to learning, and a Treasurer to keep them, and a Dispenser to applie them to use or to see them well used, or at least not abused.'

As between these two conceptions of the profession a man can choose only for himself and not for those who practise the profession with him. But there are, notwithstanding, certain considerations which even a novice among librarians may propose. The chief of these considerations is the nature of the times in which men live. In a different time from ours — such a time as men a generation ago considered natural and normal — it made relatively little difference whether a librarian behaved himself as a custodian of volumes or as a 'Factor and Trader for helps to learning, and a Treasurer to keep them, and a Dispenser

to apply them to use.' A generation ago the Word, the life of the mind, the Monuments of unaging intellect, were not under attack. It was agreed by all civilized nations, by all governments in power, that the cultural tradition was a common treasure, that truth was an end to be sought equally by all men, and that the greatest glory and final justification of human life was the creativeness of the human spirit. In such a world the librarian who considered himself a custodian, who devoted himself to the perfection of his catalogue and the preservation of his bindings, and who waited for the calls of those who had business with his collections, was not only prudent but entirely wise. There was no need for him to advocate the cause of learning or to assert the supreme importance of the contents of his library, for no one doubted the one or challenged the other. The librarian who presented himself in the years before the Great War as a champion of culture would have received the ironic welcome he deserved. What was required of him then (and what he practised) was discretion, dignity, and a judicial calm.

But the world in which we live is not that world. The world in which we live is a world that world would have believed impossible. In the world in which we live it is no longer agreed by all governments and citizens that truth is the final measure of men's acts and that the lie is shameful. There are governments abroad and there are citizens here to whom respect for truth is naïve — governments and individuals who, when it is proved they lie, have not been shamed 'either in their own or in their neighbors' eyes.' In the world in which we live it is no longer agreed that the common culture is a common treasure. There are governments abroad and there are citizens here to whom the common culture which draws the peoples of the West together is a common evil for which each nation must now substitute a private culture, a parochial art, a local poetry, and a tribal worship. In the world in which we live

it is no longer agreed that the greatest glory and final justification of human history is the life of the human mind. To many men and many governments the life of the human mind is a danger to be feared more than any other danger, and the Word which cannot be purchased, cannot be falsified, and cannot be killed is the enemy most hunted for and hated. It is not necessary to name names. It is not necessary to speak of the burning of the books in Germany, or of the victorious lie in Spain, or of the terror of the creative spirit in Russia, or of the hunting and hounding of those in this country who insist that certain truths be told and who will not be silent. These things are commonplaces. They are commonplaces to such a point that they no longer shock us into anger. Indeed it is the essential character of our time that the triumph of the lie, the mutilation of culture, and the persecution of the Word no longer shock us into anger.

What those who undertake to keep the libraries must consider — or so it seems to me — is whether this profound and troubling alteration of the times alters also their profession. Granted that it was not only possible but desirable for the librarian to think of his profession in negative and custodial terms in the quiet generations when the burning of books was a mediæval memory, is it still possible for librarians to think of their profession in these passive terms in a time in which the burning of the books is a present fact abroad and a present possibility at home?

Granted that it was not only prudent but wise as well for the librarian to admit no positive, affirmative duty to the cause of learning in a time when learning was universally honored and the works of great art and great scholarship were admired monuments, is it still wise for librarians to admit no positive duty to learning in a time when governments abroad teach ignorance instead of knowledge to their people, and fanatical and frightened citizens at home would, if they

could, obliterate all art and learning but the art and learning they consider safe?

In a division which divides all men, because it is a division drawn through everything that men believe, can those who keep the libraries — those who keep the records of belief — avoid division? In a struggle which is truly fought, whatever the economic interpreters and the dialectical materialists may say to the contrary, across the countries of the spirit, can those who hold those countries remain neutral? In an attack which is directed, as no attack in history ever was directed, against the intellectual structures of the books, can those who keep the books contend their books are only objects made of print and paper?

I can answer only for myself. To me the answer is not doubtful. To me the changes of the time change everything. The obligations of the keepers of the books in such a time as ours are positive obligations because they have no choice but to be positive. Whatever the duty of the librarian may have been in a different world and a more peaceful generation, his duty now is to defend — to say, to fight, and to defend. No one else — neither those who make the books nor those who undertake to teach them — is bound as he is bound to fight in their behalf, for no one else is charged as he is charged with their protection. No one as much as he must say, and say again, and still insist that the tradition of the written word is whole and single and entire and cannot be dismembered. No one is under obligation as he is under obligation to meet the mutilators of the Word, the preachers of obscurantism, the suppressors — those who would cut off here and ink out there the texts their prejudices or their parties or their

churches or their fears find hateful. And these obligations are not obligations which are satisfied by negatives. The books can be protected from the preaching demagogues and the official liars and the terrorizing mob not by waiting for attack but by forestalling it. If the cultural tradition, the ancient and ever-present structure of the mind, can still be saved, it can be saved by reconstructing its authority. And the authority of art and learning rests on knowledge of the arts and learnings. Only by affirmation, only by exhibiting to the people the nobility and beauty of their intellectual inheritance, can that inheritance be made secure.

Some years before his elevation to the bench, Mr. Justice Brandeis referred to himself as 'counsel for the situation.' The librarian in our time, or so it seems to me, becomes the counsel for the situation. His client is the inherited culture entrusted to his care. He — he more than any other man — must represent this client as its advocate. Against those who would destroy the tradition he must bring the force of the tradition. Against those who would mutilate the monuments he must bring the beauty of the monuments. Against those who would limit the freedom of the inquiring mind he must bring the marvels of the mind's discoveries.

Keepers of books, keepers of print and paper on the shelves, librarians are keepers also of the records of the human spirit — the records of men's watch upon the world and on themselves. In such a time as ours, when wars are made against the spirit and its works, the keeping of these records is itself a kind of warfare. The keepers, whether they so wish or not, cannot be neutral.

FAILURE OF MORE THAN A MISSION

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

I

Failure of a Mission is an instructive book for Americans. It deals entirely with Sir Nevile Henderson's experience as British Ambassador in Berlin from the spring of 1937 to the outbreak of the war in September two years later. It hardly mentions the United States. But *mutatis mutandis*, meaning in this case substituting the world for Europe and the Atlantic for the Channel, the lesson for us is there.

Before his departure for Germany, Sir Nevile had a long talk with Mr. Neville Chamberlain, soon to become Prime Minister. The two were in entire harmony. To his credit, Sir Nevile asked Mr. Chamberlain for an assurance that British rearmament was being 'relentlessly pursued,' and of course received it. We know now that, given the fearful acceleration of German armament and the conclusion of the Rome-Berlin Axis and the German-Japanese anti-Comintern pact in 1936, the facts on which this assurance was based were as indecisive in terms of *Realpolitik* as the results of the famous pledge uttered by Prime Minister Baldwin on March 8, 1934. On that occasion Mr. Baldwin announced that if his efforts to arrange an air convention failed, then the Government would 'see to it that in air strength and air power this country shall no longer be in a position inferior to any country within striking distance of our shores.'

However, armaments were not Sir Nevile's responsibility. His task was to develop the policy of appeasement to-

wards Germany which had been adopted as a substitute for British rearmament on the German scale and at the German rate. The hope was that Germany would be persuaded to limit her objectives to ones which Great Britain could permit her to achieve and to employ methods which would not be too shocking to British popular sensibilities. Sir Nevile discussed with Mr. Chamberlain the pros and cons of a public attempt to co-operate with the Nazi Government. Since this procedure 'would constitute something of an innovation,' he asked Mr. Chamberlain whether there would be any objection if he seemed 'slightly indiscreet' on his arrival in Berlin. Mr. Chamberlain's reply was that 'a calculated indiscretion was sometimes a very useful form of diplomacy.'

The 'indiscretion' was not long in coming. On June 1, before the Deutsch-Englische Gesellschaft of Berlin, the new Ambassador made a speech offering British friendship in return for the aid of Nazi Germany in the peaceful evolution of Europe. He criticized elements in his own country which (he said) 'have an entirely erroneous conception of what the National-Socialist régime really stands for'; and he deprecated their habit of stressing the Nazi dictatorship itself rather than the great social experiments being conducted under its auspices. The audience included Herr Himmler, head of the S. S. and the Gestapo. Sir Nevile was not deterred by the fact from remarking that too much

concentration on certain trees which appeared misshapen in English eyes had prevented Englishmen from being sufficiently appreciative of the great Nazi forest as a whole.

At the time Sir Nevile made this speech the world had had four years and four months in which to appraise the Nazi Government and its works, at home and abroad. In view of that experience, what was one to conclude that the Nazi régime did 'really stand for'?

Goebbels already had said: 'Important is not who is right but who wins.' The Nazi Professor of Philosophy at Heidelberg already had said: 'We do not know of or recognize truth for truth's sake or science for science's sake.' The Nazi Ministry of Justice already had said: 'A handful of force is better than a sackful of justice.' Göring already had said: 'Germany has dropped the word "pacifism" from its dictionary.'

Mein Kampf already had gone into innumerable editions; and Sir Nevile mentions that he already had studied the unexpurgated edition of it. In that volume Hitler had boasted that he knew the full power of the systematic lie and had issued a warning as to his interpretation of the value and meaning of treaties. He had called humanitarianism the product of stupidity, cowardice, and superciliousness; had said that peace was only to be established 'by the victorious sword of a master-nation which leads the world to serve a higher culture'; and had shown the unlimited nature of his program in the announcement that though 'the pacifist-humane idea may be quite good' there was no use talking about it until 'after the most superior persons have conquered and subdued the world in such a measure as makes them its exclusive master.' The word 'after' was not italicized in the copy Sir Nevile read; but it was there.

Nor had the Nazi Government failed to give proof that when it said this sort of thing it meant it. Free speech, a free press, an independent judiciary, elec-

tions under constitutional guarantees — all had been abolished. Parliamentary government had been snuffed out and political dissenters exiled, jailed, beaten, and shot. Militarization of the nation from the cradle to the grave was in full swing. The skies were black with Göring's bombers. Chimneys of munitions factories were belching smoke. Laborers had been regimented and shipped around the country like cattle to perform their fifty, sixty, or even seventy hours of work a week. In every department the national economy had been made a war economy. Anti-Semitism had been drummed up, 'Aryan' decrees passed, and the Jews were being defrauded, beaten, and held for ransom. The highest officials of the state flaunted their corruption. The Christian religion had been defamed, its possessions seized, and, in the persons of men like Pastor Niemöller and many Catholic prelates and priests, had suffered physical indignity. Propagandists had been sent abroad in swarms to argue, insinuate, and buy their way into the confidence of every credulous, instable, and discontented element that might be turned against Germany's competitors and possible antagonists.

In the field of foreign relations the schedule of intimidation, concealed intervention, disregard of treaties, and sudden aggression laid down as axiomatic in Hitler's writings and speeches had received preliminary but nevertheless concrete application. As a climax to a careful program of Nazi propaganda and terror, the Austrian Chancellor had been assassinated because he was an obstacle to the annexation of his country. The Rhineland had been occupied by Nazi troops in a sudden coup contrary to the Locarno treaty (freely entered into by Germany and securing her notable advantages) and contrary to Hitler's personal pledge to respect that treaty.

Sir Nevile's story reveals that these phenomena had left him and his superiors still uninstructed as to what the Nazi régime 'really stood for' and where it

was headed. They did not have sufficient imagination to credit the evidence of their senses. There was nothing in their psychological equipment or experience to help them understand the dynamic revolutionary movement which faced them as the government of the most powerful nation in Europe, to warn them that its appetite could never be satisfied by any gift which they could safely make, either of their own property or of the property of third parties. Beyond all this, they did not have a sufficiently broad and general appreciation of the meaning of the phrase 'the national interest' (as distinct from obvious and limited national interests) to grasp that the creation of an illegal régime within *any* mighty nation like Germany, its perpetuation by fraud and force, and its proclamation of unlimited expansionist aims, menaced the deepest foundations of all nations living under a rule of law and anxious to conduct their foreign relations by legal and peaceful means.

Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, Robert Vansittart, Wickham Steed, and others had sounded the alarm, some in Parliament and the press, some inside the government ranks. They asked that the British Government either make a firm choice of collective action, rallying all its natural allies to its side and securing the full advantages of that course in return for assuming its obvious risks, or else prepare rapidly and at all costs a military machine able single-handed to replace the peace guarantees of the League. They were called meddlers, spendthrifts, warmongers, or even idealists. The English people gave plenty of evidence that if they were correctly informed and courageously led they would accept the risks of peace or, if they had to, the risks of war. But the maxims they heard from the dominant politicians and publicists of the day were all comfortable ones, supporting the comfortable theory of isolation, comfortably expressed in the policy of appeasement — 'Let well enough alone,' 'Mind your own busi-

ness,' 'Don't borrow trouble,' 'Money saved is money gained,' 'Everything will turn out for the best.' It was quite in harmony with these that Sir Neville left for his post in Germany 'refusing to be convinced, until the worst proved me wrong, that the intentions of others were as evil as they seemed.'

Now I am not challenging the motives of Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues, nor am I going to discuss here in detail the light Sir Neville throws (or in some instances refrains from throwing) on his loyal efforts to make the policy of appeasement work and produce the desired fruits of reconciliation and peace. He engineered Lord Halifax's visit to Hitler, in November 1937, over the opposition of Foreign Minister Anthony Eden. He devoted endless time and thought to an effort to make a deal with Göring. Although he calls Göring 'a typical and brutal buccaneer,' he found that he nevertheless 'loved animals and children' and was 'a hospitable host and sportsman' for whom he 'had a real personal liking'; and although he knew that Göring was 'the absolute servant of his master' he was under the delusion that negotiations could be conducted with him without Hitler's being informed.

He gave 'wholehearted and unreserved' support to the initiative of the British Minister in Prague, Mr. Newton, in suggesting that London and Paris intervene to persuade the Czech Government to 'readjust' its relations with Germany, the move which led directly to the appointment of the Runciman Mission. He considered the Czech Government 'fatally hesitant to appreciate facts,' but makes no claim that the British and French Governments had promptly revealed to President Beneš the most sombre and decisive fact of all — namely, that they considered the Czech position indefensible and had determined not to defend it. In the course of his visit to London on August 27, 1938, 'the idea of actual personal contact [between Chamberlain and Hitler]

took concrete shape.' He was with the Prime Minister during the Godesberg conference, where (in Sir Nevile's words) Hitler 'cheated' his visitor and 'let him down.' He made the decision that the International Commission which met in Berlin after Munich should insist on neither plebiscites nor a freely negotiated international settlement of the new German-Czech frontier, which meant in practice that the final upshot of Munich was worse for the Czechs than Hitler's Godesberg demands would have been.

These matters of detail, and the story of the Ambassador's cool and consistent adherence to the same policy during the days of the Polish crisis, ending finally in war, will be examined by the historians of the future. His testimony is important throughout, and incidentally makes very good reading. I want to restrict myself to making a more general point.

The personal honor and patriotism of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Nevile Henderson are beyond question. They did not lack regard for fundamental principles of international morality and for civilized standards of personal decency. They simply did not conceive of its being any of their business if Germany repudiated those principles flagrantly and officially. It was none of their business because it did not seem to affect the national or imperial interests of Great Britain. The trouble with the conception was that it was erroneous. They worked and sacrificed for peace; they got war. It is not a sufficient reply to this criticism of the policy of appeasement to say that it is based on hindsight. The business of statesmen is to provide foresight.

Sir Nevile points out what acclaim Hitler would have deserved if he had halted his course 'even after Munich and the Nuremberg decrees for the Jews.' Here is an indication that even the advantage of hindsight does not always bring enlightenment. Let us suppose that, after Munich, Hitler had worked with Mr. Chamberlain and Sir

Nevile along the lines they expected. The result could never in the nature of things have been more than a truce preceding another ultimatum, and then another and another. As I have indicated above, real peace between great nations holding diametrically opposed conceptions of individual and national life — moral, political, economic — was never to be won by mutual accommodation, but only by the defeat of one side or its spontaneous decision to effect a political, social, and economic transformation in its own manner of life: that is, to surrender without a fight.

Military and psychological reasons for expecting Hitler's surrender were lacking. The Führer had watched the British Prime Minister alight three times at his doorstep; he considered German military force superior to that of Britain and France combined; he felt sure that their pacifism, democratic softness, and divided counsels incapacitated them for making unpleasant decisions and that they would continue to avoid a showdown. Economic bases for expecting him to surrender were lacking also. Supposing he suddenly became a convinced pacifist and accepted the idea of scrapping his mighty war machine before it was ever used, how was he as a practical matter to convert his totalitarian war economy to the arts of peace? How disband the hordes of men employed in the munitions factories, the labor battalions slaving on the West Wall, the millions in uniform? How replace the system of barter trade without transforming his regimented domestic economy, one of the indispensable props of his absolute power?

No, the juggernaut had been set rolling and it would have to smash everything it encountered or be smashed itself. If the bloodless Nazi victory of September 1938 had been followed by a bloodless Nazi victory in September 1939, there still would have had to be a Nazi victory, bloodless or bloody, in September 1940.

II

It seems carping, and is positively painful, to criticize a policy which has since been completely reversed. Today the British and French peoples are risking all in a courageous fight against the forces that their leaders tried first to ignore and then to conciliate. They have placed in the balance their lives, their possessions, and the future existence of their countries. Many Americans think that the origins of the struggle and the nature of the contestants' aims mean that the American front lines of defense are situated today in the North Sea and facing the West Wall and in Scandinavia. Such persons above all others must decide that no fear of appearing critical of British and French policy in the past should prevent the United States from drawing lessons therefrom and applying them to its own present situation.

The argument *ad hominem* is never very satisfactory. I shall not attempt, then, to identify the American 'appeasers.' We do not have a 'Cliveden set' over here; if any group of private advisers close to our government is recommending appeasement, it consists of disgruntled liberals rather than optimistic conservatives. Of course there are fifth columns in this country and Trojan horses stuffed with Communazis; but the followers of the amalgamated 'Party Line' are by now fairly well known and discounted. Much more important — because, of course, wholly sincere — are the publicists and politicians who encourage the hope that merely by mistrusting the evidence of our senses whenever it might lead to uncomfortable discoveries, and thereby avoiding the necessity of passing either moral or political judgments, we can shut the door on the effects of what is described as an unfortunate brawl several thousand miles away.

The persons I mean can be identified by their slogans — 'War settles nothing,' 'Nobody wins a war,' 'One side is as bad

as the other,' 'They're both aggressors,' 'It's one imperialism tangling with another,' 'It doesn't matter to us who comes out on top,' 'Let George do it.' Are these really any more realistic, far-sighted, and intelligent than the maxims that ruled certain English editorial columns and swayed the 'Inner Cabinet' in the years 1933-1938?

On the evening of September 27, 1938, Prime Minister Chamberlain, two days later to go to Munich, exposed his inner thoughts in a famous broadcast. It seemed fantastic, he said, that Englishmen should be on the verge of war 'because of a quarrel in a faraway country between people of whom we know nothing.'

Six months later Hitler had taken Prague. Another six months later Britain was at war for Poland. Another six months later British troops had moved into their sector of the Maginot Line, had assembled at Suez from the antipodes, and were embarking on their grim mission in the rocky fastnesses of Scandinavia. Each stage was the remorseless sequel of the one before. The British people and government had asked nothing better than to be left alone, to live and let live. They wanted peace. They found that it takes only one to make a war. And the outcome of this war which they did not seek will again provide an answer to the woolly statement that war 'settles nothing' and that if one has to fight it is not desirable to win. The answer will not be given in terms of a parlor rationalization, but by an Allied victory or defeat — just as victory in the Revolutionary War settled whether or not we were to be an independent nation and the battles of the Civil War settled whether or not we were to abolish slavery and remain united.

Suppose the worst. Suppose the war drags on. Suppose the Allies fail.

Suppose the British and French navies pass into Hitler's hands. Suppose British, French, Scandinavian, Dutch, and other shipping comes into his hands also

and augments the German merchant fleet on every sea. Suppose the British, French, Dutch, Danish, Belgian, and Portuguese colonies come up for division between Germany and her satellites and friends, Fascist, Communist, and Japanese. Suppose control of the English Channel goes to Germany, along with control of the gateway between the South Pacific and the Indian oceans in Malaya and Singapore; suppose Hitler shares control of Suez with his Italian protégé and of Gibraltar with his Spanish one; suppose he builds naval or air bases in those key spots, and also in the Azores and the Cape Verdes, now held by England's weak little friend Portugal, and reaches friendly arrangements with Argentina for facilities in the Falkland Islands, a vital strategic position for dominating the South Pacific and the whole Antarctic. Suppose the Nazi movements in Latin America begin to bear fruit in earnest, facilitated by Germany's enormously increased prestige and resources.

Suppose not only Latin America, but the whole world, ourselves included, relapses into a system of autarchy and barter trade. Suppose our gold becomes merely so much metal in our Kentucky vaults because prices in world trade are being based on other standards of measurement — wheat, tin, rubber, oil — which lie partly or wholly in German control. Suppose we raise our annual expenditure for defense to three or four billion dollars a year, hoping by the magnitude of our battle fleets, air squadrons, and standing armies to hold all the world at bay. Suppose we succeed for ten years, at which time our expenditures for defense will have totaled more than the whole debt incurred in the last war plus all war taxes collected on its account. Suppose we regiment our economy, harness capital, harness labor, and limit the social services to make this expenditure possible, and suppose we stifle political and social opposition so that no critical voice is raised against any necessary step, however painful, to meet

our altered status in an altered world.

That day may never come, or if it does it may produce only part of the unpleasant contingencies suggested. England and France may win alone. Or they may win with our unstinted economic and financial help, meaning: (1) the deliberate cessation of all American trade with their antagonists and the restriction of trade with so-called 'neutrals' which supply their antagonists; and (2) modification of the credit provisions of the Johnson and Neutrality Acts so that when Allied cash comes to an end we avoid the catastrophe of stopping our shipments to them of vital supplies — normal supplies of food, machinery, and raw materials as well as airplanes and other products useful in war.¹ Such measures would be the more effective if we also undertook the rapid expansion of American facilities for the manufacture of various vital armaments (for example, anti-aircraft guns) which are now produced only in government arsenals and only in insignificant quantities.

We stand today where England stood, not at the moment Sir Nevile Henderson set out for Berlin, but where she stood when Hitler had taken Prague. Only the most puny mentality can entertain any trace of doubt at this stage as to what the aggressor nations 'really stand for,' in general and in particular. Austria, Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Poland, Finland, Denmark, Norway — all have been slid under the guillotine or castrated in the totalitarian torture chamber. Other supposedly free nations stand huddled in line as I write, some defiant, some suppliant. Who can say which may not have been sacrificed by the time these words appear in print? Not one of them but knows that its sole chance of salvation is bound up in the chance that the Allies will win.

¹ An alternative might be to increase the capital of the Export-Import Bank by, say, a billion dollars, to enable it to finance the continuation of American exports. Or the United States Government might give a direct subsidy to governments it wished to assist. — AUTHOR

As for ourselves, we know perfectly well that the British and French Governments are not paragons of enlightenment and that the British and French peoples are no more free of shortcomings than Americans are. But we also feel in our bones that they represent and on the whole practise a manner of life in which we can share. If they are able to continue to practise it we can continue to have more or less free intercourse with them, can compete with them in trade on equal terms, can settle disputes with them by negotiation, and meanwhile can find time at home for the effort to resolve our own social and economic problems by gradual stages and without unnecessary sacrifices of individual liberty.

On our other hand lies unrolled the chart of the world in which we shall have to live if Hitler and his accomplices win. We dare not look away. We must try to foresee the successive phases in the development of Hitler's global aims. We must appraise each from the point of view of American national interests, and

we must appraise the whole from the point of view of its effect on the American interest in its most general and deepest sense. This done, we must make a determined effort of intellect and will, in the hope that by farsighted action now we may avoid reaching the moment of fateful choice in which England and France found themselves a year ago: either to accept Hitler's world as tolerable, or to make a costlier contribution to his defeat than one which might have been decisive at an earlier stage.

And if no amount of foresight is able to ward off the moment of decision? If even prompt, spontaneous, and abundant economic and financial help, regardless of cost to ourselves, has not proved sufficient to enable the Allies to win? What then about one other current aphorism, that 'war doesn't pay'? The answer is that it certainly does not. War is not a commercial proposition. Sometimes, however, it is the lesser of two evils. Many of the important things in life are not to be had at a profit, or even free.

R. W. E.

BY PAUL ENGLE

FIRST American mature in mind,
 Knowing a sun behind the body's heat,
 Whose life it was a natural God to find
 In this whole continent and Concord street.
 First of us all for whom the apparent world
 Was of man's dignity the outward sign,
 Proud of mortality, proud that there curled
 Patience over his rooftree like a vine.

Team it, he said, farm it the best you can,
 Let every man rely on his own hard worth,
 Know how hand can think and mind can burn,
 Think with the wise, talk with the common man,
 Watch in our west the plough of history turn
 Another human furrow in the earth.

THE BRIGHT COMPANY

BY JOHN BUCHAN

I

As children we lived much in the past, and, as commonly happens, we interpreted that past by the present, and also permitted bygone ages to color our everyday lives.

Brooding over Scottish history made us intense patriots of the narrowest school. Against our little land there had always stood England, vast, menacing, and cruel. We resented the doings of Edward I, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth as personal wrongs. The brutalities of Cumberland after the 'Forty-five' seemed to us unforgivable outrages which had happened yesterday. We early decided that no Englishman could enter Heaven, though, later, our delight in the doings of the Elizabethan seamen forced us to make an exception of the inhabitants of Devon. Even when we grew older and the intolerance somewhat abated, England remained for us a foreign place, not too friendly, to be suspected and even dreaded. My interest in London, when I first visited it, was not in its metropolitan wonders, but in its connection with Scotland's history — that Simon Lovat had died on Tower Hill, that Balmerino's head had been stuck up on Temple Bar, and disguised Jacobite spies had hid themselves in Soho. I had myself one particular reason for this suspicion. As a child I was always in terror of being compelled to earn my bread as a clerk should my father die. This gloomy fate I associated with some kind of English domicile, probably a London suburb. The suburbs of the

metropolis, of which I knew nothing, became for me a synonym for a dreadful life of commercial drudgery without daylight or hope.

I looked forward, therefore, to visiting this sinister and fascinating land with some foreboding. The thing happened when I was seventeen, when, on a bicycle, I crossed the bridge of Tweed at Coldstream and explored a strip of Northumberland. I entered England with the traveler's mingled sense of insecurity and distinction. To my surprise I found it very like my own countryside. The people spoke with almost my own accent. The bent and heather of the Cheviots were like my domestic hills; the valley of Till was lusher perhaps than that of my moorland waters, but the hill burns were in no way different. . . . The following year I paid my first visit to London to stay with a great-uncle. Incuriously I inspected the sights, but the place made little impression on me, though the scents and sounds of London in the autumn gave me a strong feeling of smugness and comfort. . . . Then a few months later I went up to Oxford to sit for a scholarship. This was my true first visit to England, when I came under the spell of its ancient magnificence and discovered a new loyalty.

It was, I remember, bitter winter weather. The Oxford streets, when I arrived late at night from the North, were deep in snow. My lodgings were in Exeter College, and I recall the blazing fires, a particularly succulent kind of

sausage, and coffee such as I had never known in Scotland. I wrote my examination papers in Christ Church hall, that noblest of Tudor creations. I felt as if I had slipped through some chink in the veil of the past and become a mediæval student. Most vividly I recollect walking in the late afternoon in Merton Street and Holywell and looking at snow-laden gables which had scarcely altered since the Middle Ages. In that hour Oxford claimed me, and her bonds have never been loosed.

II

Brasenose, as the home of Walter Pater, had a special fascination for me, and, though he had died in the spring before I sat for a scholarship, I was glad to go to a college where he had lectured on Plato, and which was full of his friends. My first impressions of Oxford were unhappy. The soft autumn air did not suit my health; the lectures which I attended seemed jejune and platitudinous, and the régime slack, after the strenuous life of Glasgow; I played no game well enough to acquire an absorbing interest in it. Above all, being a year older than my contemporaries, I felt that I had been pitchforked into a kindergarten. The revels of alcoholic children offended me, and, having an unfortunate gift of plain speech, I did not make myself popular among those emancipated schoolboys. I must have been at that time an intolerable prig. Consequently the friends I made at first were chiefly hard-working students like myself, or older men in other colleges. Also, I was very poor. For two years I could not afford to dine in hall. My Oxford bills for the first year were little over £100, for my second year about £150. After that, what with scholarships, prizes, and considerable emoluments from books and articles, I became rather rich for an undergraduate.

One advantage of my early seclusion, and of the fact that Brasenose was a

small college situated in the heart of Oxford, was that I made friends throughout the University. Presently the political clubs, the Union, and Vincent's added to this circle, and I think that before I went down I had as catholic an acquaintance as any man of my time. I came to know well a few seniors who either were living in Oxford as dons or came up often on visits—men like Hilaire Belloc and F. E. Smith, John Simon and Leo Amery. I had a large acquaintance among athletes and sportsmen, chiefly the rowing and Rugby football groups, and thus I came to know my future partner in business, T. A. Nelson, Oxford and a Scottish international Rugby captain. Among younger men who overlapped my time were Arthur Salter of Brasenose and Edward Wood (Lord Halifax) of Christ Church.

My years at Oxford were, I think, one of those boundary periods, the meaning of which is missed at the time but is plain in the retrospect. The place was still monastic, but the clamor of the outer world was at its gates, and it was on the verge of losing many of its idioms. Very ancient customs were still remembered; for example, it was only a few years before I went up that Brasenose men had to go out of college in pairs, a relic of the mediæval town-and-gown troubles. Sartorially my time was beyond doubt a turning point. On Sundays a dark suit was still obligatory; on weekdays Brasenose inclined towards tailed coats of tweed and hunting waistcoats, and the headgear was a cap or a bowler; but before I went down the fashion had arrived from Winchester of flannel 'bags' and any kind of jacket at all seasons, and the modern hatless era was dawning. It was the same with our speech, which had Early Victorian, if not Regency, traces. We still called a cigar a 'weed' and used the word 'blood' to denote whatever was dashing and high-colored in raiment or behavior. When I visited my brother a year after

I went down, I found that this fashion had almost disappeared.

Of two friends I must write more fully. The first is Raymond Asquith. There are some men whose brilliance in boyhood and early manhood dazzles their contemporaries and becomes a legend. It is not that they are precocious, for precocity rarely charms, but that for every sphere of life they have the proper complement of gifts, and finish each stage so that it remains behind them like a satisfying work of art. Sometimes the curtain drops suddenly, the daylight goes out of the picture, and the promise of youth dulls into a dreary middle age of success, or, it may be, of failure and cynicism. But for the chosen few, like Raymond, there is no disillusionment. They march on into life with a boyish grace, and their high noon keeps all the freshness of the morning. Certainly to his cradle the good fairies brought every dower. They gave him great beauty of person; the gift of winning speech; a mind that mastered readily whatever it cared to master; poetry and the love of all beautiful things; a magic to draw friends to him; a heart as tender as it was brave. One gift only was withheld from him — length of years.

The figure of Raymond in those days stands very clear in my memory, for he had always the complete detachment from the atmosphere which we call distinction. He wore generally an old shooting coat of light gray tweed and gray flannel trousers; the laxest sumptuary law would have made havoc of his comfort. He had rather deep-set gray eyes, and his lips were parted as if at the beginning of a smile. He had a fine straight figure, and bore himself with a kind of easy stateliness. His manner was curiously self-possessed and urbane, but there was always in it something of a pleasant aloofness, as of one who was happy in society but did not give to it more than a fraction of himself.

He had come up from Winchester with

a great reputation, and also, I think, a little tired. His scholarship was almost too ripe for his years, and he had already conquered so many worlds that he was little troubled with ordinary ambition. As the son of an eminent statesman he had seen much of distinguished people who to most of us were only awful names, so that he seemed all his time at Oxford to have one foot in the greater world. Not that he gave this impression by anything that he said or did; it was rather by his wholehearted delight in Oxford and his lack of reverence for the standards that ruled outside it. He had the air of having seen enough of the outer world to judge it with detachment.

Even in those early years his great powers of mind were patent to all. I have never met any man so endowed with diverse talents. In sheer intellectual strength he may have had his equals, and there were certain limits to his imaginative sympathies; but for manifold and multiform gifts I have not found his like. He was a fine classical scholar, at once learned and precise; he was widely read in English literature; he wrote good poetry, Greek, Latin, and English; he had the most delicate and luminous critical sense; he had an uncanny gift of exact phrase, whether in denunciation or in praise. His ordinary conversation was chiefly remarkable for its fantastic humor, but when he chose he was a master of manly good sense. As a letter writer he was easily the best of us, but his epistles were dangerous things to leave lying about, for he had a most unbridled pen. He could not write a sentence without making it characteristic and imparting into it some ribald whimsicality.

As a speaker I never heard him in the political clubs; but in the Union he was easily the most finished debater of our time. It was a heyday of Union oratory, for Hilaire Belloc, F. E. Smith, and John Simon were our immediate predecessors and still took part in debates. He did not seem to seek to convince; smoothly,

almost disdainfully, in his beautiful voice flowed his fastidious satire. There were no signs of careful preparation, and yet, had his speeches been printed verbatim, each sentence would have stood out as finely cut as in an essay of Stevenson's.

His politics were hereditary, not, I think, the result of any personal enthusiasm. He had a thoroughly conservative temperament, and loathed the worn counters of party warfare. Not greatly respecting many people, he had a profound respect for his father, and much resembled him, both in his style of speaking and in the quality of his mind. He would not condescend to cheap-Jack argument, and he distrusted emotion in public life. He was like his father, too, in many traits of character — his loyalty, his hatred of intrigue, his contempt for advertisement, and his great courage. I do not think that at that time he had any strong political opinions (though many prejudices about political figures) except on the question of the Church. He detested clericalism, and, like the Irishman at Donnybrook, when he found its head anywhere he smote it.

I do not think he could ever have been called popular. He was immensely admired, but he did not lay himself out to acquire popularity, and in the ordinary man he inspired awe rather than liking. His courtesy was without warmth, he was apt to be intolerant of mediocrity, and he had no desire for facile acquaintanceships. Also — let it be admitted — there were times when he was almost inhuman. He would destroy some piece of homely sentiment with a jest, and he had no respect for the sacred places of dull men. There was always a touch of scorn in him for obvious emotion, obvious creeds, and all the accumulated lumber of prosaic humanity. That was a defect of his great qualities. He kept himself for his friends and refused to bother about the world. But to such as were admitted to his friendship he would deny nothing. I have never known a

friend more considerate, and tender, and painstaking, and unfalteringly loyal. It was the relation of all others in life for which he had been born with a peculiar genius.

III

No two friends were ever more unlike than Raymond and I. He chaffed me unmercifully about my Calvinism, my love of rough moors in wild weather, my growing preference for what he called the Gothic over the Greek in life, my crude passion for romance. 'You scoff at the cult of Beauty,' he once wrote to me, 'in your coarse Scotch way. I grind my teeth when I hear people praise the machinery of Scotch education. Depend upon it, my poor dear soul-starved pedlar, the English public-school system is the only one which fits a man for life and ruins him for eternity. And commendation cannot go further than that, as you know well if you had the honesty to acknowledge it.'

There was one consequence of this lack of ambition which the world may well regret. Except in his letters, he scarcely used his great gift for literature. A few poems are all that remain. One of these, an 'Ode in Praise of Young Girls,' written shortly before the war, is to my mind the finest satirical poem of our day. He wrote many verses, — he used to scatter them about his letters, — but he rarely finished them. He and I once prepared a complete *Spectator*, a parody of that admirable journal. The three middle articles, I remember, were on 'God,' 'Bridge,' and 'Harvest Bugs.' Raymond wrote the poem, a Tennysonian elegy, supposed to have been written by a well-known Oxford dignitary, 'On a Viscount who died on the Morrow of a Bump Supper.'

When I went to South Africa in 1901, Raymond had just taken a first in 'Greats,' and was reading law for an All Souls' Fellowship. We maintained a regular correspondence, and the sight of his bold, beautiful handwriting was the

pleasantest part of mail days in Johannesburg. He wrote pages of delightful political gossip, and unveracious accounts of the doings of our friends, and — very rarely — news of himself. Here are two extracts: —

Eighteenth-century methods worked well enough while we had a talented aristocracy, but we can't afford nowadays to limit our choice of Ministers to a few stuffy families, with ugly faces, bad manners, and a belief in the Nicene Creed. The day of the clever cad is at hand. I always felt it would come to this if we once let ourselves in for an Empire. If only Englishmen had known their Æschylus a little better they wouldn't have bustled about the world appropriating things. A gentleman may make a large fortune, but only a cad can look after it. . . . It would have been so much pleasanter to live in a small community who knew Greek and played games and washed themselves. . . . I hear you think I oughtn't to be up at Oxford a fifth year. You are probably right, but, honestly, I haven't the ambition of a louse and I don't see why I should pretend to it. There are a few things and people at Oxford that I intend to keep close to as long as I decently can, and I don't care a damn about the rest. If one fell in love with a woman or believed in the Newcastle programme or had no dress clothes it might be different. But the world as I see it just now is a little barren of motives. . . . I suppose I may have what is called a spiritual awakening any day, and then I shall start to lie and make money with the best of them. . . . *The law is a lean casuistical business and fills me with disgust.*

The bleak futility of our public men on both sides is a thing one never hoped to see outside the neo-Celtic school of poetry. The general effect is that of a flock of sheep playing blind man's buff in the distance on a foggy day. Rosebery continues to prance upon the moonbeam of efficiency and makes speeches at every street corner; but he might just as well call it the Absolute at once for all the meaning it has to him or anyone else. No one has the least idea what he wants to 'effect,' and beyond a mild bias in favor of good government and himself as Premier, nothing can be gleaned from his speeches. . . . He has started a thing called the

Liberal League, which appears at present to consist of three persons — himself, my father, and Grey — backed by a squad of titled ladies, who believe that the snobbery of the lower classes is greater than their greed. I trust that may be so; they say there is a good spot in everyone if one knows where to find it. . . . As to law, I am in the position of a Danaid incessantly pouring into the leaky sieve of my mind the damnable details of Prætorian Edicts and the Custom of Gavelkind. If they didn't run out at once I think I should be mad by now. God knew what He was about when He provided me with a bad memory, and I am not the one to withhold praise where it is due.

In 1902 I tried to induce Raymond to come and visit us in South Africa. Lord Milner also did his best, but nothing would make him leave England. 'What have you to offer me?' he wrote. 'Certainly not those who are clad in soft raiment (we saw them at the Coronation!), nor do I imagine that any voice cries in your desert in a way which tends to edification.' He was now a Fellow of All Souls, and enjoying himself, as appeared from the pictures of delights which he drew to lure me home, and his hilarity about politics. 'No two people seem to disagree about anything — except Rosebery and C. B.; and neither of them has anything you could call an opinion, except about each other; in which opinion, of course, they are both right.' Then suddenly he was heard of in Egypt, and we found ourselves on the same continent. He thought meanly of the Nile, the monuments, the scenery ('about as picturesque as a spittoon'), everything except the climate. 'The sunsets are wonderful, passing from palest green through every shade of yellow to deepest purple with a rapidity and precision which is more like Beerbohm Tree than the Almighty.' He rejoiced to see a land where, he said, any kind of self-government was manifestly out of the question. At that time he was not enamored of what he called 'middle-Victorian shibboleths.'

When I came back from South Africa

at the end of 1903 I found that Raymond had cut loose from Oxford, and was already in London society the same distinguished and slightly detached figure which he had been at the University. He was reading for the bar, and had plenty of leisure to enjoy life and see his friends. At that time I lived in the Temple with his friend, Harold Baker, and the three of us used to go for country walks of a Sunday and have periodical dinners at which we drank claret on the old scale. He had become even handsomer than before, and in London clothes he had a slightly ascetic look. Oxford was behind him, and he had set himself to make the best of his new life. He looked with a more kindly eye upon politics, for the Tariff Reform controversy had left him a strong Free Trader, and he began to speak a little for his party. But till he was settled in practice at the bar he took neither law nor politics too seriously. He was not a whit more ambitious than at Oxford, and had still about him the suggestion of some urbane and debonair scholar-gypsy, who belonged to a different world from the rest of us.

It was this air of aloofness which gave him his peculiar attraction to those who met him for the first time, and acquaintance did not stale that charm. There was in him all the fascination of the unexpected and unpredictable. His wit flowed as easily as a brook, but into curious eddies. He had a great talent for acute but surprising descriptions of people, especially those whom he did not love. His humor was oftenest the Aristophanic *σκῆμμα παρὰ προσδοκίαν*. I remember one instance. Someone, in one of the round games which were then popular, propounded a stupid riddle: 'What is that which God never sees, kings rarely see, and we see every day?' The answer is 'An equal.' Raymond's answer was 'A joke.'

Then he fell in love and married — in July 1907, the same month as my own wedding. He and I gave our final

bachelor dinner together at the Savoy. Marriage did not, I think, wake his ambition as he once prophesied it might, but it regularized his talents: canalized, as it were, a stream which had hitherto flowed at random. He settled down seriously to work at the bar, with Parliament somewhere in the future. He succeeded, of course, up to a point. His father was now Prime Minister, and he was naturally briefed in important cases as a junior for or against the Crown. Of course, too, he did his work well, for he was incapable of doing anything badly. But I question if he would ever have made one of the resounding successes of advocacy. For one thing, he did not care enough about it; for another, he scorned the worldly wisdom which makes smooth the steps in a career. He had no gift of deference towards eminent solicitors or of reverence towards heavy-witted judges. He would probably have passed, if he had lived, through the stage of Treasury junior to a seat on the Bench, where his perfect lucidity of mind and precision of phrase would have made him an admirable judge — a second Bowen, perhaps, without Bowen's supersubtlety. But I do not think he would ever have won that commanding position at the English bar which was due to his talents.

The war did not produce a new Raymond; it only brought the real man to light, as the removal of Byzantine ornament may reveal the grave handiwork of Pheidias. He disliked emotion, not because he felt lightly but because he felt deeply. He most sincerely loved his country, but he loved her too much to identify her with the pasteboard goddess of the music halls and the hustings. War meant to him the shattering of every taste and interest, but he did not hesitate. It was no sudden sentimental fervor that swept him into the army, but the essential nature of one who had always been shy of rhetorical professions but was very clear about the real thing. Austerely self-respecting,

he had been used to hide his devotions under a mask of indifference, and would never reveal them except in deeds. Raymond, being of the spending type, when he gave did not count the cost, and of the many who did likewise few had so much to give.

He began his training in the Queen's Westminsters, from which after a few months he was transferred to the Grenadier Guards. There he was perfectly happy. He was among young men again — the same kind of light-hearted and high-spirited companionship in which he had delighted at Oxford.

For a few months he was a member of the Intelligence Staff at General Headquarters. It was just before I joined that section, and when I went there the memory of him was fresh among his colleagues. But he did not like it. He missed the close comradeship of his battalion, and he felt that it was too cushioned a job for an active man in time of war. So he went back to the Guards before the Somme battle began.

It is my grief that I never saw him during these months, and I was temporarily back in England on the day when he fell. In the great movement of September 15 the Guards Division advanced from Ginchy on Lesbœufs. Their front of attack was too narrow, their objectives too far distant, and from the start their flanks were enfiladed. It was not till the second advance on the twenty-fifth that Lesbœufs was won. But on the fifteenth that fatal fire from the corner of Ginchy village brought death to many in the gallant Division, and among them was Raymond Asquith. In his letters he had often lamented the loss of others, but his friends knew that he had neither fear nor care for himself.

Our roll of honor is long, but it holds no nobler figure. He will stand to those of us who are left as an incarnation of the spirit of the land he loved. 'Eld shall not make a mock of that dear head.' He loved his youth, and his youth has

become eternal. Debonair, brilliant, and brave, he is now part of that immortal England which knows not age or weariness or defeat.

IV

The other friend is Auberon Thomas Herbert, commonly known as 'Bron.' I have met a fair number of gypsies in my life, often in most unfitting professions. Sometimes fate was kind to them and gave them scope for vagrancy; penciled scrawls with odd outlandish postmarks were all we heard of them; and once in a blue moon they would turn up with brown faces and far-regarding eyes to tantalize us homekeepers with visions of the unattainable. Oftener their gypsyhood was repressed, and only the old fret in spring told where their thoughts lay. But I have never known a more wholehearted, hard-bitten nomad than Bron. Nomad, indeed, is not the word, for he did not crave travel and change; a Hampshire meadow gave him all that he wanted. But he was a gypsy to the core of his being, a creature of the wayside camp, wood smoke, and the smell of earth. Some very ancient forbear was reborn in him; as in his cousin Julian Grenfell, who wrote of himself as one 'who every year has an increasing desire to live in a blanket under a bush, and will soon get bored with the bush and the blanket.'

At Oxford he was the link of his Balliol set with the world of sport, for his perfect physique made him a great athlete, and he rowed for his last two years in the University boat. But Bron had uncommonly little of the ordinary sportsman about him, being, as I have said, a gypsy. Far better than the ritual of games he loved his own private adventures in byways of the countryside. He had an astonishing knowledge of birds and beasts and all wild things. Most of his friends were fine scholars, but he did not essay the thorny path of academic honors, having better things to think about. We were all lovers of

poetry and contemners of music. Bron loved poetry, but he had also a passion for music. I once induced him to make a speech in the Union; but after an excellent beginning he grew bored and stopped to yawn in the middle of a sentence. For politics he cared not at all. He was most pleasant to look at, and most gentle and courteous in manner, but his petulant mouth and great wondering eyes gave him a changeling air, as of one a little puzzled by life. He was like some wild thing tamed and habituated to a garden, but still remembering 'the bright speed it bore in its high mountain cradle.'

On the outbreak of war in 1899 he was off at once to South Africa, taking the first chance he got, which was that of *Times* correspondent. There he was abundantly happy. He was not specially interested in military affairs, but he loved the spacious land and the adventurous life. His letters to me at the time were one long chant of praise. 'When I think of the dull things I was doing last year,' he wrote, 'I am simply staggered at the luck that has brought me here.' Presently, advancing too far forward in an action (for those were the days when the trade of war correspondent was still an adventure), he got a rifle bullet in his foot. The wound was badly mismanaged, and when he came back to England his leg had to be amputated below the knee.

To a man of his tastes such a loss might well have been crippling. To Bron it simply did not matter at all. He behaved as if nothing had happened, and went on with the life he loved. It cannot have been an easy job, but he never showed the strain of it. He was just as fine a sportsman as before, and his high spirits were, if anything, more infectious. During the later stages of his convalescence I used to stay with him at his uncle's house of Panshanger, and catch trout with the dry fly in the Mimram. He was a wonderful fisherman, but that gentle art was only one of his accomplishments. Soon he was

scampering about in the New Forest, and hunting, and playing tennis, and stalking on some of the roughest hills of Scotland. He must have had bad hours, but he held his head high to the world and his friends. He was not going to be depressed even for a moment by a small thing like the loss of a leg.

His uncle, the last Lord Cowper, died in the summer of 1905, and Bron became Lord Lucas and the owner of several great houses. He got them off his hands as fast as he could, for the only place he cared for was his home at Picket Post in the New Forest. A lesser man might have been oppressed by his possessions, but Bron was too unworldly to feel any oppression. They mattered nothing in his scheme of life. For he was still the gypsy, with all the belongings he needed in his wallet.

Then there befell him the most fantastic fate. In 1906 a Liberal Government came into power, and Bron, as one of the few Liberal peers, was marked down for preferment. He became Mr. Haldane's private secretary at the War Office. In 1908 he was Undersecretary for War, and rebutting in the House of Lords Lord Roberts's plea for national service. He was not a good speaker, but his boyish charm and gallantry pleased people, and even his opponents wished him well. In 1911 he was for a short time Undersecretary for the Colonies. That same year he went as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, where he was a real success, for he was a true countryman, knowing at first hand what most politicians are only told. In 1914 he entered the Cabinet as President of the Board of Agriculture, and held the office till the formation of the coalition in May 1915, when he most thankfully laid it down.

Was there ever an odder destiny for a gypsy than to be a Cabinet Minister in spite of himself at thirty-eight? No man could have wanted it less. He did his work well, — the agricultural part extraordinarily well, — but his heart was

never in it. He had no ambition, and the long round of conferences, deputations, unmeaning speeches, idle debates, was wholly distasteful. He disliked London, shunned ordinary society, and was happy only in the company of his friends. At a ball, when by any rare chance he attended one, he had the air of a hunted stag. To see him at a party was to get some idea of how Marius looked among the ruins of Carthage. But at Picket or in Scotland, shooting, hunting, fishing, or bird watching, he was the old Bron again, with the old zest and simplicity. When I met him in London in those days I used to think that he looked more puzzled than ever. He seemed to find the world rather tarnished and dusty, and to be longing for a clearer air.

When he left the Cabinet in 1915 he found what he had been seeking. Though he was many years over the age, he managed to join the Royal Flying Corps and trained for his pilot's certificate. Here his wonderful eye and nerve stood him in good stead, and presently he became a most competent pilot. He was sent out to Egypt, whence stories came back to us of strange adventures — crashing in the desert many miles from help, and suchlike. He was back in England in the spring of 1916, engaged in instructing recruits, and more than once came very near death. But Bron had risked his neck all his days, and his friends hoped that his standing luck might carry him through.

It had always been his desire to serve on the Western Front, and he went there halfway through the Battle of the Somme. I am glad to think that I saw something of him during his last weeks on earth. His camp was beside the road from Amiens to Doullens; his friend Maurice Baring was at the R. F. C. Headquarters, and I was at General Headquarters at Deauquesne; so we were all three only a few miles from each other. The concluding days of October and the first week of November were full

of strong gales from the southwest, which gravely hampered our flying, for our machines drifted too far over the enemy lines, and had to fight their way back slowly against a head wind. It was an eerie season on the bleak Picardy downs, scourged and winnowed by blasts, with the noise of the guns from the front line coming fitfully in the pauses like the swell of breakers on a coast. One evening, I remember, I rode over to have tea with Bron, when the west was crimson with sunset and above me huge clouds were scudding before the gale. They were for the most part ragged and tawny, like wild horses, but before them went a white horse, the leader of the unearthly cavalry. It seemed to me that I was looking at a ride of Valkyries, the Shield Maids of Odin hasting to the battle front to choose the dead for Valhalla.

Two days later Maurice came to me and told me that Bron was missing. The chances were about equal that he was a prisoner, and for some time we dared to hope. Then, early in December, we heard that he was dead. When our troops advanced to victory in the autumn of 1918 they found his grave.

V

It was a secure and comfortable world, that close of Victoria's reign before the disillusion and change of the South African War. Peace brooded over the land and we should not have believed a prophet had he told us that most of our group would fall in battle. We were hardly aware of the problems of the State or its demands upon our services, and the University Volunteers had a hard time keeping up their strength. It was the day when Mr. Chamberlain was preaching a new gospel of empire, and Lord Milner beginning his difficult course in South Africa, but we were scarcely conscious of their efforts, except to laugh at Raymond Asquith's parodies of Kipling. There were political clubs — like the Conservative Canning

and Chatham, and the Liberal Palmerston and Russell; but they were chiefly pretexts for annual dinners, when statesmen came up to speak to audiences which were interested in their persons but apathetic about their policies. I called myself a Tory and belonged to the Canning, but that club at two successive meetings, after drinking Church and King, had by a large majority disestablished the Church and nationalized the land of England; and it had adventurous members who belonged also to the Fabian Society.

During my four years at Oxford I read hard and widely and finished with a considerable stock of miscellaneous knowledge. That mattered little, but the trend which my mind acquired mattered much. More and more I became skeptical of dogmas, looking upon them as questions rather than answers. Philosophy did not give us solutions, but it taught us to ask the right question, about which we could cheerfully go on disputing until the dawn put our candles out. The limited outlook of my early youth had broadened. Formerly I had regarded life as a pilgrimage along a strait and steep path on which the pilgrim must keep his eyes fixed. I prided myself on a certain moral austerity, but now I came to realize that there was a good deal of self-interest in that outlook, as with the Puritan who saw in his creed not only the road to Heaven but the way to worldly success. I began to be attracted by the environs as well as by the road, and to find that there were more temples of the Holy Ghost than I had believed. I became more charitable in my judgment of things and men.

I had some of my Gothic corners smoothed away, but I still had a good many angles, and there remained a large spice of the Shorter Catechist in my make-up. Just as my walks were not random contemplative saunters, but attempts to get somewhere, so a worthy

life seemed to me to be a series of efforts to conquer intractable matter, to achieve something difficult and perhaps dangerous. Much as I detested Napoleon, I was for him, as against Thackeray in his 'Ballad of the Drum':—

Come fill me one more glass of wine
And give the silly fools their will.

Even a perverse career of action seemed to me better than a tipling of ale in the shade, for that way lay the cockney suburbanism which was my secret terror. Again, while I was very conscious of man's littleness in face of the eternal, I believed profoundly in his high destiny. Human beings were compounded of both heavenly and hellish elements, with infinite possibilities of sorrow and joy. In consequence I had an acute sense of sin, and a strong hatred of whatever debased human nature. The conception of mankind, current in some quarters, as a herd of guzzling, lecherous little mammals seemed to me the last impiety.

Had I wished it, I could have stayed on and taught philosophy. But at the end of my fourth year I had come to feel that I was not sufficiently devoted to any branch of learning to give up my life to it, either as don or as professor. I wanted a stiffer job, one with greater hazards in it, and I was not averse to one which offered bigger material rewards. The supreme advantage of Oxford to me was that it enabled me to discover what talents I had and what I really wanted to do. Horizons had extended and revealed a surprising number of things which woke my curiosity. I wanted to explore the wider stages of life. Besides, I had become attached to the study of law, and under the inspiration of a great scholar, the late A. H. J. Greenidge, had taken a lively interest in the most arid details of the Greek and Roman legal systems.

So I decided that my profession should be the bar.

(To be concluded)

NATIVE WOOD NOTES

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

A NEW JERSEY community was lately obliged to dig up one of its earliest water mains, the capacity of which had been outgrown by the population. It proved to be in prime shape and good for indeterminably many more seasons. Until that inspection no one had had occasion to set eyes on any part of the line for a hundred and five years. It was made of native oak.

There is hardly a week of the calendar but brings to my notice some similar circumstance touching on the longevity of wood rightly used; and whenever I stumble on one of these evidences I find myself involved in the same old emotional tug-of-war. On one side is an upleap of the heart such as Wordsworth felt when he saw a rainbow. On the other side is a tempered melancholy, an emptiness not quite poignant, of the sort that the Roman poets seem to have meant when they invoked the magically fine word *desiderium* — one of the atmospheric words that translators always make say not quite enough or a suspicion too much.

My thrill, you will understand, is for the wood itself. Wood is a substance for which I harbor sentiments fanatically partisan and verging, I am assured, on monomania. Indeed, if I were ever to write my autobiography I might do worse than to call it *Memoirs of a Dendrophile*. My melancholy, on the other hand, has not this touch of the impersonal. It is in behalf of a grandfather of mine — the one from whom I

seem to have caught, well before I can remember, my queer unmodern obsession. Let me but hear that anything made of wood has given a particularly fine account of itself, and I feel almost the same glow as if one of my immediate family had earned some great triumph and recognition. But this response is no more automatic than the twinge of remembering that my grandfather is now not here to share the triumph. That is a feeble, not to say a false, way of putting it: the triumph would have been his, and I the humble sharer on sufferance. For he had a unique, an uncontested right to all data bearing on the superior dignity of wood, and twenty years have not begun to abate the strangeness, the shock, of finding that oak and maple can still prove their worth without his blessing or even his leave. To that man of indomitable prejudices and crotchets an oaken water main still sound after a hundred and five years in the earth would have been meat and drink. It would have been sugar in his tea, powder in his horn, and above all a thundering lay sermon in his mouth.

For better than half a century my grandfather spouted his lay sermons — and, as a sort of obligato to them, built his wagons — in a long, low-eaved, barn-red shop by the millpond that supplied his water power. The nucleus of the shop had been originally a district schoolhouse. Under his proprietorship it became the chief editorial forum of a sparsely inhabited countryside, and

some who had begun their life's learning there as infants rounded it off as octogenarians. The owner made it a social equivalent of the country general store of tradition. Lacking a row of cracker barrels for the convenience of attendant sages and fools, it afforded plenty of massive wheel hubs, partly turned, that he had rejected for flaws not visible to other critics. He had a comprehensive set of enthusiasms and prejudices and no gift for reticence about any of them. From theology, politics, and the modern (1860-1910) decay of manners, morals, workmanship, schools, tools, and conscience, the talk would range up, down, and sideways. But the times when the old gentleman really let himself go, really pushed himself and his noteworthy command of language to the cracking point, arrived when some hub-sitter, perhaps by inadvertence but more likely with malice aforethought, uttered a hint of the abominable new heresy that iron is a perdurable substance as compared with mere perishable wood.

My grandfather's free fantasia on this subject stopped his work dead. On most topics he could wreak himself without missing more than an occasional stroke of plane or chisel. But the integrity of wood was a subject to which he had to give himself up bodily, as a knight-errant to the service of his lady; and if there happened to be a wheelwright's mallet in his hand he used it to sink home his syllables with smart little taps upon empty air, as if every word were a tenon being driven into its mortise.

He would cite the fact, well known to his hearers, that no man was ever called upon to undertake repairs or replacements on anything of a well-built wagon but its bolts, tires, springs, and axles — its ironwork. From a tart, pitying little dissertation on rust and fatigue of metal he would proceed to more recondite facts picked up in his reading; for instance, the discovery of steel I-beams crumbling in some obscure form of electrolytic decay after a mere twenty years in a city

office building. Presently, by an insensible transition, he would be hymning the glories of oak; and in the end he always got around to his standard rhetorical challenge. He offered to set two vehicles side by side in the open field by his shop, there to be exposed on equal terms to all winds and weathers for five years — twenty — as long as you liked. One was to be the newest, shiniest, costliest all-metal automobile ever produced for shipment f.o.b. Detroit. The other was to be an oak wagon of his own building — for good measure, make it the oldest, most paintless, worst abused to be raised in the whole county. Watch the two long enough, and what would you see in the end? Why, you would see the ancient wagon creaking off to the dump with the worthless remains of the automobile aboard — if any of the remains would still hold together to load.

II

From farther back than I remember, I was welcome to the edge of his circular-saw table whenever the saw was not running. The mealy oak sawdust underneath — and don't I smell it now! — took endless kneading from my bare toes in summer, and in winter it worked through the eyelets of my boots into my stockings, into my very skin. Every November, in the bushels of flaky oak chips under the turning-lathe, I fished with a magnet until I had isolated a half-pint bottle of the iron filings my girl cousins would throw by small pinches into the blazing parlor fire on Thanksgiving night. To them this collection meant a handsome miniature display of fireworks, but to me it was principally an excuse for hours spent in the shop with the flattering sensation of being, for once, as legitimately busy there as its proprietor, the object of all the hero worship of which I was then capable.

As a bigger boy, and presently as a man grown, I was convinced that my grandfather would pursue me all my

days. At length, belatedly, I began to perceive that this was divining the truth wrong end to. Rather, it was my lot in life to pursue him, if but haltingly and stumblingly, from far in the dusty rear. By some unique virtuosity of personal touch my mother's father drove tenon into mortise in such a way that the fit would actually tighten with years and use. So, exactly, he seems to have driven various of his rudiments into the young scatterbrain who was his grandson — and none more tenaciously than his master passion, the affinity that made habitual close contact with wood a basic sensual need.

Observe, in one comparatively trivial example, how a life can be shaped by unconscious surrender to this species of obscure and remote control: —

Some years ago my wife and I, wishing to twist a mechanical necessity into an educational opportunity, drove across the northern United States by a route expressly planned to traverse as much as could be of the America that lives off the beaten tracks. The journey, one commonly finished in 3500 miles and little over a week, cost us a hundred days and 10,000 miles. The trip did, to be sure, enormously expand our information and reënforce some of our long-standing convictions about an America hardly more familiar than Turkestan to most of the folk who provide us with news, novels, laws, economic and social generalizations, and pat theories about What This Country Really Needs. In the sense of accomplishing what we asked and more, the enterprise was a great success, a stirring moral adventure.

The bare facts of our itinerary — the points visited, the sequence of passages through which we dawdled, stopped altogether for days at a time, or zoomed like a projectile — made it plain as the sunrise that we had ridden three on a seat, and that the unacknowledged third, our invisible guide, was a man who had actually never ridden in a motorcar and in the flesh had rarely undertaken a

journey as long as the seven-mile one to the place of his burial. Our behavior was strictly that of persons who, whether or not they knew it, had set out to assemble a collection of forests, an anthology of timber. My grandfather had escorted us, with the calm proprietary interest that was characteristic of him, from one to another and another of the places where the life and livelihood of Forgotten America are inextricably dependent on the lives, the uses, of trees.

From lingering as long as we dared under the high-altitude sequoias we had fled as fast as we dared to where, straight across California, the dark live-oak forests go down to Monterey Bay. There we had lingered again; and again, longer, in the Humboldt County groves of *Sequoia sempervirens*; and still again in stretches where the woodlands of Oregon mimic those of many a Maine headland (but strangely reversed as by a mirror, with the sun rising where it should set), and where the very barns of the Maine-like farmsteads are built of the forest laid down horizontally upon itself — vast log barns, surely among the world's handsomest. It had taken all the resolution we could muster to tear ourselves away from the region of Gray's Harbor, where on one side the forest comes down from the mountains as gigantic logs and on the other side goes out across the harbor bar as immense cargoes of building materials for the treeless places, or as spars, or as small vessels for the arduous deep-sea fishing of those waters. Along sawmill docks we sat for hours on stacks of twelve-by-sixteen structural timbers eighty feet long, watching everything from their like down to bundles of lath disappear into freighters and the cargo spaces of liners. For miles in every direction the air was spiced with the smell of new-sawn lumber, and with this the incense of slab wood was blended by every chimney — even the chimneys of the mills, for they fueled their operations with the waste produced thereby.

And some days later, in passes of the

Cascades, we found ourselves crawling up interminable slopes and speeding recklessly down others in the wake of the trailer trucks that haul the forest from mountain logging camps to railroad level, a single vast trunk at a time. Each one a whole procession in itself, these trucks are formidable contraptions to pass; but what kept us behind them for miles on end, where the local motorist seized the first precarious chance to shoot by, was not terror, but awe. We knew our place in relation to a tree whose crash had lately shaken square miles of earth and on whose stump yoked oxen could have turned with room to spare. It was the place of the uninvited stranger who falls in with the funeral escort of a great and famous man.

Through the magnificent hardwood forests of Michigan and all the way to the hackmatacks that droop their tips eastward upon Penobscot Bay it was the same. Where trees were many and splendid, or their uses vital, we dallied; where trees were few or scrawny we traveled as fast as machinery and nerves would stand. The one breach of our vow not to drive after sunset occurred when we ran on by headlight for a hundred miles to set up our tepee by a lake that someone had described as having one forested shore. We made a long digression to see the Lake of the Woods — and later realized that what had fetched us so far was simply the spell of its name.

And the great surprise of our trip, the one startling and memorable discovery? It was simply this: that in hundreds of thousands of square miles of the United States, outside the towns, the standard form of new domestic architecture — indeed, in many regions the sole feasible form — is still the house made directly from the forest, with axe rather than saw: the house of logs peeled or unpeeled, left round or hewn square. We had had the delusion that the log cabin of history was already long extinct save for a few mouldering relics and the deliberately quaint imitations affected by some for

hot-dog stands or hunting lodges. Many years of open-minded and omnivorous reading had done exactly nothing to undermine that delusion — a strange commentary on the sources of public information about our own country. The solid fact is that from Oregon to Michigan and thence on through a broad rural belt of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and even New York State, the building of log cabins is about as nearly extinct as rain, sunshine, or the English sparrow.

It seems that the inherited smattering of my grandfather's primal instinct — the instinct of a man who, if you had set him down blindfolded in the middle of the Sahara, would have found his way without a wasted step to the nearest oasis of shade — is a better guide to at least one of the major American realities than a fairly exhaustive course of reading among the professional purveyors of information about them.

III

Speaking as a New Englander, — and I could more sensibly try to speak as a Martian than as any other than the Northeastern kind of American, — I am able to report few mental readjustments more curious or interesting than that of the Easterner to the scale of his native forests after exposure to the awful gigantism of Western trees. In a typical stand of the sugar pine or of either sequoia he experiences one of the few great selfless emotions left to modern man — but not without the mournful afterthought that the biggest trees he has ever before venerated have been reduced forever to pitiful, inconceivably trifling weeds. In one particular he is dead wrong. It is not forever, but only for hours. As he returns eastward the lesion in his brain is somehow repaired. Hereditary definitions and assumptions gradually reassert themselves. By the time he has crossed the treeless plains and got to, say, the virgin hardwood areas of northern Michigan, an Eastern white oak or rock maple seems as grand as ever.

Not long after our return I had to transfer an old random-width pine floor from the open attic to the living room of a Vermont mill-brick house of 1813. One of the boards was twenty-seven inches wide and twenty-two feet long. Standing in contemplation for a moment at the foot of the tree that had given it a century and a quarter before, I found both the tree and the emotion rather enhanced than extinguished by all I had seen and felt in hours of gazing aloft from the root level of *sempervirens* and *gigantea*.¹

Go back only forty years more, and you are in the period when the north-country town charters authorized by George III reserved 'unto us, our heirs and successors for ever, all white and other sorts of Pine Trees fit for Masts, of the growth of twenty-four inches diameter and upwards at twelve inches from the earth, for Masts of the Royal Navy of us, our heirs and successors.' Escorting these 'sticks' down the Connecticut to tidewater was a trade, or a vacation from trades, at which most hardy Northern men had at least one fling in their youth. When the same men began to look to themselves for their authorization, they sometimes felled trees in the interest, not of the British navy, but of the French. Shortly after the Revolution an Orange County pine spar forty inches in diameter and a hundred and sixteen feet long was worth to the French something under twenty dollars, f.o.b. Connecticut River. By some such measure, in this part of the world, bigness in trees has been reckoned for a good while past.

It is a measure based partly, of course,

¹ Note for collectors and conservationists: About 1800 a large Windsor County attic was floored from a pile of such heroic boards stacked under the eaves at one edge. When the floorers got to the end of headroom they built a lath-and-plaster partition, sealing in the breast-high remnant of the pile; and there it lies today, visible by flashlight through one knothole in a clothes closet, but never to be removed by any means short of destroying the partition or tearing out the end of a gable. — AUTHOR

on the number of men and oxen that had to be mustered to put such a timber where it was wanted; also, no doubt, on the 'violent agitation' into which, we are told, its plunge threw the Connecticut at one of those very popular social events known as logrollings. But the final justification of our puny Eastern scale is the fact that such dimensions represent all the tree that eye and mind can take in from a position near enough for an overwhelming sensory experience. Multiply the size of the tree, and at once you find yourself trying to overcome your natural incredulity by remote, intellectual, comparative, and statistical devices — the number of freight cars the lumber would load or the size of the gilt ball you would have to put on top if you made the stem into a flagpole. As a living tree it is no longer an experience, but rather a succession of experiences — somewhat in the way of a parade several miles long — and ultimately a crick in the neck. One small fraction of it is an eyeful, and to see it as a whole you must get so far away that you simply reduce it to the common size. Thus, one of our big New England trees — such elms, say, as those the Autocrat used to travel far to see and slip his 'wedding ring' around, or such a one as, after the big wind of 1938, was translated into twenty-seven cords of stacked firewood down in Windsor County — may be statistically trifling, but it exhausts the capacity for visual wonder. To feel the stupefaction produced by a sequoia is to be bullied and browbeaten by astronomical figures, symbols on paper; whereas your response to an uncommonly fine beech or birch, maple or oak, is an affair of direct communion with the tree itself. Filling your actual sky, it fills your mind — which, after all, no immensity can crowd fuller than full.

But even if the sense of magnitude in trees were starved in our corner of the continent, the sense of beauty in wood could scarcely fail to be full-fed. The splitting of firewood is not, I believe,

among the proverbially high-ranking aesthetic experiences, but I for one should be at a sad loss without a generous allowance of it. A tolerably good hand with the splitting axe, I nevertheless contrive to take more time to work up less wood than the most bungling tyro could expend without feeling sheepish. The reason is that after every three or four strokes I find myself going into a brown study over something in the pattern my axe has just laid open. It may be the fine satin striping of maple athwart the grain, delicate as a watermark and changing as startlingly as shot silk when I turn it this way and that to the light. It may be the glinting brown flecks in beech, daintier than the speckles of an egg. Often it is the total construction of what is called a knot — very aptly and eloquently called, too, for in the fully matured knots of our hardwoods the tendons of growth are twisted and braided together with an ingenious neatness entirely comparable to that of a good splice, and suggesting that the race may just possibly have got from this source the original notion of the knot, hitch, or bend. And yet a sharp axe in able hands will untie the most obstinate and involved of these knots. Indeed, the so-called unspittables often make the best, most long-lasting firewood once you have got them dissected, somewhat as the bent nail does the firmest holding.

IV

To be a passionate dendrophile in the age of steel, the age of chromium, does not entail being quite so homeless in the latter-day world as might be assumed offhand. The great consideration, for a person such as my grandfather's grandson, is a very simple one: to live in the right place. For this there is a rough-and-ready definition. The right place is any region in which seasoned native wood is the fuel automatically accepted by practically everybody for cooking and heating; in which the woodshed roof is by

hook or crook kept tight though the house roof leak like a sieve; or, to put it in still another way, a region in which giving short measure in a sale of cordwood is a Grade A felony with serious penalties that are actually enforced. And this, in the general longitude of the Connecticut River, is no insignificant area. It reaches from well below the Massachusetts line to the northward limit of tree growth, and it is a good deal broader than it is long. Splitting and stacking stove lengths of rock maple, silver birch, and beech, I am, then, rather far from having to think of myself as an eccentric lone survivor from some ruder, more primitive epoch, or as the last pigheaded swimmer against an irresistible current of modern improvements. On the contrary, I am a participant in an unvarying ritual, a member of a close communion.

Inside the open doors of woodsheds from the Berkshires to the Laurentians, from far beyond the Adirondacks to Penobscot Bay and Passamaquoddy and Newfoundland, men are doing exactly what I do, and with essentially the same motions. Moreover, they are doing it with feelings that I share, from knowledge of which I humbly partake, among mingled smells that are a voluptuary's delight. All of us can helve and grind and whet an axe as well as swing one. (For that matter, we file and set our saws.) All of us perceive, by an instinct swifter than analytical thought, that one chunk is to be attacked from the bark, another from the larger end or the smaller; that this knot is unspittable if hit more than a frog's eyelash from a certain line; that one billet will split clean either way of the grain, another hang splinter-bound unless struck on a line passing through the heart. All of us have an assortment of ironwood seasoning in our lofts for future tool handles. The very governor of our state — a man who grows trees for a living — remembers going into the woods with his father to scout for birches with the right curve for sled runners, and

for ironwood to shoe them. (There is such a sled, older than the governor, on the place where I have the happiness to live. In many a February it has brought from the wood lot the four- and five-foot lengths stacked in October, and I dare say it will do the same in many a February more.) All of us make an identical grimace when we overreach with the axe, or miss our aim by a lateral quarter-inch, or (once in a cord) get the bright blade ignominiously locked in a vise-like knot. When the city fellow in our midst stands a chunk on its end and whales away at it with two-handed main strength and awkwardness, our involuntary covert smile speaks for no mere individual *savoir-faire*, but for a race, a tradition, a vast community. Likewise impersonal, communal, is our wince when the stroke lays open the overgrown, blackened hole bored in some long-ago March for a sap spout; since September of 1938 we resurrect dishearteningly many of these buried hollows, some of them going back a lifetime to a period when sap spouts themselves were of wood and twice their present bore.

The quaint and conspicuous person in these parts, the out-of-step alien, is the devotee of modern improvements, the householder who depends on canned gas or electricity, the lazy or improvident fellow who cozens himself into imagining the meals from a kerosene burner to be half so good as those turned out by hardwood kept for a year or two under cover. They, not we, are out of touch with the prevailing culture.

In *Yankee Notions* there is a bewildered farmer who says to view-hunting tourists under Mount Mansfield, 'Why, I've lived here forty year and ain't never seen no scenery,' but you may rely upon it that even he, or especially he, seeing his chimney's breath racing across the snow, is aware of it through a blur, as if a little of it had got into his eyes; and if you were to read him the lines of Kipling that speak of smelling wood smoke at twilight, this crass person

would be likelier than not to say, 'Now, that's what I call poetry, that is.'

One of the most interesting of my neighbors is a mill that manufactures, largely with automatic machinery, the hardwood bobbins used by textile establishments farther south. You would say, to watch the processes and the workers, that there is about as much sentiment involved as in the production of link sausages and that no men ever took a more purely utilitarian attitude toward their materials. But wait a minute. Someone in the finishing room generally gives the visitor — especially if there is a child along — two or three samples of bobbins. And every such sample, apparently fished at random out of an immense basketful, turns out to be unique and a showpiece — an exquisite specimen, say, of curly or bird's-eye maple that instantly sets you wondering where you will ever find a piece worthy to serve as the base of the table lamp of which it will be the standard.

Wood is a substance that in one shape and another speaks gratefully to all five of the senses — have you ever smelled a fresh saw-cut in green tamarrack or driven your axe into a root of the black birch? — and something about it shapes the habit and deeply colors the thought of its lifelong user, though he use it only to burn. Perhaps the reason has something to do with the defiant individualism of trees. For in wood there is no identity, no duplication, any more than there is in human fingerprints. The routine worker on metal can treat a given standardized part as if it were for all practical purposes the same part repeated *ad infinitum*, but with wood it is not so. No two pieces, no two square inches of the same piece, will saw alike, split alike, bore alike, warp, shrink, and wear alike, or — if you have eyes to see — look alike. (Never play dominoes with a set in the 'natural' finish: in twenty minutes the opponent with an eye for wood will know every piece by its back, as if it were a marked card.) In

this, wood is pretty much like people; and I have sometimes thought, or fancied, that those with the patience to understand the infinite variety of wood and to allow for its limitations are likely to develop the deepest, ripest comprehension of their own species, too.

But perhaps in this I am merely being, once more, the idolatrous grandson of my grandfather, in whom the two gifts of workmanship in wood and wisdom in the ways of men seemed not only eminent but also indistinguishable. Of the thousand postures in which my inner eye can hardly fail to see him as long as I live, none is more characteristic than that of his final inspection of every scrap of oak that was to go into one of his wagons. The piece is already 'finished,' not in the mere self-respecting carpenter's sense, but in the cabinetmaker's. All faces — and especially the ones that will never be seen again — are sanded to the rich lustre of old satin. Surfaces that are to be in contact are prepared to fit as machined, micrometered metal parts do. And now, at last, he holds up the piece to one of the north windows over his bench. He sights along it toward the light, giving every one of its six faces an interminable inspection, first lengthwise, then crosswise. It is not enough to say that he examines every surface by the square inch: his squinting regard X-rays the invisible grain until he knows exactly how it runs throughout the three dimensions. If there is a hidden eccentricity — be sure that, at this late stage, there will be nothing so outrageous as a flaw — those eyes will worm out its secret; or if the eyes do not, the fingers will, for he passes them delicately along and across every part of the wood and presently tries the balance this way and that. You would swear that he is straining every faculty to persuade himself, not that the beloved material will 'do,' but that it won't.

When those kind, severe eyes rest for even an absent-minded glance on a bit of human material, whether the awed

grandson or one of his elders and betters, the object of the regard becomes intensely conscious of his own limitations, his hidden flaws in the grain, and experiences a sudden wonder whether *he* will ever quite 'do.' And yet all of us keep coming to him. We come from far and stay long. The grandson spends no hour anywhere else that he can spend there. The man with a saw to be filed starts before a winter's dawn and walks seven lonely miles with his lunch pail, rather hoping that my grandfather will not get around to the saw until toward dusk. Those who, in summer, fish his pond for pickerel always turn up by mid-afternoon in the shop, and their visits overlap the visits of others who have come early with thoughts of a string of horn pout after dusk. The winter fisherman, as soon as he has cut his holes and set his red flannel signals, uses the back window of the shop as a convenient lookout. Ostensibly he is there for the warmth of the chunk-stove. But everyone knows that, with or without pickerel, he will go home the richer by a string of my grandfather's Dickensian characters, together with smatterings of a liberal education in the curiously overlapping natures of wood and of men.

V

In 1872 my grandfather built a farm wagon for the owner of a gristmill at the next power site down the valley. In the '80's the mill ceased to flourish, in the '90's it ceased to run, and in the 1900's a freshet washed out the neglected dam. The widowed owner lived unkemptly in one room with the pack of rangy hounds he used for fox-hunting. Every autumn he got out his fox-pelt money and drove to a depot six miles away to haul the two tons of coal he would need for his continuous winter fire; and this was about his only latter-day use of the wagon, unpainted for a quarter-century and as unkempt as himself — though, being made of more dur-

able materials, it was not so broken-down. For years, off and on, my grandfather had been warning him about the loose, clanking tires.

For the enlightenment of a generation little familiar with the craft of the wheelwright it should perhaps be explained that the rim of a wheel, to which the tire is bolted at intervals, is made up of two semicircular felloes driven on to the ends of the spokes and meeting to form together the perfect round. The integrity of the wheel depends ultimately on the flat steel tire, which, fitted on scorching hot from the forge, contracts with cooling and draws felloes, spokes, and hub into a rigid unit without play. If a tire loosened by age and wear is not replaced or reset, it will crawl on the rim and presently shear off the bolts, and the whole wheel, having shed its tire, must quickly collapse into its parts.

Old John the ex-miller, hauling his 1912 coal in the neglected wagon of 1872, had got within a mile of home when he was stopped short by something just ahead. It was a tire leaning against a roadside bush — a sight nearly as arresting to his era as that of a car upside down in a ditch is to ours. An incredulous glance at his off rear wheel showed him that the tire was his own. He had parted company with it near the start of his trip. By the time he pulled into my grandfather's dooryard, with the recovered hoop tossed on top of his load, that wheel had traveled just short of eleven miles *on the naked felloes*. And it still turned without a wobble; it was still a wheel.

But for the testimony of the wood itself, gouged and ridged by friction with stony miles, the maker would not have believed that any wooden wheel ever put together by mortal hands — let alone an abused forty-year-old one — could do a half or a quarter of what this wheel had done and still roll home with one splinter hanging to another. His life's obsession promptly reasserted itself and made him put down what had

occurred to the sole glory of white oak. He was, in fact, a little abashed by the discovery that fifty years of the closest association had still not quite cured him of underestimating the potentialities of *Quercus alba*. His superlative workmanship did not rank in his mind as mastery of the materials he used, but rather as subservience to them. His fidelity to the inherent exactions of oak simply left the wood free to be, in the specific form of a wheel, itself.

It falls to the lot of his only grandson to work in another sort of raw material, and to know only as an envious amateur may the stuff that was to him both livelihood and life. Have I ever turned a sentence as well as he turned the poorest of his hubs? If I have, will anyone ever know it? All it is allowable to hope is that I do not work quite without the inner promptings of his kind of fidelity. In accomplishment I may lag to the end behind him. But at least there can be for me the one irreversible direction — his; there can be a certainty that the unnameable, unattainable goal is the same for all who keep the faith, in whatever medium they labor. A man does not like to believe that he has learned nothing from the one hero of his youth, or nothing more than a sentimental and literary appreciation. It is not necessary to the worker in words to believe that any sequence of paragraphs of his making can ever run so smoothly as one of my grandfather's wheels, or hold together so indestructibly against time's wear and tear. It is necessary for one such worker to trust that he has set his face, and not his back, toward the general notion of rectitude that underlay his grandfather's workmanship.

There are many attempted definitions of the quintessential New Englander, some of them flattering and some contemptuous. Here is one more, which is perhaps neither: The New Englander is a fellow who spends his life just faintly hoping that he may live long enough to catch up with his grandfather.

GERMANY AND WORLD TRADE AFTER THE WAR

BY GEORG VON SCHNITZLER

I

IN his speech before the Reichstag on October 6, 1939, the German Chancellor Adolf Hitler once more attempted to offer an honorable solution in the best interests of the whole world for the liquidation of the senseless European war. In this speech, which was apparently not understood by Germany's opponents, the fundamental conditions for a permanent pacification of the world, not only in the political but also in the economic sphere, were shown. As the most important condition for a real prosperity within and outside Europe, Adolf Hitler stated the restoration of an absolutely guaranteed peace and of the feeling of security for the peoples. On this basis, first of all the home trade and the production of the individual countries should be brought in order, and then, to facilitate an exchange of these productions, a rearrangement of markets and a final stabilization of currencies should take place, so that in this way the obstacles to a freer movement of trade can be gradually eliminated.

I am sure that these fundamental ideas for a rearrangement of the international economic situation, which stress the 'safeguarding of peace' as the nucleus for all future measures, will find a more ready response in American circles, as well as in Europe, as soon as the other countries become familiar with the real intentions of German economic policy. On the other hand,

I am fully aware that often the erroneous conception exists abroad that competent German economic leadership is averse to the idea of a free international exchange of goods and that its aim is a self-sufficient, secluded national economy. Nothing can be farther from the truth than this conception. A country which, like Germany, has a high standard of living, and which is determined to increase the prosperity of its population still further and to have its fair share in the progress and the goods of this world in the future, cannot and will never voluntarily withdraw from the world markets.

The above-mentioned erroneous conception of our economic policy is based on a wrong understanding of the German so-called autarchic intentions. 'Autarchy,' as Germany understands it, means only the safeguarding of economic independence and thus of the self-support of the German people in respect to foodstuffs and vital raw materials. Our economic policy, therefore, demands only that the minimum ration of foodstuffs and industrial raw materials shall be produced in the country, so that the functioning of German economic activities will not be dependent on the good will of foreign countries. Any departure from the above would lead to the danger of losing our independence of action if for any reason it did not please other countries to continue their supplies.

With the stipulation for economic independence, Germany wants by no means to gain an advantage over other peoples. On the contrary, only by realizing this principle will German national economy be placed on an equal footing with the national economies of the other Great Powers; for the latter, in the majority of cases, already possess to a large extent the basis of their independence in the sources of raw materials in their own territory or in their colonies. Germany, therefore, is only demanding equality in claiming, not only politically but also economically, the same liberty she acknowledges for the other countries.

It is understood that being self-contained for the purposes of economic independence may mean producing only such articles as are essential for the life of the individual and for the working of the economic system. In normal times, however, the German people will, of course, not be satisfied with confining themselves to the bare necessities, but will rather strive to increase their standard of living still further; they will endeavor to make a still wider use of the manifold possibilities which modern industry and technique offer for making a happier and more abundant life. The natural consequence is that all those goods which, beyond the possibilities offered by home production, serve to increase the standard of living have to be imported under a well-considered foreign trade policy. In order to be able to purchase and pay for these goods from other countries, Germany must aim at a sound development of her export trade, and this is generally recognized as a fundamental principle of political economy.

Thus Germany is vitally interested in an extensive export trade with all other peoples. Of course, a different structure and arrangement of national economies than have existed in the past must be aimed at. The times of unrestricted free trade according to the theories of

Adam Smith and Ricardo are, in our opinion, past. Most countries can no longer afford an unrestricted international exchange of goods with the idea of purchasing where it is cheapest and selling where the largest profit for private industry is obtainable, unless they want to put up with a more or less pronounced weakening of their political freedom of action. Every national economy must therefore think first of its own natural foundation and soundness, and every state should take care to develop and strengthen its home trade as much as possible in order to consolidate its existence. This will be at the same time in the interest of the development of a new healthy international trade, because only on the foundation of a strong home trade is it possible to restore a world trade not susceptible to crisis and free from catastrophe. These are the ideas to which the German Chancellor gave expression in the above-mentioned speech as the essential conditions for a restoration of an unrestricted and prosperous world trade.

II

From this point of view the efforts of the German chemical industry should also be considered. In Germany the chemical industry represents an economic factor of really fundamental importance. It is not confined to perfecting technical possibilities or to improving existing goods, but it actually creates the foundation for the maintenance and existence of our people. Germany's limited sources of raw materials have stimulated her chemical industry again and again to new inventions and technical achievements. Beyond the purpose of safeguarding economic independence, however, there is the aim to create at the same time possibilities for an extensive export trade. The German chemical industry would like to remain, as in the past, in a fruitful exchange with all other countries. In

peaceful competition with the industries of other nations it wants to let all peoples of the earth participate in the results of its work.

This is a tendency which to a large extent has its foundation in the nature of chemistry. As experience has shown, all countries with highly developed industries contribute their share to the results of chemical research, and often only an understanding coöperation will give the full benefit of the combined work to the individual nation and to the world. In the same way as chemical research supplements itself internationally, so also supplementary economic ideas make for a collaboration in the chemical field. New products worked out by ingenious inventors are in their application not confined to their country of origin, but are automatically used beyond the boundaries of their own and neighboring countries and in all industries of the world. Only by such a wide utilization is it possible to attain their full development on a sound economic basis. These new products, furthermore, tend to extend international trade, because in their application they are in close reciprocal relation to already existing materials. Through the increase in trade, prosperity is furthered, and the progress of mankind served in a diversity of fields. Just as the various pharmaceutical products have helped to fight and suppress diseases and epidemics in the past, the many new products of the chemical industry will be accepted in the households and the workshops of the nations in order to improve the life of mankind.

Germany — in particular the German chemical industry — desires to have a still greater exchange of experience and goods with North America. We realize that the chemical industry of the United States has undergone a continued and very considerable development during the last twenty-five years. We are convinced that the work done in the United States will in future produce

brilliant results in scientific and technical respects, and that the competitive position of the North American industry will be further consolidated. On the other hand, we believe that the magnitude and diversity of the North American market, with its manifold consuming capacity and supplementary possibilities, offer opportunity also for the German chemical industry, and that such augmentation will ultimately serve the industries of both countries. It is therefore the desire of German economic circles that the extraordinary impediments and difficulties which unfortunately have grown up between Germany and the United States should be eliminated by arrangements which would find a reasonable adjustment by equitably weighing the just interests of both countries.

I am fully aware that in North American circles objections are sometimes raised to measures of the German commercial policy. It is beyond the scope of these short remarks, which are intended to deal not with the past and present but with the future restoration of economic affairs, to investigate the justification of the American and German points of view where they differ. It has often been said, and I can only repeat it here, that Germany has been forced against her wish, by the press of circumstances for the development of which she should not be held responsible, to adopt forms of commerce which she is readily prepared to revise after the necessary clarification of political and economic conditions and after the restoration of normal relations.

III

As a further means of coöperation it is desirable that, after the termination of the European war, arrangements for commercial relations with the Latin-American countries should be made which, while in accordance with the principles of American export activities,

would allow a smooth and harmonious collaboration in these countries. This seems to be of first importance as regards prices. In international trade and commerce the fair price must again be applied as the only possible basis of a secure and increased export trade. Each exporting country, in its exchange of goods with other countries, should let them participate equitably in the advantages and disadvantages of its own market. We proclaim, therefore, the reestablishment of 'fair play' in commercial relations and in the international price policy. It should be an aim worth striving for that no country shall sell its products abroad cheaper than it can produce them; for only if this principle is observed can the give-and-take be kept in a just relation — provided, of course, that a definite stabilization of currencies can be arranged.

Germany has endeavored in her internal reconstruction in recent years to establish a true and lasting social and economic peace, because we are convinced that only peace will bring prosperity, while disputes, on the other hand, foolishly destroy valuable property through strikes, lockouts, and similar occurrences. The same principle should apply to the relations between individual countries. There will be no sound progress in international commerce if the principles of pacification which I have outlined for the home trade are not reflected in a modified manner in the export trade. Therefore competitive fights with consequent price-cutting, as well as monopolistic organizations for the maintenance of overrated prices, are harmful phenomena of international trade which impede if they do not prevent a consolidation of world trade. The domination of the lowest price is not the economic ideal to be aimed at; we rather wish for a restoration of the fair price.

I am aware that these ideas will not be realized very quickly, and I do not overlook the enormous difficulties which

today still stand in the way. But all this should not prevent us, when talking of the economic reconstruction of the future, from stressing the importance of these questions and emphasizing the necessity of enlisting the joint efforts of all peoples for the purpose in mind. Then, certainly, all such practices as the dumping of currency or goods, which, with full justification, have met with opposition and rejection in the United States, will soon vanish from the scene.

The foreign economist will easily realize that the United States, for geographical as well as economic and political reasons, considers Latin America the natural territory for expansion of her own foreign trade. But it seems to me also in the interest of Latin America that the German industry should participate in the industrialization and development of the economy of these young countries, which are rich in agricultural products and raw materials. Quite apart from the manifold assistance which the highly developed German industry can offer these countries, it must not be overlooked by an unbiased judge that the United States alone as a market for the produce of Latin America is not sufficient and that the capacity of Europe, and particularly of Germany, offers necessary and favorable additional possibilities for Latin-American products. A participation of the German industry — and we hope that after the war commercial relations with the South American countries will develop and increase substantially — will show its effects in a number of directions. The general standard of living in these countries will improve and the purchasing power will increase. With an increase in purchasing power the demand for the various high-grade products of foreign industries will grow. From a higher standard of living, a noticeably increased purchasing power, and an elevation of the general economic standard, not only one industrial country will ultimately benefit, but the industries of many other

countries, particularly of the neighboring United States, will experience a reviving effect.

IV

As the German economy, on account of the variety and structure of its industry, must concentrate its efforts on the introduction of its products into all markets, obviously such an exchange of goods is aimed in the first place at Germany's natural neighbors. The economic relations between Germany and the Southeast of Europe (Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece) have already led to appreciable results for all concerned. Germany needs goods, and the Southeast wants to sell them. A close investigation will reveal that Southeast Europe must sell just what Germany needs and that Germany must sell just what Southeast Europe needs. The Southeast, moreover, requires the assistance of foreign technique and organization and the investment of capital for the extension of its traffic facilities, for the development of its sources of raw materials and their industrial utilization, and for the rationalization of its not yet completely developed agriculture. In the past, capital investments of foreign powers or finance groups in Southeast Europe were more in the nature of capitalistic exploitation, or for obtaining political influence, rather than of planned coöperation for the purpose of developing mutual economic interests. Germany will render the necessary assistance without such purely egoistic motives, in the spirit of mutual coöperation in all spheres.

However, it would be entirely wrong to assume that Germany has 'discovered' Southeast Europe only recently owing to the pressure of economic necessities. German economists, and particularly the German chemical industry, have for many years pointed to the natural connection between the eco-

nomic systems of Germany and these countries and have actually drawn practical conclusions. In doing so Germany has not been pursuing capitalistic or even imperialistic aims; rather, the system of mutual exchange of goods was developed on both sides to a point where it can be considered a striking example of economic coöperation.

German assistance in the industrialization of Southeast Europe necessarily brings about higher wages in these countries and thus a rise in the general standard of living. The good but fair prices which Germany pays for the agricultural produce of Southeast Europe also strengthen the purchasing power, and thus, owing to the higher standard of living, a demand is created for industrial goods of various sorts in a manner which is beneficial to the national economy. Not only does Germany feel the effects of these developments, but a higher standard of living in Southeast Europe will also profit other industrial countries, including the United States. These satisfactory consequences will be the more effective in the course of time, as the German efforts are more successful in furthering the development of Southeast Europe and in raising its economic standard to the level of Central Europe.

Thus, on the secure foundation of these natural premises, Central Europe and the Southeast of Europe are developing an exemplary economic coöperation which the practical American business man, who in economic matters has always followed a sound, practical policy, will be able to appreciate fully. Germany, who everywhere strives for the development of the highest economic efficiency, believes that she is thus contributing a vital share to a new, organically linked, and intrinsically sound exchange of goods in the world, which we hope for in the future for the benefit of all concerned.

THE POOR AND BURNING ARAB

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

I

MY uncle Khosrove, himself a man of furious energy and uncommon sadness, had for a friend one year a small man from the old country who was as still as a rock inwardly, whose sadness was expressed by brushing a speck of dust from his knee and never speaking.

This man was an Arab named Khalil. He was no bigger than a boy of eight, but, like my uncle Khosrove, had a very big moustache. He was probably in his early sixties. In spite of his moustache, however, he impressed one as being closer to a child in heart than to a man. His eyes were the eyes of a child, but seemed to be full of years of remembrance—years and years of being separated from things deeply loved, as perhaps his native land, his father, his mother, his brother, his horse, or something else. The hair on his head was soft and thick and as black as black ever was, and parted on the left side, the way small boys who had just reached America from the old country were taught by their parents to part their hair. His head was, in fact, the head of a schoolboy, except for the moustache, and so was his body, except for the broad shoulders. He could speak no English, only a little Turkish, a few words of Kurdish, and only a few of Armenian, but he hardly ever spoke anyway. When he did, he spoke in a voice that seemed to come not so much from himself as from the old country. He spoke, also, as if he regretted the necessity to do so, as if it were pathetic for one to try to ex-

press what could never be expressed, as if anything he might say would only add to the sorrow already existing in himself.

How he won the regard of my uncle Khosrove, a man who *had* to say *something* at least, is a thing none of us ever learned. Little enough is learned from people who are always talking, let alone from people who hardly ever talk, except, as in the case of my uncle Khosrove, to swear or demand that someone else stop talking. My uncle Khosrove probably met the Arab at the Arax Coffee House.

My uncle Khosrove picked his friends and enemies from the way they played *tavli*, which in this country is known as backgammon. Games of any sort are tests of human behavior under stress, and, even though my uncle Khosrove himself was probably the worst loser in the world, he despised any other man who lost without grace.

'What are you grieving about?' he would shout at such a loser. 'It's a game, isn't it? Do you lose your life with it?'

He himself lost *his* life when he lost a game, but it was inconceivable to him that anyone else might regard the symbols of the game as profoundly as he did. To the others the game was *only* a game, as far as he was concerned. To himself, however, the game was destiny—over a board on a table, with an insignificant man across the table rattling the dice, talking to them in Turkish, coaxing them, whispering, shouting, and in many other ways humiliating himself.

My uncle Khosrove, on the other hand, despised the dice, regarded them as his personal enemies, and never spoke to them. He threw them out of the window or across the room, and pushed the board off the table.

'The dogs!' he would shout.

And then, pointing furiously at his opponent, he would shout, 'And you! My own countryman! You are not ashamed. You debase yourself before them. You pray to them. I am ashamed for you. I spit on the dogs.'

Naturally, no one ever played a game of *tavli* with my uncle Khosrove twice.

This Coffee House was a place of great fame and importance in its day. In this day it is the same, although many have died who went there twenty years ago.

For the most part the place was frequented by Armenians, but others came too. All who remembered the old country. All who loved it. All who had played *tavli* and the card game *scambile* in the old country. All who enjoyed the food of the old country, the wine, the *rakhi*, and the small cups of coffee in the afternoons. All who loved the songs, and the stories. And all who liked to be in a place with a familiar smell, thousands of miles from home.

Most of the time my uncle Khosrove reached this place around three in the afternoon. He would stand a moment looking over the men, and then sit down in a corner, alone. He usually sat an hour, without moving, and then would go away, terribly angry, although no one had said a word to him.

'Poor little ones,' he would say. 'Poor little orphans.' Or, literally, 'Poor and burning orphans.'

Poor and burning — it's impossible to translate this one. Nothing, however, is more sorrowful than the *poor and burning* in life and in the world.

Most likely, sitting in this Coffee House one day, my uncle Khosrove noticed the little Arab, and knew him to be a man of worth. Perhaps the man

had been seated, playing *tavli*, his broad shoulders over the board, his child's head sombre and full of understanding and regret, and perhaps after the game my uncle Khosrove had seen him get up and stand, no bigger than a child.

It may even be that the man came to the Coffee House and, not knowing my uncle Khosrove, played a game of *tavli* with him and *lost*, and did not complain; and, in fact, understood *who* my uncle Khosrove was — without being told. It may even be that the Arab did not pray to the dice.

Whatever the source of their friendship, whatever the understanding between the two, and whatever the communion they shared, they were at any rate together occasionally in our parlor, and welcome.

II

The first time my uncle Khosrove brought the Arab to our house, he neglected to introduce him. My mother assumed that the Arab was a countryman of ours, perhaps a distant cousin, although he was a little darker than most of the members of our tribe, and smaller. Which, of course, was no matter; nothing more than the charm of a people; the variety; the quality which made them human and worthy of further extension in time.

The Arab sat down that first day only after my mother had asked him a half-dozen times to be at home.

Was he deaf? she thought.

No, it was obvious that he could hear; he listened so intently.

Perhaps he didn't understand our dialect. My mother asked what city he was from. He did not reply, except to brush dust from the sleeve of his coat. Then in Turkish my mother said, 'Are you an Armenian?' This the Arab understood; he replied in Turkish that he was an Arab.

'A poor and burning little orphan,' my uncle Khosrove whispered.

For a moment my mother imagined

that the Arab might wish to speak, but it was soon obvious that, like my uncle Khosrove, nothing grieved him more than to do so. He could, if necessary, speak; but there was simply nothing, in all truth, to say.

My mother took the two men tobacco, and coffee, and motioned to me to leave.

'They want to talk,' she said.

'Talk?' I said.

'They want to be alone,' she said.

I sat at the table in the dining room and began turning the pages of a year-old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* that I knew by heart — especially the pictures: Jello, very architectural; automobiles, with high-toned people standing around; flashlights flashing into dark places; tables set with bowls of soup steaming; young men in fancy ready-made suits and coats; and all sorts of other pictures.

I must have turned the pages a little too quickly, however.

My uncle Khosrove shouted, 'Quiet, boy, quiet.'

I looked into the parlor just in time to see the Arab brushing dust from his knee.

The two men sat in the parlor an hour, and then the Arab breathed very deeply through his nose and without a word left the house.

I went into the parlor and sat where he had sat.

'What is his name?' I said.

'Quiet,' my uncle Khosrove said.

'Well, what is his name?' I said.

My uncle Khosrove was so irritated he didn't know what to do. He called out to my mother, as if he were being murdered.

'Mariam!' he shouted. 'Mariam!'

My mother hurried into the parlor.

'What is it?' she said.

'Send him away — please,' my uncle Khosrove said.

'What is the matter?' she said.

'He wants to know the Arab's name.'

'Well, all right,' my mother said.

'He's a child. He's curious. Tell him.'

'I see,' my uncle Khosrove groaned.

'You, too. My own sister. My own poor and burning little sister.'

'Well, what is the Arab's name?' my mother said.

'I won't tell,' my uncle Khosrove said. 'That's all. I won't tell.'

He got up and left the house.

'He doesn't know the man's name,' my mother explained. 'And you've got no business irritating him.'

Three days later when my uncle Khosrove and the Arab came to our house I was in the parlor.

My uncle Khosrove came straight to me and said, 'His name is Khalil. Now go away.'

I left the house and waited in the yard for one of my cousins to arrive. After ten minutes, nobody arrived, so I went to my cousin Mourad's house and spent an hour arguing with him about which of us would be the stronger in five years. We wrestled three times and I lost three times, but once I *almost* won.

When I got home the two men were gone. I ran straight to the parlor from the back of the house, but they weren't there. The only thing in the room was their smell and the smell of tobacco smoke.

'What did they talk about?' I asked my mother.

'I didn't listen,' my mother said.

'Did they talk at all?' I said.

'I don't know,' my mother said.

'They didn't,' I said.

'Some people talk when they have something to say,' my mother said, 'and some people don't.'

'How can you talk if you don't say anything?' I said.

'You talk without words. We are always talking without words.'

'Well, what good are words, then?'

'Not very good, most of the time. Most of the time they're only good to keep back what you really want to say, or something you don't want known.'

'Well, do *they* talk?' I said.

'I think they do,' my mother said. 'They just sit and sip coffee and

smoke cigarettes. They never open their mouths, but they're talking all the time. They understand one another and don't need to open their mouths. They have nothing to keep back.'

'Do they really know what they're talking about?' I said.

'Of course,' my mother said.

'Well, what is it?' I said.

'I can't tell you,' my mother said, 'because it isn't in words; but they know.'

III

For a year my uncle Khosrove and the Arab came to our house every now and then and sat in the parlor. Sometimes they sat an hour, sometimes two.

Once my uncle Khosrove suddenly shouted at the Arab, '*Pay no attention to it, I tell you,*' although the Arab had said nothing.

But most of the time nothing at all was said until it was time for them to go. Then my uncle Khosrove would say quietly, 'The poor and burning orphans,' and the Arab would brush dust from his knee.

One day when my uncle Khosrove came to our house alone, I realized that the Arab had not visited our house in several months.

'Where is the Arab?' I said.

'What Arab?' my uncle Khosrove said.

'That poor and burning little Arab that used to come here with you,' I said. 'Where is he?'

'Mariam!' my uncle Khosrove shouted. He was standing, terrified.

'Oh-oh,' I thought. 'What's wrong now? What have I done now?'

'Mariam!' he shouted. 'Mariam!'

My mother came into the parlor.

'What is it?' she said.

'If you please,' my uncle Khosrove said. 'He is your son. You are my little sister. Please send him away. I love him with all my heart. He is an American. He was born here. He will be a great man some day. I have no doubt about it. Please send him away.'

'Why, what is it?' my mother said.

'What is it? *What is it?* He talks. He asks questions. I love him.'

'Aram,' my mother said.

I was standing too, and if my uncle Khosrove was angry at me, I was angrier at him.

'Where is the Arab?' I said.

My uncle Khosrove pointed me out to my mother — with despair. 'There you are,' his gesture said. 'Your son. My nephew. My own flesh and blood. You see? We are all poor and burning orphans. All except *him*.'

'Aram,' my mother said.

'Well, if you don't talk,' I said, 'I can't understand. *Where is the Arab?*'

My uncle Khosrove left the house without a word.

'The Arab is dead,' my mother said.

'When did he tell you?' I said.

'He didn't tell me.'

'Well, how did you find out?' I said.

'I don't know how,' my mother said, 'but he is dead.'

My uncle Khosrove didn't visit our house again for many days. For a while I thought he would *never* come back. When he came at last he stood in the parlor with his hat on his head and said, 'The Arab is dead. He died an orphan in an alien world, six thousand miles from home. He wanted to go home and die. He wanted to see his sons again. He wanted to talk to them again. He wanted to smell them. He wanted to hear them breathing. He had no money. He used to think about them all the time. Now he is dead. Now go away. I love you.'

I wanted to ask some more questions, especially about the Arab's sons, how many there were, how long he had been away from them, and so on, but I decided I would rather visit my cousin Mourad and see if I couldn't hold him down *now*, so I went away without saying a word — which most likely pleased my uncle Khosrove very much, and made him feel maybe there was some hope for me, after all.

I BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS ME

BY RICHARD WRIGHT

I WANT to reply to Mr. David L. Cohn, whose article criticized my novel, *Native Son*, in the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the eyes of the average white American reader, his article made it more difficult for a Negro (child of slaves and savages!) to answer a cultured Jew (who has two thousand years of oppression to recommend him in giving advice to other unfortunates!) than an American white. Indeed, Mr. Cohn writes as though he were recommending his 'two thousand years of oppression' to the Negroes of America! No, thank you, Mr. Cohn. I don't think that we Negroes are going to have to go through with it. We might perish in the attempt to avoid it; if so, then death as men is better than two thousand years of ghetto life and seven years of Herr Hitler.

The Negro problem in America is *not* beyond solution. (I write from a country — Mexico — where people of all races and colors live in harmony and without racial prejudices or theories of racial superiority. Whites and Indians live and work and die here, always resisting the attempts of Anglo-Saxon tourists and industrialists to introduce racial hate and discrimination.) Russia has solved the problem of the Jews and that of all her other racial and national minorities. Probably the Soviet solution is not to Mr. Cohn's liking, but I think it is to the liking of the Jews in Russia and Biro-Bidjan. I accept the Russian solution. I am proletarian and Mr. Cohn is bourgeois; we live on different planes

of social reality, and we see Russia differently.

'He [Wright] wants not only complete political rights for his people, but also social equality, and he wants them now.' Certainly I want them now. And what's wrong with my wanting them now? What guarantee have we Negroes, if we were 'expedient' for five hundred years, that America would extend to us a certificate stating that we were civilized? I am proud to declaim — as proud as Mr. Cohn is of his two thousand years of oppression — that at no time in the history of American politics has a Negro stood for anything but the untrammelled rights of human personality, *his* and *others*'.

Mr. Cohn implies that as a writer I should look at the state of the Negro through the lens of relativity, and not judge his plight in an absolute sense. That is precisely what, as an artist, I try *not* to do. My character, Bigger Thomas, lives and suffers in the real world. Feeling and perception, from moment to moment, are absolute, and if I dodged my responsibility as an artist and depicted them as otherwise I'd be a traitor, not to my race alone, but to *humanity*. An artist deals with aspects of reality different from those which a scientist sees. My task is not to abstract reality, but to enhance its value. In the process of objectifying emotional experience in words — paint, stone, or tone — an artist uses his feelings in an immediate and absolute sense. To ask a writer to deny the validity of his sensual per-

ceptions is to ask him to be 'expedient' enough to commit spiritual suicide for the sake of politicians. And that I'll *never* consent to do. No motive of 'expediency' can compel me to elect to justify the ways of white America to the Negro; rather, my task is to weigh the effects of our civilization upon the personality, as it affects it *here* and *now*. If, in my weighing of those effects, I reveal rot, pus, filth, hate, fear, guilt, and degenerate forms of life, must I be consigned to hell? (Yes, Bigger Thomas hated, but he hated because he *feared*. Carefully, Mr. Cohn avoided all mention of that fact. Or does Mr. Cohn feel that the 'exquisite, intuitive' treatment of the Negro in America does not inspire fear?) I wrote *Native Son* to show what manner of men and women our 'society of the majority' breeds, and my aim was to depict a character in terms of the living tissue and texture of daily consciousness. And who is responsible for his feelings, anyway?

Mr. Cohn, my view of history tells me this: *Only the strong are free*. Might may not make right, but there is no 'right' nation without might. That may sound cynical, but it is nevertheless true. If the Jew has suffered for two thousand years, then it is mainly because of his religion and his other-worldliness, and he has only himself to blame. The Jew had a choice, just as the Negro in America has one. We Negroes prefer to take the hint of that great Jewish revolutionist, Karl Marx, and look soberly upon the facts of history, and organize, ally ourselves, and fight it out. Having helped to build the 'society of the majority,' we Negroes are not so dazzled by its preciousness that we consider it something holy and beyond attack. We know our weakness and we know our strength, and we are not going to fight America *alone*. We are not so naïve as that. The Negro in America became politically mature the moment he realized that he could not fight the 'society of the majority' alone and organized the National Negro Con-

gress and threw its weight behind John L. Lewis and the CIO!

I urge my race to become strong through *alliances*, by joining in common cause with other oppressed groups (and there are a lot of them in America, Mr. Cohn!), workers, *sensible* Jews, farmers, declassed intellectuals, and so forth. I urge them to master the techniques of political, social, and economic struggle and cast their lot with the millions in the world today who are fighting for freedom, crossing national and racial boundaries if necessary.

The unconscious basis upon which most whites excuse Negro oppression is as follows: (1) the Negro did not have a culture when he was brought here; (2) the Negro was physically inferior and susceptible to diseases; (3) the Negro did not resist his enslavement. These three falsehoods have been woven into an ideological and moral principle to justify whatever America wants to do with the Negro, and, whether Mr. Cohn realizes it or not, they enable him to say 'the Negro problem in America is actually insoluble.'

But there is not one ounce of history or science to support oppression based upon these assumptions.

The Negro (just as the Mexican Indian today) possessed a rich and complex culture when he was brought to these alien shores. He resisted oppression. And the Negro, instead of being physically weak, is tough and has withstood hardships that have cracked many another people. This, too, is history. Does it sound strange that American historians have distorted or omitted hundreds of records of slave revolts in America?

We Negroes have no religion that teaches us that we are 'God's chosen people'; our sorrows cannot be soothed with such illusions. What culture we did have when we were torn from Africa was taken from us; we were separated when we were brought here and forbidden to speak our languages. We possess no remembered cushion of culture upon

which we can lay our tired heads and dream of our superiority. We are driven by the nature of our position in this country into the thick of the struggle, whether we like it or not.

In *Native Son* I tried to show that a man, bereft of a culture and unanchored by property, can travel but one path if he reacts positively but unthinkingly to the prizes and goals of civilization; and that one path is emotionally blind rebellion. In *Native Son* I did not defend Bigger's actions; I explained them through depiction. And what alarms Mr. Cohn is not what I say Bigger is, but what I say *made* him what he is. Yes, white boys commit crimes, too. But would Mr. Cohn deny that the social pressure upon Negro boys is far greater than that upon white boys? And how does it materially alter the substance of my book if white boys do commit murder? Does not Mr. Cohn remember the Jewish boy who shot the Nazi diplomat in Paris a year or two ago? No Jewish revolutionist egged that boy to do that crime. Did not the Soviet officials, the moment they came into power, have to clean up the roaming bands of Jewish and Gentile youth who lived outside of society by crime, youth spawned by the Czar's holy belief that social, racial, and economic problems were 'actually insoluble'?

Now, let me analyze more closely just how much and what kind of hate is in *Native Son*. Loath as I am to do this, I have no choice. Mr. Cohn's article, its tone and slant, convince me more than anything else that I was *right* in the way I handled Negro life in *Native Son*. Mr. Cohn says that the burden of my book was a preachment of hate against the white races. It was not. No *advocacy* of hate is in that book. *None!* I wrote as objectively as I could of a Negro boy who hated and feared whites, hated them because he feared them. What Mr. Cohn mistook for my advocacy of hate in that novel was something entirely different. In every word of that book are *confi-*

dence, resolution, and the knowledge that the Negro problem can and will be solved *beyond* the frame of reference of thought such as that found in Mr. Cohn's article.

Further in his article Mr. Cohn says that I do not understand that oppression has harmed whites as well as Negroes. Did I not have my character, Britten, exhibit through page after page the aberrations of whites who suffer from oppression? Or, God forbid, does Mr. Cohn *agree* with Britten? Did I not make the mob as hysterical as Bigger Thomas? Did I not ascribe the hysteria to the same origins? The entire long scene in the furnace room is but a depiction of how warped the whites have become through their oppression of Negroes. If there had been *one* person in the Dalton household who viewed Bigger Thomas as a human being, the crime would have been solved in half an hour. Did not Bigger himself know that it was the denial of his personality that enabled him to escape detection so long? The one piece of incriminating evidence which would have solved the 'murder mystery' was Bigger's humanity, and the Daltons, Britten, and the newspaper men could not see or admit the living clue of Bigger's humanity under their very eyes! More than two thirds of *Native Son* is given over to depicting the very thing which Mr. Cohn claims 'completely escapes' me. I wonder how much of my book escaped *him*.

Mr. Cohn says that Bigger's age is not stated. It is. Bigger himself tells his age on page 42. On page 348 it is stated again in the official death sentence.

Mr. Cohn wonders why I selected a Negro *boy* as my protagonist. To any writer of fiction, or anyone acquainted with the creative process, the answer is simple. Youth is the turning point in life, the most sensitive and volatile period, the state that registers most vividly the impressions and experiences of life; and an artist likes to work with sensitive material.

TO TEST A BABY

BY AVIS CARLSON

THE child psychologist and the supervisor of a child placement agency had finished whatever business had drawn them together and were chatting a moment before they separated.

'I'm having to send another baby down to Winfield,' remarked the supervisor.

The psychologist looked her sympathetically. It was an old grievance with them. In their town was a Salvation Army Home and Hospital to which unmarried mothers from over the state came to be confined. When one of these girls seemed of suspiciously low mentality, it was the custom to give her an intelligence test. If her score was so low as to indicate that she would never be able to get along in the world, she was 'sent down to Winfield' — that is, to the state school for the feeble-minded. With her was sent her baby, on the assumption that it had of course inherited her mental inefficiency, and so might as well be institutionalized early as late. And since the children thus cared for invariably grew up according to prediction, the state felt that it was handling the matter very sensibly and scientifically.

But something within the supervisor and the psychologist was deeply offended by this summary disposal of a human being without giving him his chance. Between themselves, when they were not on their professional dignity, they said it was plain wicked.

'This case has bothered me more than usual,' the supervisor continued. 'Because he was sick when his mother went,

we've had to keep him until he was six months old, and really he seems like a pretty good baby to me. He haunts me. I keep thinking about him when I'm supposed to be doing something else. And yet I know he has to go.'

The psychologist opened her mouth for her usual words of protest and condolence. But before she could say them she had one of the flashing ideas which occasionally shatter our habitual patterns of thought. Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale University had rather recently published a set of tests which he had standardized for measuring the mental development of infants and small children at different age levels. Why not see what this little waif would do on the tests?

The supervisor agreed to the experiment. She was genuinely troubled, and another day or two of boarding care would not bankrupt the agency. The psychologist went out to assemble the materials required for the test.

The next day a baby boy within twenty-four hours of confinement for life in an institution for the feeble-minded was given the tests which a scientist half across the continent believed would measure the mental progress an infant had made.

That event was important. It was important not only to the baby himself, but to child placement agencies everywhere and to all the thousands of couples who are suffering the emotional distress recently described on these pages in the anonymous article 'We Adopt a Child.'

Beyond that, it was important for parents and society in general, because out of it there grew a ten-year experiment in comparing the developmental progress of an infant with his mental growth at later ages.

When she had completed the test, Dr. Edwina Cowan, Director of the Wichita Child Guidance Center, reported to Helen Gant of the Kansas Children's Home and Service League that the baby had responded to the test stimuli in a way that showed perfectly normal development for a child of six months.

Mrs. Gant set her lips. Regulations or no regulations, small Davy was not going to Winfield. Not just yet, anyway.

After six months in a good boarding home he was tested on the twelve-month schedule. Again he displayed the normal development. By this time both the League and the Center were excited about him. Through another year and a half he was watched and tested, and always he kept right on making the progress which Dr. Gesell had found normal. Then he was placed in a substantial farm home which had become interested in him. Today he is a wholesome-looking boy of eleven, plugging sturdily through the sixth grade and out of school hours learning to operate the farm he will some day inherit. If he had been placed in the institution, this child, who is indistinguishable in his achievements from a million or so other farm youngsters, would in all probability be indistinguishable from the lumpish incompetents around him.

Under the impetus of the drama provided by this first case, the League established the policy of giving intelligence tests to all mothers whose babies came to it from the Home and Hospital for placing, and at the same time sending the babies themselves to the Child Guidance Center for a Gesell test. During the early years of this program, the workers at the Center and the League were often startled at the wide discrepancy between

the intelligence level of the mothers and the developmental progress of their infants. Sometimes, to be sure, a thoroughly incompetent mother had a backward baby. But often the baby was normal or even superior.

Here, for instance, was a mother with a rating of D on the Army Alpha test. This is so low a score that the men who made it in the army were not trained for soldiers, but given routine menial jobs around camp. Her mental age was not over eleven. Yet her four-months-old son had made good normal development. At eleven months he showed better than normal progress. At twenty months, after adoption into a good home, he was maintaining a rate of developmental progress that characterized him as superior. On a recent test, when nearly four years old, he showed an I. Q. of 123.

This frequent wide divergence between the mother's intelligence and the child's development was startling enough, but as the work went on those connected with it began to be even more impressed with something else. The tests seemed to have predictive value. An infant who had made normal developmental progress at the age of four months, or even two, continued to make it all along the way — provided, of course, that he had an environment which gave him a chance to develop. Better than normal progress at that early age was followed by superiority at later stages. Less than normal progress then usually meant backwardness later on. And these results appeared to have no relation to the degree of the mother's competence.

After a while Mrs. Gant began to accept the test as an answer to placement officers' prayers. At first tentatively, and then more and more confidently, she began to place babies in foster homes on the basis of their own development instead of the social and vocational attainments of their parents and grandparents. When a couple who would be able to give their adopted child superior educational opportunities came to the League

asking for a baby, she gave them one whom the tests showed to be making a better than average development. To another couple, whose home could offer the child as much affection and security but not so much opportunity for intellectual development, she gave a baby who was progressing just normally. The babies who made a poor showing went into boarding homes for observation and later tests.

The rules of the League provide for a probationary period of a year, during which case workers watch the adjustment of the child in the foster home. As the new program of placement got under way, the workers began to notice that the babies were 'fitting' their adoptive homes better than formerly. Under the old system, cultivated and intellectual couples had sometimes adopted babies with good ancestral background, expecting to send them to college and on into business or professional prominence, but later found them hardly able to get through elementary school.

This situation is, of course, as completely tragic as the committal of unfortunates like Davy to schools for the feeble-minded. To have showered love on and centred hopes in a disappointing child is a bitter experience for any couple. To grow up in a home where more is expected of him than he has the capacity to be is one of the cruelest situations any child can have to meet. This fundamental disparity happens sometimes with the parents' own offspring, but all responsible placement agencies yearn to keep it from happening in foster homes, where the fitting of child to home is not an act of God. Elimination of this element of chance should be part of the compensation of adoption.

Five years ago the Center and the League felt it time to make a thorough survey of the new program. Accordingly, social workers and psychologists carried on together a study of fifty-one placements which had been made solely on the predictive value of the tests, with

complete disregard of the mothers' case histories.

In every case the child had continued to develop mentally in accordance with the rate he had shown in infancy. In every case the foster parents, no matter what their economic or intellectual standing, not only loved the child but were fully satisfied with him. And the children were a remarkably happy, well-adjusted lot.

Results like these are impressive in any field of activity. The League immediately decided to accept no babies from any source for placement without first having them given the tests. To date, over two hundred children have been adopted on this basis. Some of the first ones are now nine or ten years old. All along the way their progress has been watched and tested, for the foster parents have become interested in the project and have coöperated enthusiastically. And always there has been an amazing correspondence between the rate of development made in infancy and in later stages.

In fact the workers at the League have become so convinced of the dependability of the tests that they have begun to use them as a way of checking on their wards' environment. If a baby who at four months and later at eight months has made good or superior progress suddenly drops low at the twelve-month test, the supervisor has learned promptly to reëxamine his environment.

One youngster, for instance, had been coming along at a consistently advanced rate until he was two years old, when his developmental level suddenly dropped. Investigation showed that he had been for several months in a boarding home where discipline was so rigid and strict as to be almost military. Naturally the poor little mite was afraid of everything and everybody — and naturally his development had slowed down. When he was shifted to a new boarding home, he soon resumed his former rate of progress.

Now, admittedly two hundred may

not be enough cases or ten years a sufficiently long period on which to make dogmatic statements or start laying down scientific laws. Much experimentation still needs to be done. But the uniformity of the results thus far achieved is certainly enough to give pause to everybody concerned with the placing, adopting, or rearing of children — which takes in most of us.

In spite of its present vogue, adoption is still so new a social custom that it usually constitutes a real emotional upheaval for those who undertake it. Although it is no experience to run into lightly, surely some of the anxiety and hesitance with which most couples approach it can be allayed without inviting frivolity. Foster parents who have much to offer a child in the way of cultural advantages should be able to rest quietly in the knowledge that only a superior baby will be given them. And it would be a great help during the first precious months of adjustment to their new estate if they could be free from the nagging little fear that after all the baby may not come up to their expectations.

Foster parents are not the only ones for whom the Gesell tests can be a real boon. At Wichita more and more women who have come to motherhood by the usual biological routes are bringing their babies and small children to the Center for testing. They do it partly out of curiosity to see if their Juniors and Mary Lous are as bright as they think, and partly because other women have told them that the tests are a big help in training and planning.

All the experts in child guidance are preaching that children must be treated according to their age. They are beginning to recognize that a large share of the small imps who drive their parents frantic by their general obstreperousness are simply bored.

A baby who has reached the developmental level of twelve months needs to be treated like a child a year old, no matter whether he happens to have been born eight or eighteen months ago. A three-year-old who is nearly five in his development will make life miserable for his parents if they persist in treating him like a three-year-old. By tantrums, incessant mischief, constant rebellion, or some other form of infantile depravity he will tell the world that he is bored stiff with his routine and learning materials. But, unfortunately, his world will not understand. It will merely be annoyed and worried by his conduct, and probably redouble its determination to keep him in his three-year-old place. Trouble — and serious trouble — is ahead for any family where that sort of situation begins to develop.

On the other hand Dr. Cowan, at least, is convinced that the very best way to help a child who is somewhat retarded is by giving him the experiences and play materials which can be utilized at the developmental stage where he happens to be. An attempt to do what nurserymen call 'forcing' works harm rather than good. It sets up tension and self-distrust in the child and is responsible for another whole train of family discords.

Either way it is of first importance to parents to know exactly what progress the child has made and to know it early, so that they can plan his program intelligently on the basis of his own capacity rather than their ambitions or social status.

It is too soon, perhaps, even to speculate about the still wider social uses which may be found for the tests. But it must be apparent that in the hands of competent psychologists they are a clinical instrument with immense potentialities.

IN DEFENSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

PROMOTION methods and the work of book reviewers no doubt have their merits, but in order to keep from being carried quite away by them it is well to remember that a book's importance is not measurable by its age or by its popularity. The book most important to the people of any period may be an old one; again, it may be the new one which is least read by the people of that period. In fact, new or old, unless it happens to fall in with some strong current of popular emotion it is likely to be much less read than it should be. Mr. Lin Yutang's recent book, *The Importance of Living*, for example, would not have been so widely read thirty years ago as it is at present; yet its actual importance, its applicability to the conditions of individual life in society, was then precisely what it is now. Coming when it did, however, it fell in with a strong emotional urge towards finding some way of reconciling the terms of a happier life with those of a deep-rooted secularism, and it therefore got all the popularity that its excellence deserves.

Mr. Day's *Life with Father* came out in the time when we were all 'palpitating with modernity' and had hardly so much as an antiquarian interest in anything that happened in the literary world before the consulship of Mr. Harding; and hence it was appreciated as an uncommonly vivacious and attractive *jeu d'esprit* with here and there, perhaps, a trait which touched off a faintly reminiscent sense in older readers. Mr. Lind-

say's adaptation of it for the stage retains all that merit, and has the added advantage of a powerfully nostalgic popular emotion working in its behalf, which the book originally had not; and therefore his play, so I hear, is quite the success of the season on Broadway. Mr. Allen's book, *Only Yesterday*, had to a less degree the same advantage; I do not know whether anything has been made of it for the stage or cinema, but I should suppose something might be. For a similar reason I have long thought that a revival of Mrs. Mowatt's *Fashion* might be a success; I wish that the Players' Club, which has done so many distinguished revivals, would risk this one. For an analogous reason — not the same or a similar reason, but an analogous reason — I believe that a fairly free-handed American adaptation of Clairville's delightful comedy, *La Propriété c'est le Vol*, which was put on in Paris, November 28, 1848, would run to crowded houses.

So, while making every concession due to modernity, it is always worth while to keep half an eye on the past, for the old sometimes turns out to be more modern than the new. Not long ago an institution in which I have an interest salvaged an \$18,000 Gilbert Stuart out of a trash-pile in the attic; no one knew it was there. It now happens that of the innumerable books on economics and politics published in the last seven years the one which is most important at just this moment, at precisely this juncture

in our public affairs, is a reprint of one which more or less fell by the wayside fifty years ago — *Democracy vs. Socialism*, by Max Hirsch. It was written by an Australian merchant, and was published at Melbourne in 1888 by the Macmillan Company. It got a considerable circulation throughout the British Empire; but in this country, practically none. The present reprint was brought out privately last year as a textbook for students of fundamental economics; it is a well-made book, easily obtainable, and can be had at a moderate price.¹

It is fair to warn the intending reader against being put off by a title which the passage of time has made repulsive. The word 'democracy' has been so flagrantly abused of late by charlatans and scoundrels that we have come to regard it as a mere parliamentary or Pickwickian term. This was not the case fifty years ago. Again, in 1888 all forms of what we now call State collectivism (and would do much better to call by the precisely descriptive term *Statism*) — all these were lumped off together in our common speech under the general name of socialism. With these two considerations in mind, the reader will have no trouble about taking the book's title in his stride and going on with the content of the book itself.

It is fair also to suggest that the reader should stop reading when he comes to the end of Hirsch's examination of collectivism, leaving the balance of the work unread, at least for the time being. The book is divided in five parts or sections. The fifth section expounds another set of socio-economic proposals, which Hirsch sets forth as an alternative to those of State collectivism. This alternative is all perfectly sound, in my judgment, and Hirsch's discussion of it is quite in place for the special student for whom the reprint was made. The general reader's immediate concern, however, is not with this or any other

set of alternative proposals, but with Hirsch's exhaustive criticism of collectivism. I take it that this generation's job is, first, to make a careful and complete assessment of the damage which State collectivism has done to civilization, and to get a clear, intelligent understanding of the ways whereby that damage came about, and must inevitably have come about. When this is done it will be time to consider how best the damage can be repaired, if at all; and then Hirsch's constructive proposals may properly be considered for what they are worth. For the present, therefore, I recommend that the reader slip a rubber band around the fifth section of the book, and give his undivided attention to the first four sections.

The merit of Hirsch's work is that it presents the complete case against every known form and shade of State collectivism, from Marxism and Fascism down to the New Deal, leaving not a shred of respectability, or even of plausibility, to the claims of any of them. Out of the mouths of the collectivists themselves it shows that the State does not and cannot administer a collectivist economy without bringing on consequences so calamitous as to end in a complete rebarbarization of society. It is the simplest, fairest, most orderly, and intellectually the most respectable presentation of this charge that I have ever seen; and it is unanswerable.

But why is this book more important to us now than it was fifty years ago? Intrinsically, of course, it is not; but like Mr. Lin's book and Mr. Lindsay's play, it now would appear to have a force of emotion behind it; an emotion made up of disappointment, exasperation, perplexity and fear; an emotion excited by the facts of personal experience and personal observation — facts from which there is no escape or appeal. Fifty years ago, no such force was in play. In 1888, one approached Hirsch's treatise before the event, and could suspend judgment. One could say that it

¹ Obtainable from the Schalkenbach Foundation, 32 East 29th St., New York City. — AUTHOR

all might be true, and if so, it would be interesting; but there was nothing immediate about it, nothing pressing; it answered to nothing in our experience, nor to anything we seemed likely ever to experience. Now one approaches it after the event, under most distressing circumstances which leave no chance of doubt that it is true throughout. I myself remember, sometime back in the 'nineties, reading Hirsch's forecast of the inevitable future of family life and the inevitable status of women under a régime of State collectivism. It seemed so wildly improbable that I was inclined to laugh at it and say it was absurdly farfetched — nothing of the sort could happen in any civilized country. Yet I have lived to see it happen in what was then the most highly civilized country of Europe, and also in some less highly civilized in which State collectivism has run to the end of its appointed course.

In 1888, few Americans took the outlook for State collectivism at all seriously. Those were 'the days of innocence,' an Arcadian innocence far more simple-minded than any that Mrs. Wharton portrayed. Socialism, as we then called it, was a foreign product, interesting chiefly to immigrants of the baser sort, and its importation was not likely to be disturbing. Very few were at all aware — no one, I am sure, was fully aware — of America's lush virginal susceptibility to this alien microörganism; we domesticated it with the same thoughtless indifference which we displayed towards the potato bug and the English sparrow. Mr. Gerard's *de facto* 'rulers of America' — our leading capitalist-enterprisers, industrialists and financiers — even took an attitude of rather benevolent neutrality towards it, in sharp contrast to that which they took towards other social doctrines which seemed more menacing; such, for instance, as trade-unionism. State collectivism seemed to them a purely Utopian ideal; nothing could ever come of it in this country. As far as they

thought of it at all, it was the figment of a disordered proletarian imagination, and nothing more; so if proletarians felt any better for blowing off steam about it in Canal Street coffeehouses, it was probably a good thing to let them do so.

They were crassly unaware that State collectivism has a philosophy; unaware that this philosophy is quite simple, very plausible, extremely attractive to a combination of human qualities which is the most dangerous of all that are in the world, and also the most common — the combination of first-rate sympathies with third-rate minds. The dreadful suffering of great masses of people, brought about by the unequal distribution of wealth, stirs a quick and noble sympathy; something must be done. Collectivism steps in with a complete economic, political, and ethical program, based on a complete philosophy which is attractive, apparently sound, thoroughly acceptable and convincing to a third-rate mind. It surely should need no great perspicacity to foresee what was bound to take place under those circumstances.²

The *de facto* rulers of America, however, were unaware that one man armed with such a philosophy can do more damage than a bombing-squadron. This was not the worst of their hebetude. They did not know that ideas must be met with ideas. You cannot stamp out an idea or shoot it out or suffocate it with press-agentry and publicity talk. They were unaware that the only way an unsound philosophy can be dealt with is by meeting it with a sound one; and they were even more naïvely unaware

² It is to be hoped that the reader will not take anything in this paragraph as implying that all collectivists have third-rate minds. The curious phenomenon of a first-rate mind divided into airtight compartments is not uncommon. Thus it was quite possible, as Matthew Arnold observed, for Faraday to be a great natural philosopher with one side of his being, and a Sandemanian with the other. Thus also, as we see, it is quite possible for Mr. Beard, for instance, to be a very great exponent of history with one side of his being, and a New Dealer (of sorts) with the other. — AUTHOR

that they had a sound philosophy on their side. Their general notion of philosophy seems to have been that it is a thing of no force or use, a mere accomplishment, good enough for loafers to while away their time with — probably all right for such inconsiderable persons as professors, essayists, literary men — but of no practical value. If they had a case to present to the public, the practical thing was to disregard its philosophy, or its lack of philosophy, and hire a good lively public-relations counsel to 'put it across.' Ignorant of what individualism is, ignorant of its philosophy, hence utterly unable to distinguish their best friends from their worst enemies, they held with dull dogged tenacity to the most distorted and fantastic travesty of individualism, and thereby made an uncommonly nice mess for their successors to clean up. The few intelligent radicals of the period kept telling the American capitalist-enterpriser that they were the best friends he had. They told him frankly that if he accepted their leadership in the impending scrimmage between the Haves and Have-nots he would surely lose his collar and necktie; but they also warned him that if he did not accept it State collectivism would win the day and take his shirt and trousers. All they got in return was considerable obloquy and a good all-round snubbing — well, now that their warning has been pretty faithfully made good, this would seem to be the season of repentance. I do not know whether the capitalist-enterpriser of today is wiser than his predecessor; but if not, his case is one for which there is no help.

Curious state of things, that anyone should wonder at the progress of collectivism in America! It has turned loose on us a body of men who know their philosophy by heart, and who have it at their tongue's end; and for thirty-five years, to my knowledge, individualism has equipped no one to meet them. I venture to say that the humblest soap-

boxer on Union Square today could cut rings around any ten debaters that individualism can furnish, because he knows his stuff, and the individualists not only do not know *his* stuff, not only do not know their own stuff, but do not even know that they have any stuff. Would Mr. Lamont or Mr. Winthrop Aldrich stand a dog's chance against Mr. Max Lerner or Mr. Granville Hicks in a debate on the philosophy of collectivism? If such a debate ever comes off, may I be there to hear it!

You can buy a copy of Marx's *Capital* anywhere in New York for almost nothing; it is in the Modern Library, I believe at a dollar. Where (until now that this reprint of Hirsch's book has come out) can you buy a corresponding classic of the individualist philosophy?³ How many of us know even that such classics exist? Since the death of the *Arena* and the lamentable eclipse of the *North American Review* and the *Forum*, what publication would print articles applying the philosophical principles of individualism to this-or-that current aspect of public affairs? I know of none. Until lately, in fact, as the *New Yorker* remarked the other day, it has been distinctly unfashionable to say or write anything unfriendly to collectivism. I quite believe that a year ago the *Atlantic* would have felt it rather a strain on old friendship to print anything even so little tendentious as this recommendation of Hirsch's treatise.

Recent events in Europe, however, have made our public look a little askance at State collectivism, and wonder whether actually it is all that it is cracked up to be; so the purely social pressure, the unintelligent pressure of fashion against this form of *Majestäts-beleidigung*, has perhaps somewhat lightened. It does not appear, however, that

³ Another great classic of individualism, Spencer's essays on *The Man versus the State*, is in course of republication by the Caxton Printers, Inc., Caldwell, Idaho. It will be on the market by mid-summer, probably in July. — AUTHOR

these events have aroused, as they should, any active interest in knowing whether individualism has anything to say for itself by way of a philosophy, or if so, what it is. This is not so strange as it seems, as a glance at the history of collectivism's progress in America will show.

In England, State collectivism made its way step by step, against the force of continuous, searching, and extremely able criticism. When the British collectivist went in against critics such as Bagehot, Spencer, Hirsch, Huxley, he got full change for his money. His policy of progress 'step by step' was therefore deliberate. Collectivism was to be brought in by the progressive legalization of one bit of its program after another, thus steadily widening the scope of State control; until finally, when enough of these legalizations had been accepted, when enough of these isolated bits had been assembled in the collectivist pattern, the transition into full collectivism would be easy and natural. This policy was a sound one, as we are now in a position to perceive. We see that State collectivism is now as fully dominant in England as it is under the systems which frankly call themselves totalitarian, and that its dictates are enforced by the same means that those systems employ. In a letter to Grant Allen in 1898, Herbert Spencer wrote: 'I said just as you say, that we are in course of rebarbarization, and that there is no prospect but that of military despotisms, which we are rapidly approaching.' That prospect is now the present fact; and the character of the fact is not in the least altered or affected by British State collectivism's choosing to operate under the *nom de guerre* of 'democracy.'

The United States also approached State collectivism step by step, but not by way of a deliberate policy. One might better say that we approached it by a disorderly series of fits and starts. No deliberate policy was needed. Certain strongly marked traits in our national

character made an open road to it; and as any number of critics have observed, our form of government is fitted to slide off into collectivism more easily than any other. Essentially collectivist measures appeal strongly to our love of expediency; to our fancy for a short cut to what we want, regardless of consequences; to our soft, indolent indisposition towards personal responsibility. These traits have made it second nature for us to go to the State with any difficulty which would take time or be bothersome to settle for ourselves. Some people are out of work — let the State make jobs for them. Some are hungry — let the State feed them. Some monopolies are oppressive — let the State break them up. There is a shortage of houses — let the State build more. Some have too much money — let the State take it away from them and redistribute it. Such measures which, as I say, it is second nature for us to approve are purely collectivist; and we have put so many of them into effect — without in the least realizing what it was that we were doing — that the transition to full State collectivism is now the simplest of simple matters. One interesting effect of our national habit is that those to whom the thought of collectivism was utterly odious were the ones who did most to make a collectivist régime possible. They were the great financiers, enterprisers and industrialists of former years. They worked tooth and nail to make the State assume power to do things for them, to give them privileges of various kinds; tariffs, land grants, concessions, exemptions, franchises, and suchlike — naïvely unaware that whenever you give the State power to do things for you, you give it equivalent power to do things to you. Their successors are becoming aware of this, with a vengeance.

The most disquieting result of this long process of 'conditioning,' however, is a sort of by-product, also unconsciously arrived at. Like the English

people, we have been gradually, ignorantly and painlessly — even agreeably — conditioned to the successive steps leading towards State collectivism, to each one as we came to it, so that we have easily adjusted ourselves to their aggregate, finding it neither unnatural nor shocking. But that is not the most disturbing outcome of the process. We are conditioned also to an unconscious acceptance of State collectivism's root-principle, which is that the citizen has no rights which the State is bound to respect. Collectivism's whole philosophical system is built on the doctrine that there is no such thing as the natural and unalienable rights which the Declaration of Independence postulates. The State gives us all the rights we have, and it may modify or nullify them at its pleasure. Undermine this doctrine, and the entire structure of collectivist philosophy collapses.

It would be hard to find an American today who does not tacitly accept this doctrine, and hence the absence of curiosity about the principles of individualism is not to be wondered at. The American simply does not suspect that there is anything for him to be curious about. If the State orders him to fall down and worship a molten image, or to drown his girl-children at birth, he may disobey, he may rebel, but he will not instinctively base his disobedience on the broad ground of the State's ethical incompetence to issue any such order. When he resents a collectivist bureaucrat's prescriptions of what he shall eat, drink, or wear, he does not know that his resentment has a sound philosophy behind it; how can he know it, when the whole force of his conditioning has been towards reducing him to a state of unquestioning ignorance? The régime of prohibition was most instructive on this point; it brought on a tremendous irruption of loose talk about 'personal liberty,' with never a hint of a sound philosophical principle involved. We also remember that the fulminations

of the egregious Liberty League gave never a hint of a fundamental anti-Statist principle. It is here, it is in this complete conditioning to an acceptance of collectivism's doctrine of State-created rights, that our society's real danger lies at this present juncture.

II

Nevertheless we may take it, I think, that in spite of this intensive conditioning a fair number of our countrymen are sincerely puzzled. They see that nowhere has collectivism worked out at all to their satisfaction; and they are unable to see the faintest prospect that it will or can work out any more satisfactorily anywhere than it is now doing. They vaguely suspect that there is something wrong about it, but, conditioned as they are, they do not suspect that there is anything wrong with the *idea*, the basic philosophy of collectivism, but only with its administration. Hence their notion of reform does not and cannot reach beyond proposals for various superficial administrative changes, usually of personnel. Neo-Marxian collectivism might work well in Russia if you got rid of Stalin and his cohorts. Nazi collectivism might work well in Germany if you threw out Hitler and his banditti. 'Democratic' collectivism might be just the thing for England if you swept away the Tory jobholders. New Deal collectivism might work first-rate in this country under a Republican régime.

Yet, unless I am quite in error, there is an undercurrent, however slight, of uneasiness and apprehension lest all this will not actually get the world very far; a suspicion that it comes, and can come, to no more than so much hopeful and nugatory tinkering with a perpetual-motion machine. One of our vigorous young publicists has proposed that we should 'take communism away from the communists,' but one feels that it would be quite unlikely to work any better if we did. Another says that what is

needed is the finding of 'a moral equivalent to communism'; to which a judicious critic replied sharply that there is no moral equivalent to being half-witted. The reply was just and by no means inurbane; still, one must remember that from a people who for fifty years have been intensively conditioned into an *ad hoc* half-wittedness, no more might be expected; Mr. Huxley's *Brave New World* may well be seriously reread at this moment. The point is that those who are in honest doubt and perplexity, feeling that something must be radically wrong with State collectivism, do not know what is wrong or why, for they have hitherto had access to nothing that will tell them.

They now have that access. Hirsch's treatise attacks collectivism's fundamental doctrine of State-created rights, and destroys it. It examines collectivism's economic conceptions, its industrial proposals, its ethical conceptions, its distributive proposals, its political conceptions, its pretensions to a scientific character, and wrecks them all. It then exhibits the practical outcome of collectivism, showing what the conditions of a society living under a collectivist régime must inevitably be. This last has the force of absolutely accurate prophecy. We can see now that just this is what the greater part of European society has come to, what English society has come to, and what our society is coming to as fast as eight years of head-long acceleration can drive it.

In opposition to collectivism's philosophy, Hirsch exhibits the philosophy of individualism, based on the doctrine of natural rights. As a result of the conditioning process, this philosophy is so little known to us that individualism is quite commonly supposed to be the same thing as anarchism; so a word about it is in place. Not long ago, for example, a book reviewer ranged Herbert Spencer among the anarchists, and his

editor let him do it! Mangy editing, one may say — very mangy editing! Quite so, but beyond this the incident is worth remarking as exhibitory of a formidable depth of ignorance on the writer's part, and *a fortiori* on the part of the public. This reviewer is a university professor, he has a position of responsibility, and I am told he has pretensions to character. Well, then, if such a person is so ignorant, and his editor so ignorant, what must the general state of ignorance be?

Individualism would indeed confine government to a very limited sphere of action; but so far is it from anarchism that within that sphere it would have governmental action greatly extended and elaborated. In a word, individualism holds that government should maintain the national defenses; it should secure its citizens from trespasses against person or property; enforce the obligations of contract; and make justice costless and easily accessible. Beyond this it should not go; but within this sphere it should be enabled and required to do a vastly bigger and better job than it is now doing. Individualism contemplates an organization of society on the basis of purely voluntary coöperation; and it holds — what we now know and see to be true — that if State-enforced coöperation be once admitted, in whatever form, on whatever pretext, and to however slight a degree, the way to collectivism is laid open.

Things being as they are, those who are looking askance at the world's public affairs, and at our own in particular, may be interested to see what these two rival philosophies are, and to compare their merits and demerits. As time goes on, there may be a revival of the larger literature of individualism; I think it is highly probable; but whether so or not, Hirsch's treatise will give an inquiring reader all he needs to clear and steady his mind at the moment, and for that alone I recommend it.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the rising generation? Letters from those 'Under Thirty' should be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Who is the next speaker? — THE EDITOR]

TOO MUCH EDUCATION

Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Eleven years ago I was eighteen, a graduate of a two-year normal-school course. I had a teaching position, and life was very pleasant. Even before graduation day I had had two teaching positions offered to me, one in my home town and one in the school system in which I had done my student teaching. Within the next four years I signed three separate contracts and had two additional offers. My salary began at \$110 and rose to \$175 per month, partly because I was rated an excellent teacher and partly because I had obtained a degree, working off the additional credits in extension courses at night and on Saturdays.

Each summer, much as I longed for interesting motor excursions outside my native state, I hied myself off to the grind of summer school and came home at the end of the term broke. In two years' time I completed four years of work, two years of college work (all A grades), and two years of teaching (with one of the highest ratings in the county).

By that time the higher-education bug had bitten me, and I indicated my intention of devoting my time solely to graduate study. My principal, sure that no sane person would give up an excellent teaching position for the privilege of spending money at a university, promised me a promotion and a salary of \$210 per month if I remained. I refused the

offer, and now, four years after having obtained an M.A. and a Ph.D., I am seemingly permanently unemployed.

Since my grade-school teaching days I have been made a member of an honorary educational fraternity (Pi Lambda Theta) and an associate member of an honorary science fraternity (Sigma Xi). I have published two pieces of research, one of which has been described as a 'monumental piece of work.' I have tested hundreds of children in a certified state clinic (my services free, of course, for the experience). I have become a seasoned speaker before Mothers' Club groups. (Such civic services are expected to be gratis.) I know elementary education and educational psychology from A to Z; I know children thoroughly from nursery-school age to adolescence. I have taught normal and retarded children; I have bathed and dressed them; I have advised their parents; I have eliminated temper tantrums, problems of anorexia and enuresis, and all the behavior aberrations that go with 'spoiled' children. I am not an armchair psychologist. I know children. There are many institutions and school systems to which I could be of service as educator or psychologist, but I am unemployed. No one is anxious to employ a Ph.D.

In 1935, shortly after obtaining my doctorate, I was one of two candidates for a clinical position in a juvenile court; the individual without my extensive academic background received the appointment. A few months later, a person with a less extensive academic back-

ground than mine superseded me in receiving an appointment as critic-teacher in a demonstration school, the same type of position I had been offered as an inexperienced normal-school graduate.

'This can't go on forever,' I thought. So, while waiting for something to turn up, I borrowed on my life insurance and opened a nursery school. On the opening day I had one child enrolled. One year later there were twenty-two and a waiting list of eighty. Likewise, at the end of the year, there was a considerable deficit, and the landlord became more than politely impatient.

Working with retarded children of school age seemed to offer a more lucrative field, so I went into special education. At the end of three years I had accumulated more valuable experience, the satisfaction that some homes and some children were happier, and a larger deficit. Even though that golden opportunity in the form of a steady job had not yet turned up, I decided to close the school, since I realized that only better equipment and expensive advertising would permit me to compete with the large, moneyed, Eastern schools.

During these four years there had been a teaching position in a small college which seemed to be a likely opportunity. However, the department head said very emphatically that he did not want a Ph.D. There had been innumerable replies from colleges and universities, all bringing the same message: no vacancies. The superintendent of a state institution had the same reply: nothing here that a Ph.D. would be content to accept for long. The other day a letter from a school superintendent read: 'Fascinating as the idea of giving you the appointment is to me, hard practicality forces me to veto your nomination. You wouldn't be satisfied to stay here.' It was the same sort of position I had turned down eight years before, but the salary was \$110 per month less.

I began to feel inferior. What was wrong? Did the fault lie with me? I did

a little research. I found that despite the fact that there is a 'contracting market for academic brains in the United States' and that 'deans of graduate colleges cannot be at all sure of placing even their best products,' graduate study has greatly increased since 1930. The number of graduate students had grown from 42,255 in 1930 to 78,911 in 1936. In 1930 alone 14,495 master-of-arts degrees were conferred, and, in 1936, 18,243 received the same degree. From 1932 to 1936 inclusive, 8483 doctorates were conferred, and since 1935 placement of those receiving the doctorate has been increasingly poor. The difficulty, seemingly, was not with me but with big-business techniques in education which have resulted in overproduction and a glutted teaching market. Those holding the doctorate are perhaps most severely affected. There is not room for them in college teaching, and for the lesser positions they have 'too much education' in the eyes of those who would be their employers in those lesser positions.

I could be very useful to society. I do not think that the world owes me a living; I have no grandiose ideas concerning the salary I should command. I should be satisfied and happy to work indefinitely in my chosen field, either as teacher or clinician for \$100 or less per month. There are two books I should like to write; there are research problems I should like to do in my spare time. A manuscript, the publication of which I should like to finance, has been in the hands of the publisher of a psychological monograph series for two years. Instead of doing these things, it is necessary for me to devote all my energy to position seeking, to contriving ways and means of securing food and shelter from day to day — a pursuit in which I have not always been successful in the past four years. I have missed a great many meals since those plutocratic days of my grade-school teaching. I have educated myself out of a job.

PH. D.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists are invited to compete for membership in the Contributors' Club, and a prize of \$250 is offered each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. The winner for June is anonymous.

You Doctors

I WANT to complain to the management about doctors. I know they work hard and try to do the best they can. Most doctors will do anything in the world for a patient or his family — anything, that is, except treat them as responsible adults.

From the moment that the doctor declares a state of emergency, he considers that the civil authorities have abdicated, and sets up martial law. But most people can't hand over responsibility as lightly as that. They called the doctor; if he fails, they blame themselves for choosing the wrong man. Everybody makes a mistake now and then, and a doctor can't get neurotic about it when his turn comes: he has to go on working tomorrow even if today he was wrong. But the patient's family cannot have such fatalism: they feel it's their job to see that this case doesn't fall within the doctor's margin of error, and to exert the extra energy and determination that sometimes pull off a miracle.

Furthermore, the doctor gets to feel that a case is a private battle between his wits and a disease; the family must continue to remember that in medicine, as in almost every other field, another opinion may well mean another chance of success. Some doctors put off consultation as long as possible because they feel that it is a confession of failure; and their pride is often ridiculously wounded if the patient's family ask for consultation. And yet if they were to examine the request as dispassionately and impersonally as they consider the patient's symptoms, surely they would recognize that it is often an intelligent move.

Not only does the doctor expect to take over all authority: he sets up a propaganda ministry, and tells patient and family what he thinks it is good for them to believe. But in order to stand by intelligently and not just fussily, in order to coöperate with the doctor in every possible way, the family

must have some idea of what it's all about; it is their right and their duty. Now there is no denying that there are times when the truth won't help; but they are not many: certainly not the rule, as doctors seem to assume. In general, most people have the wit to see when they are being put off, and worry at least as much as if they knew the truth.

Moreover, if families accept the doctor's half-truths, they often awake from a certain assurance to a realization that a crisis is upon them. Sometimes it is too late to do anything; often it is too late to plan calmly. If they had been warned in advance, they would have been prepared, not only emotionally but intellectually.

As the family is discouraged from asking questions, so the patient must not speculate on his disease. An otherwise intelligent and liberal doctor once put it thus to me: 'Of course, the patient no doctor can bear is the one who has already diagnosed his own case.'

Have we got to join the union before we can guess at what's going on inside us? After all, we make the original diagnosis — and it's an important one: we decide that we feel sick. Why should we be expected to stop thinking at this point?

The truth of the matter is this: nearly everyone when he calls the doctor has in the back of his mind a specific worry. The bad patient tells the doctor he is sure he has cancer; but the good patient is just as worried over such a possibility, and silently hopes that the doctor will volunteer the information that his worry is unjustified.

Why isn't a patient's worry an important factor? Why shouldn't doctors make a routine practice of asking the patient what he thinks is wrong, and either set his fears at rest or temper the truth if they feel it necessary?

And then there's ethics. Ethics used to mean the doctor's conscience about his patient; now it means his conscience about his fellow doctors. Suppose you have a doctor

friend called in as consultant. You will see that, whatever his distrust of the original doctor, he is absolutely determined to appear in cahoots with him. The most you can hope for is that he will make some veiled suggestion about another course of treatment. Reproach him afterwards for dodging the issue: if he is honest, he will answer, 'Yes, I'm sorry that I couldn't be franker, but the situation was delicate, you see.' Of course it was delicate: you asked his help because someone you cared for was in danger.

I don't suggest that the doctor's dilemma is easily solved; I only suggest that it is so common that it should be a little better thought out. The doctor would find his relations with patient and family smoother if he could bring himself to regard them as his partners. He should steady their nerves by allowing them to coöperate; he should give them a general picture of the situation, of the development he expects, and of his plan of treatment. He should not resent their wish to be informed, nor feel that his competence is doubted if the cure takes longer than he thinks it will. The public feels it knows a lot more about medicine than it did a hundred years ago. Each new development in medical science is front-page news, which the public reads eagerly and eagerly hopes to see applied. We still want to use the doctor as a second-string papa; but we expect papas and doctors alike to meet questions with answers, and not with evasion. But the bedside manner has not yet caught up with this evolution.

Doctors are fine: we're as indebted to them as we're in debt to them, and that's saying a lot. We can't get along without them. But there must be a better way of getting along with them.

ANONYMOUS

FROM A NORFOLK FARM

THE Denchmen (Danishmen) have returned across the North Sea to their pine forests, wherein they make their nests. That is the name they call the Gray or Hoody Crow on the north coast of Norfolk. It shows how slowly things have changed in this small remaining area of Old England. A thousand years and more have passed since the invaders came in their galleys, driving off the local inhabitants, and settling on their farms. One of my neighbors came over

(in the blood of his ancestors) about that time and is pure Dane to look at, ruddy of face, fair of hair, with the blue eyes of the northern peoples. His ancestor was a Dane. Flights of gray crows stippled the skies over the pennant of the ship that bore him to the rich isle in the West; every autumn since they have come again — and modern children, clasping cheap chain-store toys which might have been made in Burma, or Japan, look up and say, 'The Denchmen are over in the woods again.' Has there, in all the centuries between, occurred any essential change in the countryside — save for slightly improved housing, clothing, and (doubtfully) food?

The lark still sings as of olden time over the cornfields, the buds break out of the thorn trees, the wind of early spring blows with the very breath of ice from the polar fields beyond the sea. After five months of living in the English woods and fields, the gray crows slip away over the marshes, flying low, and so to the wave-tops and the long flight home again. Almost on the same day they leave, year after year. A week or two after they have gone, the flocks of rock doves, which have picked bare many of the clover fields of the district, follow after them; and the English ringdove, a bigger bird with white collar round his neck, has the woods to itself. On the first warm sunny day of the year the croodling of the male bird is heard from the pine trees; contrast to the passionate cooing of the turtledove which, at the beginning of May, flies here from the valley of the Nile.

The ringdove, or wood pigeon, is a heavy, stolid-looking bird. 'Strong in the arm and thick in the head' is the proverbial saying about the East Anglian laborer, that amalgam of the Nordic invaders with the Saxon, Norman, and Celtic strains; and strong in the wing and thick in the throat and crop might apply also to our native pigeons. I have seen them dragging themselves along the ground, unable to fly, their crops weighted down by a hundred and more acorns, each bird. They are amorous, and in a favorable season (which means food) lay and hatch out as many as six sets of twin white eggs on the rafts of twigs which serve as nests. Their thick feathers resist the charge of shot which the farmer sends after them, as with clover-tight crops they circle the treetops before settling to roost. Their flesh is not easily

digested by the human stomach (English variety) unless eaten with stewed prunes.

The Abyssinian turtledove, whose passionate and rapid cooing throb sounds in early summer from the thorn brakes, is the Biblical dove. It is small, and beautifully hued, like the ashes of a mixed wood fire, brown, gray, and spotted white. It is a genuine lover; it travels far in its dream of the English spring, makes its slender nest, brings up its two dovelets, and then away again — before the anticlimax of leaves beginning to rust and the grass losing color. It is a poet, the soul of summer in its keeping. How far back to Solomon? A moment only: the same moment when 'the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'

HENRY WILLIAMSON

BUCK, BOY, AND TROUT

THE boy slipped through the hazel woods so light

The trout poised in wet crystal took no fright,
He took his place, rooted in unstirred grass
And let the ripples of leaves and sunlight pass
Over him as over the water under,
His eyes were wide with shade and steady wonder,

He looked at the trout hung halfway there
between

Air and earth. The water cut them clean,
The spots on them were like the freckles spread

On the boy's face, coppery, wild, and red,
The slender fish with rainbows at each fin
Were one piece with the boy's quick eyes and skin.

The boy let down his hook along a beam
Of shadow slanting down across the stream.

Ten yards above, without a rustled twig,
A buck-deer came out sudden, and his big
Eyes took in the boy and dancing brook,
The coppery spots along his slim ribs shook
As he breathed fierce and quiet seeing a creature

So like himself in every curve and feature,
He drank the stranger in so of his kind,
And through the sun-shot regions of his mind,

So like the brook, his hate flowed fast away.
Buck, boy, and trout stood slim in the flowing day.

It was one of the instants when there might
Be something more in common than the light
Through the universe. But the boy's eyes
Were sadder than the others', being wise
Enough to know, this young, the boy was doomed

To lose this instant the instant that it bloomed.

A little rainbow spread its wings and struck,
And there was trembling grass but never a buck.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE RADIO THAT WENT ON TALKING

THERE was a click. She was switched off for the night. A pity, because after so many anxieties a Milkman's Matinee would have been soothing. Nobody wants to frighten the milkman.

'Goodness,' she said, 'I'll bet we've got some news of our own if I can tune to it.' She groped around, getting snarls and crackles the way you do on thunder evenings. There was a spot where the dial had worn thin — or maybe induction from a ground cable that was leaking? Muted voices coming through . . .

Heterodynes, I suppose, or Superhigh Fidelity. The man who took her away for servicing must have put in some queer tubes.

No question, the old Radio was fed up. Ten years is a long time in our high frequency of living. Gosh, she dated back to Jolly Bill and Jane, if you remember that breakfast program when the children were kids getting ready for school.

She even dated back to when Al Smith called her Raddio. When they play the favorites of her youth ('The Blue Room,' or 'My Heart Stood Still') her condenser trembles. I call her She because every kind of swift communication is feminine. You needn't suppose a radio doesn't listen to the things it plays. She has to take the waves as they come, but has her own opinions.

She dated back to when they were made to look like little churches. Quite right, too; they are the sacred ikon of the American folk. Her chassis was the shape of a Gothic window. She didn't have 'grille louveres' and 'fluted pilasters'; just a simple cathedral trefoil, with faded silk to conceal the mystery. No wonder that silk was faded when you

think of all the stuff that had come through. It had earache. Think of all those Station Idennifications. I'm surprised, after all those years, she can pronounce anything correctly.

She was saved some suffering: she didn't have short wave or police calls. But she was jealous when she had to do a commercial about the new kind of machines. Automatic Volume Control, Adjustable Sounding Board, 13-Tube Performance — these meant nothing to her. I dare say she was just tired. She had raised a family of four children, taken them through all the stages from Uncle Don to Toscanini and Information Please. Now they'd all gone away (with little streamlined portables of their own).

Yes, she had her troubles. Her voice was changing. There was a tinny buzz in her bass register, so she was really ashamed of the way 'Good Evening, Everybuddy' vibrated. She had a nostalgia, morbid at her age, for some of her old heroes who had gone off the air: the harsh London Assurance of Boake Carter, the slightly falsetto waggishness of the Town Crier. Maybe her memory was going: she got confused about which was Doctor Cadman and which was Father Coughlin. She had always been a pushover for a thorough British accent. When an English voice got lost in its palate, the way they sometimes do, she strained her antennae trying to pull in some consonants. The word 'girls' was her shibboleth. She could bring it out just as they say it in Parliament, using almost all the vowels but no *r* — 'gyaeiuls.'

Voices of Congressmen and Senators shook her up pretty badly; they caused neuralgia in her amplifier. But she wasn't called on to take them very often.

She was fed up, I repeat; for now it was Crisis, Crisis, Crisis. In old days she spent glamorous evenings with Hawaiian steel guitars (while the children did their algebra) or Western gunshots and horse-hoofs. Or, in the high-school era, syrupy jam-sessions from Edgewater Beach or the Hotel Statler. Loyally she honeyed the tone and stepped up the ampere when anything was said by a sponsor. But lately all they asked her for was News. Bombs over China or the rat race in Europe, which she had even got into the habit of calling 'Yirrup.' She tried to emphasize the mispronunciations of the newscasters as a warning to her people. But her people listened and listened and had jitters.

Time when she should have been resting (by any watch, shock-proof or not; she knew how to spell the names of all the watches) she was kept up late taking the midnight bulletins. She didn't have a Power Line Noise Rejector. If she had, it wouldn't have helped. All the world's power lines were in high voltage, and no rejector could have damped that static.

'Any news?' someone called from upstairs.

'Nothing important,' said the one listening, and clicked off the switch for the night.

'The devil there isn't,' said Radio to herself, and her dial lit up. That was the night she went on talking, for the good of her conscience.

She never knew where all the voices came from. There wasn't time for any Station Idennifications. The anonymous wave lengths broke in upon one another. There must have been millions of them, crowding her with the small silly things people need to tell or be told. They are stronger than the Maginot Line or the Corridor of Pomorze. That night the old Radio felt she was a Corridor across life itself.

'... saw a brakeman on the platform of the railroad station at Newark. He had on very shiny shoes; he was walking backward toward the vestibule of the car, looking at his watch and waiting for a signal from the engineman. He waved and jumped aboard just as we pulled out. "Right on the tick," he said, and grinned. He looked so proud, it did me good. ...'

'... a dentist in the country, doing a difficult extraction. Maxillary bicuspid with buccopalatal spread of roots. I was annoyed by a fool dog that kept barking outside, made me nervous. I knew, from my higher point of view, that the dog's reasons for barking were inadequate. But the bark is evidently very important to the dog himself. I paused a moment to pull myself together, and remembered Samuel Butler's remark: a hen is only an egg's way of creating another egg. I thought, a dog is only a bark's way of creating another bark. This pleased me so I forgot all about the damn pooch and went on successfully. ...'

'... The kids said, "The man who owns this restaurant must be very rich." "Why?" I asked. "Just look," they said; they'd added up the prices of all the dishes on the menu. It came to about \$200. That's Downtown

economics. I had to explain to them, "That's not real money, just dollar signs on paper. It's not how much money there is on a statement; it's how fast does it circulate? You can get along with very little money if it travels from person to person quick enough." . . .'

' . . . He had a show-off handkerchief in his pocket, all folded nice in four points, but he sneezed all over the car rather than use it. . . .'

' . . . westbound flights all on the even thousand-foot altitudes. Two thousand, four thousand, six thousand, like that. Eastbound is odd thousands. People are odd if they want to come East anyhow. We were circling on the Northwest Lane at four thousand feet, waiting to be cleared at the airport. Yeah, I got to Winnetka just before the baby was born. . . .'

' . . . blue morning glories out back of Stamford. Summer ain't summer to me unless I see blue morning glories on a gray stone wall. I start thinking about them before Easter. . . .'

' . . . What he calls the Great American Smell. No, it's not flowers or manure or that old California whiff of oil fields. It's the smell of a new car the first time you drive her. Wonder where they get that smell; they invent it in Detroit. . . .'

' . . . Pretty smart, if I have to say so. You know she only told me her number once and I never made note of it. I thought I could call it to mind, but I wasn't too sure. I rang up soon's I got to South Station, and she was in, and was she surprised! We both were before we got through. New England's human too, same as other countries. . . .'

' . . . I never was so happy. That little wirehair of ours, crazy scut, no sense about traffic, she was loafing across the road and a big car come by doing fifty. Missed her about a foot. I could feel my heart turn lopsided. She come trotting back gay as you please, never even knowed her escape. I'll keep her tied after this no matter how she bigs her eyes at me. . . .'

' . . . Had an hour in the garden with the hose after I got home. That's my idea of an evening worth while. No, not much rain in Ohio lately. Did you see that big moon? Took me by surprise; I looked up from my corn patch and there she was. . . .'

' . . . Locomotives outside the round-house. You know the way they stand, all side by side, heads together, facing out, like a

herd of elephants on guard against an enemy. There was an enemy, too, though they didn't know it. I saw the big passenger plane to Kansas City flying overhead. . . .'

' . . . Poor baby, she was so disappointed in the Aquarium. She'd been told about sea-horses and she expected to see great ramping water-stallions, plunging and snorting on rollers of foam. . . .'

' . . . That's why they fasten up new shirts in pins and cardboard neck-stiffeners and cellophane bags. It's so you won't see there isn't enough shirttail. There never is. It just don't make sense. . . .'

The old Radio was a little embarrassed. After all, her communications had always been pretty carefully supervised. Just then the oil burner in the cellar went on, which alters the household potential. The kilocycles broke rhythm and faded off into the dark ocean of unmobilized truth — the real Permanent Waves. Radio brooded in silence.

'Of course I understand,' she thought, 'why we're not made to look like churches any more. It would be too ironical with the things we have to say. So much of the time they think they've got to be funny, or sell something, or frighten somebody. But even so, isn't it the nearest we've got to a Church Universal? I hope Marian Anderson will come on again soon. With this new High Fidelity I'll show her something.'

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

POEM TO BE MAILED

Oh, where are the many books I lent to
So many a friend, and maybe you?
I'm asking, not to know where they went to,
Though that were knowing something new,
Nor where are the snows of yesteryear,
But to hint that I want my books back here.

Oh, here, here, is the place I need them.
Wherever you are now, take a look
Over your crowded shelves, and weed them
Of any good book that was my book,
And send it, mail it, or bring it along.
Home is the place my books belong.

P.S. I'll look around my bookshelves, too,
And send back some I've borrowed from you.

JOHN HOLMES

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

ON THE NEGATIVE ASPECTS OF STYLE

It occurs to me that the French are in a superior position for appreciating their writers as bundles of definite, measurable stylistic attributes. The immediate occasion of this surmise is a rereading — not my first since 1907 — of a book in which Charles Townsend Copeland liked to rub the noses of his pupils when it was brand-new. The book is *Le Travail du Style*, Antoine Albalat's very instructive conspectus of how some historically important French writers, in the process of textual revision of their manuscripts, picked over their handiwork and threw away whatever their developing taste found inadequate or antipathetic. The French have an extensive body of just such critical literature; their critics and teachers purvey exact, conveyable information about æsthetic subjects as instinctively as most of ours deal in general impression and rhapsody.

One important result is that the French seem never to have succumbed to our sentimental (and largely illusory) distinction between 'destructive' and 'constructive' criticism. They understand that a good writer is good not only by virtue of what he does, but also by virtue of what he chooses not to do. Style is the man — yes. But the man has a set of distastes as well as of tastes; the one set colors his way of expressing himself quite as affirmatively as the other; and it is therefore a hollow fallacy to classify the one sort of formative influence as positive and the other as negative. Trace for example, in the pages of Albalat, Chateaubriand's increasing distrust of the adjective, his dislike of verbal repetition, and his more and more sensitive recoil from chance assonances between neighboring words. These are three avoidances, pet aversions — merely 'negative' factors; but among them they account for more of his approach to perfection than it is possible to describe in affirmations. For a contemporary instance, ponder the sharply personal effect of Ernest Hemingway's prose and then try to tell in 'constructive' terms as much exactly descriptive truth about it as you can pack into the simple negative statement that its author can't or won't have anything to do with the complex sentence. Or conceive the effect upon Stevenson's writing if that master of external and sensory detail had lived to realize in his own work the implications of his belated manifesto 'Death to the optic nerve!' — a cry uttered in purely 'destructive' criticism of himself when he was overcome by a sudden vision of the moral universe, the universe of Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James, as the supreme subject for the worker in fiction. As a gentleman is said to be known by the things it is out of the question for him to do, so a writer is identifiable by all that he forgoes and outgrows. His refusals are himself; nothing about him affirms like his denials. What ultimately determines style is the faculty of criticism beginning, like charity, at home. There *is* no negative self-criticism if you judge by the effects.

What is true of the great stylists is just as true of the plain man giving his plain account of things as he sees them, and it can be demonstrated even more tangibly at his level than at Chateaubriand's. I will suppose you to be so constituted that your ear is annoyed by almost any avoidable breach of the natural, idiomatic order of the declarative sentence in modern English — subject, verb, predicate. One small consequence is that as a reader you find detestable, and as a writer impossible, a sort of German-sounding and extremely bookish inversion of word-order that seems now to be more and more common in print, though in other particulars the language

tends to slough off its needless complications and archaisms. The perversity I mean is represented at the simplest, most popular level by this sentence from the radio page of a newspaper: 'His "staticless" radio seems to be getting a better start *than did television* in the race to the home.' (Strict constructionists will object to this sentence because it requires the reader to understand after *did* a form of the verb not supplied; but let that go.) Exactly such inversions of verb and subject, usually in completing a comparison, now sprinkle half our printed pages with ugly and unnatural-sounding combinations — *as does, than was, as has*, and the like. 'But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, *as the heathen do*' — that simple form was good enough for the translators of 1611, and I cannot see why it should not be good enough for you and me, although it is not quite good enough for a sizable quorum of editors, reporters, columnists, statisticians, advertisers, educators, and stump speakers, who would unhesitatingly call upon inversion to perfect it: 'Use not vain repetitions, *as do the heathen*.' Now, if your ear rejects that sort of inversion wherever it is avoidable, — and that is about everywhere, — then your writing will be in that one particular unimprovably spare, trim, and strong; and it will be made so by nothing in the world but a dislike. Nor is that all. Your possession of that kind of ear makes the chances a hundred to one that you similarly dislike some dozens of other common constructions containing a suggestion of bookish artifice or false dignity; and you will find that in the aggregate these dislikes have exerted an enormous influence upon the way you tend to shape your sentences. Inasmuch as the shape of the sentence is by far the greatest single factor in the whole effect of the way an individual writes, it can be said that your style is decisively conditioned by your negative tastes, your aversions — Q. E. D.

And there you have the deep philosophical justification for the old-fashioned idea of teaching rhetoric as first of all a coherent system of prohibitions. It is an idea now in general disrepute: we find it not 'constructive.' It has also the tremendous practical justification that what not to do can actually be taught and learned. What is more, the learner was generally at no loss to work out a positive use for the negative information. Can as much be said for a good deal of the more 'constructive' teaching now offered in its stead?

THE DRAGNET

HAD RATHER. Here are two samples of a surprisingly large collection: —

Have you slipped through a hole in your Dragnet when you use the phrase *had rather*? My own choice is *would* instead of *had*, in the expression of desire.

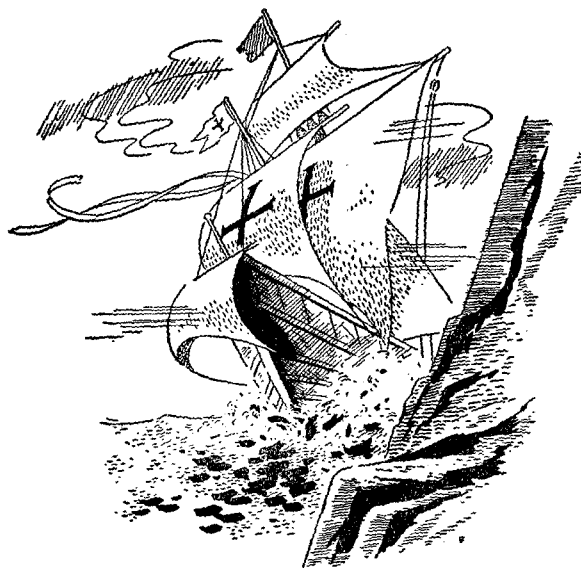
— HENRY E. COBB, *Bronxville, N. Y.*

In the Dragnet I notice that you use the phrase *I had rather*. Has it become obsolete or finical to say *I would rather*? — JOE GARNER ESTILL, *Lakeville, Conn.*

As far as I know, it is *would rather* that is comparatively recent, *had rather* that is traditionary and established. If either were to be described as obsolete or finical — neither can be — it would have to be *had rather*, for which my knuckles are always being rapped by persons who seem to put logic above usage. Incorrigible, I find nothing improvable in 'I *had* rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' The *had* I take for a vestigial subjunctive, akin to that of 'I *had* done otherwise if . . .' The precisians who frown upon it need look no farther than an abridged desk dictionary to remind themselves that '*Had* is used . . . for *would* or *would have* with adjectives, adverbs, or phrases of comparison, as *as well, as lief, rather, better, liefer, best, liefest*, to indicate preference or advisability.'

WILSON FOLLETT

TO THE
Indies



BY
C. S. FORESTER

CHAPTERS 6-11



TO THE
Indies

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

By C. S. FORESTER

Author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower"

ON the third voyage of that erratic genius Christopher Columbus, the ship's company was a motley, unfamiliar crew. Why was it, wondered the brilliant young advocate Narciso Rich; why did those who had seen and felt the fascination of the Indies fight shy, refusing to go again? Things weren't too serene at home in Spain. There was unemployment, as well as the unhealed wounds from the confounded religious purges. He knew all that. Still . . .

Narciso Rich has been sent as the personal representative of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to make sure that the Admiral and his brother Bartholomew do not overstep their authority in the new lands which have been discovered for the Crown. Rich is not a man of action. He would have been better content to carry on his remunerative practice in Barcelona.

The Spaniards parley with the dark-skinned and generous natives. Taking advantage of the Indians' generosity, they secure such gold ornaments and pearls as are available.

Rich has a personal problem which involves his authority over the hidalgos. Being a lawyer and not, strictly speaking, a nobleman, he must impress these fighting men in terms they can appreciate. Guiding a shore party back from water and a native village, Rich suddenly discovers two of his firebrands, García and Tarpia, missing. He has heard a cry like that of a bird some time back. When the hidalgos finally appear, he notices that García's hand is stained with blood. García smiles and washes it in the sea. . . .

TO THE INDIES

BY C. S. FORESTER

VI

THERE was a very marked northerly current along this western shore of Trinidad. Hove-to during the night, the squadron was carried steadily northwards, until at last the late-rising moon had revealed such looming masses of land ahead that the Admiral had been roused, and the sleeping men on board had been awakened, by the bustle and noise of letting go the anchors. Now, at dawn, everyone could see more clearly what lay ahead. There were several small steep-sided islands in a chain across their course, with narrow passages between, over which soared and wheeled innumerable sea birds. The Admiral beside the taffrail was studying the sea on their quarter towards these passages — Rich was still landsman enough to feel a slight shock at the realization that in an anchored ship one does not necessarily look ahead to examine the course one intends to pursue.

‘More dangerous passages, Don Narciso,’ announced the Admiral. ‘There are currents and eddies there as bad as the Serpent’s Mouth yesterday. The Mouths of the Dragon, do you think?’

‘A very appropriate name, Your Excellency,’ said Rich.

‘I am not justified in risking the passage,’ announced the Admiral. ‘I intend heading westward along this chain of islands until we shall find an easier one.’

‘It is not for me to discuss questions of navigation with Your Excellency,’ said Rich in perfect sincerity; the Ad-

miral was the best practical seaman the world could show.

Orders were bellowed back and forth from the ship to the caravels; men set to work at the capstan while others loosened the sails.

‘It is better if we head westward in any case,’ went on the Admiral, turning back to Rich from the business of getting the squadron under way. ‘It cannot be far to the west of here that the Earthly Paradise is to be found. I am convinced of it — the air blows fresher and purer with every league.’

‘I had not noticed it, Your Excellency,’ said Rich boldly.

‘You are insensitive, and you have not had my experience of this climate. And besides, you were present when Alamo discovered bitumen in the island, weren’t you? He told me that there was obviously some undiscovered central source of bitumen in Trinidad. The analogy with the Dead Sea is very close. The Euphrates — only across the desert from the Dead Sea — was one of the four rivers of Eden, and not even the most learned Fathers of the Church have been able to identify the other three. They have remained unknown for as long as all our knowledge was derived from the westward. Now we are approaching from the east, and shall solve the mystery.’

‘But between us and the Euphrates must lie all India, and the Spice Islands, and the empire of the Great Khan, Your Excellency,’ protested Rich, bewildered.

'Undoubtedly they must lie to the northward,' admitted the Admiral. 'It would be hard to reconcile the theory with that of a perfectly spherical earth. But remember what I suggested to you before, and assume that in this quarter of the world the sphere is prolonged into a pear-shaped extension. That would then allow room enough to the northward for Asia, and at the same time account for the balminess of this air, and for the fierce ocean currents here — probably, when our knowledge is more advanced, for the existence of sources of bitumen on either side of Eden, and for the steep-sided shape of those islands there.'

'I see, Your Excellency,' said Rich.

The theory was a difficult one, but no more difficult than that of an earth which was not flat, nor than the postulate of the existence of antipodes, and the Admiral and the Portuguese had between them established these firmly enough. Rich began to feel a new excitement at the thought of fresh discoveries and began restlessly to pace the deck, exchanging a courteous formal bow with García as he did so. After García's deeds of yesterday Rich wondered what men of that stamp would be guilty of in the Earthly Paradise, and at the same moment he found himself wondering heretically whether perhaps the Earthly Paradise had not already been discovered, and whether those laughing hospitable folk who entertained them were not dwellers in it, pagans though they were. The thought struck him with sadness, and he turned again to look at the land.

They left the islands to starboard, and crept slowly before the wind on a westerly course. The northwestern corner of Trinidad, which they were leaving behind them, had been steeper and loftier than the central part where they had landed yesterday, and this chain of islands appeared to be a continuation of the ridge. The last island of the chain in sight was not quite so bold in outline,

but as they drew up to it Rich could see that it was steep enough, all the same, and as wooded and green as the others.

Slowly they coasted along it, but it was a good deal bigger than the rest of the chain. Rich could see no end to it as he looked along its green flank.

Throughout the ship there was a bustle, and an interest in what they were discovering, oddly at variance with the comparative apathy of yesterday. Rich told himself that the enthusiasms of men in a mass ebbed and flowed like the tides of the ocean. They ate their food today with one eye over the ship's side; they stayed voluntarily exposed to the two tremendous rainstorms which swept down on them from Trinidad. Even the hidalgos were interested, talking freely and imperiling their dignity with their pointings and gesticulations. The lookout at the masthead announced land right ahead, across their course — low green hills again. With land to the west of them now, as well as land to the north and land to the east, and the water shoaling fast, the Admiral ordered a southerly course in his determination to circle round this large island. He had ordered a chair to be brought up to the poop, and sat there with his white beard fluttering and Perez and Spallanzani at his elbow. He feared lest his squadron might be embayed here, where the wind blew always from the east, and it was well before sunset that, as the sea grew shallower and the land ahead was seen to trend farther and farther to the southward, he ordered the anchors to be let go.

'I shall send the longboat tomorrow, Don Narciso,' he announced, 'to discover if there is a passage ahead or to the southward. Would you care for another jaunt?'

'I am no seaman, Your Excellency,' said Rich, taken a little aback. He had not been ready for this question.

'There will be seamen with you to take the soundings and set the course,'

said the Admiral. 'I would go myself, but, as you see . . .'

With a gesture the Admiral indicated his rheumatically joints. There was a hurt, pleading look in his eyes. Rich had won his trust, and there were few enough people on earth whom the Admiral trusted. Ever since Pinzón had deserted him on his first historic voyage of discovery, and set out to discover new countries for himself, he had been cautious about dispatching expeditions which could make themselves independent. It was dangerous—in his view, at least—to delegate authority either to turbulent and needy hidalgos or to adventurous captains. Rich might be an agent of the King and Queen, but he was an honest one; he could be trusted not to plunder the inhabitants and—more important—not to conceal treasure, not to go off on expeditions of his own or (the Admiral's suspicions were unbounded) to bring back false information which might wreck the whole voyage.

'It would please me very much if you would go, Don Narciso,' said the Admiral. Several hidalgos were listening.

'I will come and pull an oar,' said Rodrigo Acevedo.

'I, too,' said his brother.

There was a little ripple of volunteering round the circle. A respite from the cramped conditions of the ship, the chance of fresh food and new sights, the possibility of finding women and pearls and gold—they were all willing to come for the sake of these. They all eyed Rich, with his new reputation as a bold fighting man, and for the sake of that reputation he could not refuse.

'Thank you, Your Excellency,' he said. 'I shall much appreciate the honor.'

Five seconds later García was addressing him as privately as a crowded ship permitted.

'May I be one of the party?' he asked.

Their eyes met—the burly young hidalgo with his bristling beard and his

shabby flaunting clothes, and the stout little lawyer with the sharp eye belied by the unobtrusive manner. It was strange for the one to be asking a favor of the other, and yet he undoubtedly was.

'There are others who have not been ashore at all,' Rich temporized.

'Yes,' answered García, with a placatory grin, 'but I should like to go again.'

'And you remember what happened?' said Rich. He did not want García in his party; he was afraid.

'I remember. But—'

Rich knew that if he refused him he would offend him. On the other hand there was a chance of loyal service from him now—only a chance, but that was better than making a certain enemy of him.

So García was one of the twenty men who crowded the longboat at dawn next day when they pushed off from the *Holy Name* and headed for the low green shore while the ones left behind waved farewell. The air was hot and sticky; it had rained heavily during the night and the overcast sky bore promise of more rain still. There was only just enough wind to fill the sail and push them slowly forward; it was fluky and variable, too—twice Osorio at the tiller had to shout an order as the sail flapped heavily over to the other side. A flight of pelicans flapped solemnly overhead.

There was no sign of a break in the land to the northward; to the south the hills grew lower and died away into a flat green coast. It was to the south, then, that Rich directed Osorio to steer the boat. The sun broke through the clouds and glared upon them with a terrible eye, illuminating the shore to which they were trending; a seaman standing in the bows cried out that he could see a break in the coast. Rich climbed to his feet and stood precariously balancing in the stern sheets—he had no faith in his own judgment, and yet, as commander of the expedition, he had to make some pretense at employing

it. So low and flat was the shore that it was hard to distinguish where the sea ended and the land began, but Rich thought he saw what the seaman indicated — there was at least an arm of the sea running up into the land there.

With the dying wind they were compelled to take in the sail and set to work with the oars, and they took an occasional cast of the lead as they headed in. Three fathoms — two and a half fathoms — three fathoms again . . .

‘Hardly enough for the flagship,’ commented Osorio, spitting loudly over the side.

They were close to the shore now; the trees that fringed the sea were a sad gray, not the bright green of Trinidad, and seemed to have their roots set actually in the water. Osorio put the tiller over until the boat was close in, and the men rested on their oars while she drifted, the gurgle and bubble at the bows dying away along with her motion.

‘Look there!’ said somebody, pointing to the trees.

On the bare gray stems close to the surface of the water there were oysters clustered thick. Osorio reached out and snapped off a brittle branch — the tip that trailed in the water bore four of them.

‘We know now where those pearls come from,’ commented Rich.

Osorio eagerly prized an oyster open with his knife, and poked a gnarled forefinger into its interior.

‘None there,’ he said, hesitated a moment, and then swallowed it noisily.

The boat lurched as everyone tried to grab for oysters; there was an interval as oysters were gathered and knives were borrowed. Food and pearls were sought with equal eagerness, but no pearls were found. Osorio turned over the shell he held in his hand and examined it curiously.

‘They are nothing like our oysters at home,’ he said with his mouth full — and then, looking across at the birds wheeling

over the sea: ‘It is more than pearls that they make. No wonder there are so many sea birds here.’

‘So the birds eat oysters, then?’ asked Rich.

‘No,’ said Osorio, ‘the oysters grow into birds.’

He opened a fresh specimen for the purpose of his lecture.

‘These half-tide shellfish always do that. Many’s the goose I’ve eaten which was a barnacle once. I expect these become pelicans. See here, sir. You can see the wings starting to sprout. And this must be the head — the long beak must grow later, when they are fledglings. Every spring tide brings them out in thousands, as butterflies come from chrysalises.’

It was an interesting point in natural history, and an apt comparison. Rich told himself that it was no more marvelous that a pelican should develop from a half-tide oyster than that a butterfly should emerge from a dull chrysalis, and yet somehow it did appear so: the one was a wonder to which he had been accustomed all his life, and the other was new. He supposed that when at last the expedition reached the Asiatic plains he would experience the same sensations on seeing the unicorns that only a virgin could tame, and the upas tree which destroyed all animal life within half a mile.

They took to the oars again, and the boat crept along up the inlet. Monkeys appeared on the shore, chattering loudly at them from the treetops; gaudy birds flew over their heads, and the steaming heat closed in upon them. The inlet was no more than half a mile broad when it divided, one portion continuing westerly and the other trending off to the south. Osorio at the tiller looked to Rich for orders.

‘Which do you think looks more promising?’ asked Rich as casually as he could manage.

Osorio shrugged enormously and spat again.

'Go to the right, then,' said Rich; if one way appeared as good as another to Osorio it was no use for Rich to try to judge by appearances.

VII

Now it began to rain, the usual relentless downpour to which they had grown accustomed in these latitudes. The roar of it drowned the noise of the oars in the rowlocks and the squeaking of the stretchers. The near-by land was almost blotted from sight, and the jesting conversation in the longboat came to an untimely end. The men at the oars rowed in dogged silence, and the rest sat patiently suffering. The channel divided again, and Rich took the northern arm, but this immediately divided once more, and he took the southern arm this time in the hope of preserving as direct a westerly course as possible. And these were only the main channels; peering through the rain, Rich fancied that there were plenty of minor waterways, mere threads of water by comparison, diverging from the wide channels. It was bewildering.

Then at last the rain stopped, and the sun shone once more. The forest beside them steamed, and they could hear again the innumerable sounds of the life within it. The men at the oars were relieved by their companions, and the longboat pushed on along the channel. And here they were balked; the channel split into two channels, at right angles to each other, and each was barely wide enough — the oars caught against the vegetation on either side.

'There's no way through here for the flagship,' said Osorio.

'No,' agreed Rich, hoarsely.

At Osorio's orders they backed water again until they could turn the boat, and they retraced their course; there was a resentful murmur at this wasted labor.

'We must try again,' said Rich loudly. 'The Admiral relies on us to discover a passage.'

But the mention of the Admiral had small effect — he did not command these men's devotion.

The bank where the nose of the boat touched it in turning was soft and oozy; this was an amphibious sort of island, plainly — the distinction between land and water was not a sharp one. Still they rowed along winding channels, turning now south and now north, yet in general holding steadily westward, rowing interminably.

'We must be three leagues from the sea,' said Osorio.

'That at least,' agreed Rich.

'And no sign of a spring yet.'

The channel in which they found themselves now was wider than several they had previously traversed. And here the vegetation did not come quite to the water's edge. There was rock — pebbles — in sight. The same idea seemed to strike Osorio and Rich at the same moment. Osorio moved restlessly in his seat, staring at the bank. Rich cautiously put one hand into the water and tasted the drops which he lifted out. It was palatable water, almost fresh.

'We're in a river, by God!' said Osorio.

'Yes. The water is drinkable,' said Rich.

The rowers rested on their oars at the announcement, mopping their sweat. Two or three men leaned dangerously over the side and sucked up water like horses. There was a babble of talk.

'Under that bank,' mused Osorio, 'there's quite an eddy. Look! There is a current running here. And it's a big river.'

A river a quarter of a mile wide, thought Rich. And those innumerable marshy channels through which they had struggled! Rich thought of Padua, of the innumerable arms of the Po, embanked by the labor of centuries. And there were all the mouths of the Ebro, too, in the dreary marshland beyond Tarragona. He had seen the mouths of the Rhone, too, and he had heard of the

mouths of the Rhine and of the Nile. This must be a delta too; and the deductions to be drawn from that simply staggered the imagination. It could be no small island which they were exploring: a river the size of the Ebro implied a land the size of Aragon at least. Larger still, most probably. Perhaps — perhaps it was the mainland of Asia at last.

But then again there were difficulties. Rich remembered the description by the Venetian, Marco Polo, of the Asiatic countries and of the court of the Great Khan, its wealth and its fleets and armies. If this were the mainland, those armies must have pushed hither to conquer this productive country, and those fleets must have coasted along these shores. Certainly the land would not be sparsely peopled by naked Indians with no knowledge of metals — and wearing pearls worth a king's ransom. If the Great Khan's fleets had not come here, it must be because it was not part of the mainland of Asia at all, but a mere island — a large island — and far enough from Asia not to have been discovered from that side.

That implied a wide stretch of ocean to the westward of it, as large a stretch, perhaps, as the ocean they had already traversed on their way from Spain. And this in turn implied that the world was far larger than anyone thought, that the Admiral's calculations were vastly at fault, and that they had not reached the Indies at all! That was as nonsensical as the other theory.

It was a dangerous thought, too. There had been doubters before, on the Admiral's second voyage, and the Admiral had not only compelled all to swear a solemn oath that they believed Cuba to be part of the mainland of Asia, but also publicly threatened to cut out the tongue of any man who affirmed the contrary — very right and proper treatment for dangerous skeptics, thought Rich, involuntarily, until he

came back with a shock to the thought that it would take very little more to push him himself over into the abyss of skepticism as well. And he had never yet been a skeptic in his life.

Osorio was addressing him — apparently had been trying to attract his attention for some time.

'Shall we land and eat our food?' asked Osorio.

'No,' said Rich, after a moment's thought. 'Let's push a mile or two more up the river first.'

As far as he was concerned, he would have no appetite for food while consumed by his present doubts. There was just a chance that the theories were all wrong, that this was not a river at all, current and fresh water notwithstanding. A little further effort might resolve all doubts, might carry them to a place where all was clear — might even take them again to the open sea on the farther side of this mysterious island.

The oars groaned in the rowlocks, the blades splashed monotonously alongside, and the boat crawled steadily up the channel round a vast bend. Another bend succeeded to that, the banks here lined with a wide stretch of golden sand. Some vast dull-colored creatures lay sunning themselves there; at the sound of the oars they bestirred themselves and wallowed down into the water.

'Iguanas,' said García, in reply to a question from a companion. 'Lizards.'

They certainly looked like lizards, like large specimens of the kind of creature they had seen scuttling along the branches in Trinidad, and of which they had eaten at the Indians' invitation.

'Tender and sweet as chicken,' said Tarpia, with a smacking of his lips. All hands stared over at the sand bank, now quite deserted.

Round the next bend the character of the river changed. A long way upstream they could see rocks, and a sparkling of wavelets, and a hint of white water.

'Rapids,' said Osorio.

'I fancy so,' agreed Rich. At that rate they had reached the limit of their expedition in this direction; no sensible purpose could be served by dragging the boat over the rapids, even if it were possible. Yet Rich was conscious of a feeling of disappointment; he did not want to turn back. He wanted to push on and on into the depths of this new and mysterious island. But the men were hungry and tired, and already the current was running faster.

'We'll land,' said Rich curtly.

A narrow deep channel ran aimlessly up between a sand bank and the sand of the shore, and Osorio guided the long-boat into it. The sharp shelving edge made a suitable landing place; while the oarsmen scratched ineffectively at the sand with their blades a seaman in the bow took a grip with the boathook and drew the heavy boat in, so that Rich was able to step ashore almost dry-shod. The heat and glare from the sand came up into his face like a fountain of fire, and he hurried forward to the shade of the trees with the rest of them capering and chattering after him. A little crowd of monkeys overhead peeped through the branches at them and chattered more shrilly back until misgivings overcame them and they fled over the tops of the trees like thistledown over a field before they stopped again to peep.

'That would be meat for our dinner,' roared Tarpia, pointing. 'Better than mouldy olives.'

They all looked eagerly to Rich for permission, and he gave it after a glance at Osorio's expressionless countenance.

'Bring your crossbow this way, Pepe. We can cut them off,' said Tarpia. 'Will you go along the shore, Cristobal? Take Esteban with you. Try round there, Acevedo.'

They clattered and crashed off into the forest, leaving Osorio and Rich standing in the edge of the shade, the food bags at their feet and the river shining in front of them beyond the

glaring sand. Shouts and cries came from the hunting party. They heard the sudden clatter of a discharged cross-bow, a burst of laughter, and more cries. Birds were fluttering over the treetops in panic.

'The gentlemen are full of life,' said Osorio, philosophically. 'Let us hope Saint Hubert will favor them.'

Saint Hubert apparently did, for they came back soon along the sand dragging their spoils with them.

'These little men,' said García, exultantly, 'have never seen a crossbow before. That is plain. They squeaked with surprise when a bolt reached them at the top of a tree—that was a good shot of yours, Esteban.'

He turned over with his foot one of the limp bodies on the sand; the grayish brown fur was clotted with blood.

'Pepe got these two with one shot,' said Tarpia. 'It broke this one's leg and hit that one in the belly.'

'Pedro got a parrot,' said someone else, displaying the dead bird.

García drew his dagger and knelt by the dead animals.

'Who'll light a fire?' he asked over his shoulder. 'Holy Mary, the last game I gutted was a seven-point stag in the forest of St. Ildefonso!'

VIII

Everyone had eaten; everyone had swallowed at least a mouthful or two of monkey's flesh despite the brutal jokes which were passed; everyone had decided that parrot's meat tasted of tough carrion and was not food for Christians. Two or three of the more phlegmatic were asleep in the shade; most of the men, too excited with their run ashore to wish for a siesta, were lying talking in low tones. Rich was too restless even to lie still; he heaved himself to his feet and asked Osorio to walk with him, and the boatswain obeyed even though he would clearly have preferred to continue to take his ease in the shade.

'I want your opinion on the rapid there,' said Rich.

With notable self-control Osorio refrained from pointing out that, whether the rapid were easy or difficult, its mere existence made it impossible for the *Holy Name* to pass it — even if, unlike all the other rivers which Osorio knew, this particular one ran from sea to sea. They plodded doggedly side by side over the blazing sand, which scorched their feet through their boots.

'I have the Admiral's order,' said Rich, 'to spend four days if necessary seeking a passage.'

'We shall need every minute of four days,' said Osorio, in an elaborately neutral tone. 'Four weeks, or four months. You do not find rivers this size on a small island.'

'I am afraid so,' said Rich. 'But we can at least report to the Admiral whether it is possible for a force to get up into the interior of the island this way.'

'Yes, sir,' said Osorio, noncommittally, and they plodded on in silence.

The rapid when they reached it was clearly a difficult one. Flat gray rocks showed everywhere above the surface of the water, which swirled sullenly round them. Upstream, as far as their vision extended, the rocks were to be seen scattered over the river. Here and there they were so thick that the water came tumbling through the gaps in cataracts.

'M'm,' said Osorio. 'A league of broken water. I can tell you this, sir. It would take the twenty men we have with us now a week at least to drag the longboat up there.'

'Thank you,' said Rich. 'That was what I had to find out. We must go back and look for another passage.'

'We must,' said Osorio.

Halfway between them and the boat lay three bulky shapes sunning themselves on the sand — iguanas, like the ones they had disturbed on their passage up the river in the boat. Half a dozen gentlemen were stealthily approaching

them over the sand, García, conspicuous in his glittering helmet, in the lead. Their cautious movements brought them to within a score of yards of the creatures while Rich and Osorio were still a hundred yards away in the opposite direction. Rich watched one of the men kneel and aim with a crossbow; the faint clatter of the released steel reached Rich's ears over the heated sand.

From then on events moved rapidly. Two of the creatures vanished into the river; García, leaping forward with a rope, noosed the third before it could escape. A whirl of the brute's tail sent him flying, but the others grabbed the end of the rope and hauled manfully, while the one with the crossbow was frantically working his windlass. The iguana, oddly agile for a thing so deformed, made at the prostrate García with open mouth, but the drag of the rope just deflected him and García was barely able to roll out of reach of the snapping jaws.

Rich and Osorio came running up to see the fun, but Rich stopped appalled at the spectacle of mad ferocity exhibited by the iguana. This was no harmless tree lizard to fall a victim to the sticks and stones of naked savages; it was a ton weight of hideous strength. Its jaws were frightening and its lashing tail a formidable weapon. Coursing through Rich's mind, like a river in spate, came a torrent of recollections of what he had heard and read of the crocodile of the Nile. This was more like a crocodile than anything he had imagined. Its left foreleg was crippled by the crossbow bolt driven deeply into it, to which fact perhaps García owed his life, but it was still lively enough and fierce enough to face eight men with every chance of success despite the noose round its neck.

With a whirl of oaths Osorio snatched the knife from his belt and sprang forward into the fray, while Rich stood rooted to the sand, his hand clutching the hilt of his undrawn sword. As he

slowly pulled out the weapon a sudden swerve on the lizard's part swept off their feet the men at the end of the rope. They tumbled in the sand, and the beast, after a futile snap at the rope, caught sight of Rich and rushed straight at him. Rich still stood fascinated for a second by its little dead eyes, which yet were so malignant; the shouts of the others reached his ears so faintly that he hardly heard them. Yet his mind was racing; he knew in that moment that if he ran away, as his every instinct dictated, he would forfeit any regard which the others, thanks to Acevedo, might feel for him. He changed his movement for flight into a clumsy evasion of the rush, and swung his sword frantically at the brute's head; he felt and heard the blade ring loudly on the bone. Three times he slashed; it seemed like a long minute that he was at grips with the thing. A crossbow bolt whizzed harshly past him — apparently the gentleman with the crossbow had taken a hurried and ineffective aim for his second shot.

Then suddenly and unexpectedly the brute, as it swung round, turned over on to its back, revealing its whitish belly; the others had grabbed the rope again, which, passing under its body, had twisted round its right foreleg. The thing squirmed insanely for a second or two while Rich slashed again; García was beside him now, slashing too. Rich saw the pale green-gray belly gape widely in a red wound. As it righted itself, the creature's tail knocked García violently against him, but in an instant of time, as he reeled, he saw a hind leg within the sweep of his sword, and he slashed once more. There was a thrill as the blade bit deep; Rich had the gratifying feeling that the muscles of his back and loins — all his strength — had been behind that blow. Red blood spouted in a dark trail over the sand from beneath the animal. The rush the thing was about to make at Osorio was crippled and disjointed, and a fresh drag upon the rope flung it on its side.

Moret was here now, sword in hand too. He plunged the weapon deep into the thing's side behind the foreleg, and the other men dropped the rope and came running in, plucking out their swords. The thing died under the sword blades, its huge jaws still snapping together with a ringing sound, and the mad yelling — they had all apparently been shouting at the tops of their voices — died away as they looked at each other across the corpse.

'Holy Mary, Mother of God,' said Osorio solemnly. He stood dagger in hand and looked round at the sweating gentlemen, at the torn-up sand with its bloodstains, and the dead lizard.

'Did you say the Indians kill these things?' asked João de Setubal of García; the latter was cautiously feeling the bruises on his thigh.

'Smaller ones. I said smaller ones, before we attacked it.'

'I should well think so,' said João.

'And you say you have eaten their flesh?' asked another. 'God, how the thing stinks!'

'It was Don Narciso who first struck it with steel,' Moret said.

'By God, that is so!' said Osorio. 'I heard the sword ring against the thing's head.'

'It is for Don Narciso to claim the kill, then,' said Moret.

In the tradition of the chase, the honor of the kill in the case of dangerous game went to the man who first set steel in the quarry.

'Yes,' said João de Setubal in his half-intelligible Portuguese. 'And look at that hind leg! I saw him strike that blow myself.'

The creature's left hind leg was cut nearly through close to the body, hanging merely by a bit of hide.

'A good blow, that,' said Osorio.

They all looked at Rich; he felt himself blushing in the hot sunlight.

'Gentlemen,' he said feebly, and then experience in court loosened his tongue and found him words to say, despite his

embarrassment. 'It was the efforts of all of us that killed this crocodile. There was the crossbow bolt which crippled its foreleg. There were the skill and courage of Don Cristobal, who dropped the noose over its head. There was our worthy boatswain, who came rushing into battle with no more than a dagger. There were the intelligent men who dragged at the rope at exactly the right moment. Why, gentlemen, there is no need for us to dispute for honor.'

They murmured in pleased agreement at that; they all had a better opinion of themselves now, and there were no hard feelings. It was odd, the influence trifles had over these hot-blooded gentlemen.

IX

A fresh distraction came when one of the seamen cried out that a canoe was approaching. Every eye turned down the river; they could see the canoe paddling briskly against the current towards them. The sun flashed on the paddle blades. Rich walked to the water's edge and waved a welcome, and the canoe came steadily on towards them until it grated on the sand and the five Indians in it stepped out and lifted it — it was a tiny, cranky thing — beyond the water. The Indians wore cloaks of white cotton, and aprons of the same material. They were handsome, of the palest copper color, and with long straight hair hanging to their shoulders.

Three of them wore thin metal collars — half the Spaniards hurriedly called Rich's attention to them — which seemed to be of pale gold, but Rich forbore to offer to barter for them until their curiosity might be satisfied. With inquiring looks and beckoning gestures they walked away from the longboat towards the dead lizard, confirming Rich's theory that they had been studying the Spaniards' actions from across the water, and they stood and stared at the dead body with ejaculations of wonder. García approached them and pointed to it.

'Iguana?' he said inquiringly, and, when they only looked puzzled, he repeated the word, varying the intonation. 'Iguana? Iguana?'

A look of understanding came over their faces and they made emphatic gestures of negation.

'Caiman,' said one, and then, pointing to the trees, 'Iguana.'

He helped his meaning out with more gestures; clearly the iguanas who lived in trees were vastly different creatures from the caimans that lived in rivers.

'Eat caiman?' asked García. He pointed to the body and then to his mouth and then rubbed his belly.

The gestures of dissent were still more emphatic now; they made wry faces and held their noses. One of them, too, made all the gestures of fear, pretending to run away, and holding his hands to represent the snapping jaws of the caiman. That brought them back to their wonder that this ferocious animal had been killed at all. They marveled loudly at the severed hind leg, and one of them turned to García in an attempt to discover the magic means by which such a blow had been dealt. Politely he put out his hand to García's sword hilt — he must have seen swords drawn already. García pulled the weapon from its sheath.

'Hey! Careful!' said García; the Indian had grasped the blade with his bare hand. García's involuntary gesture and the Indian's withdrawal between them gashed the palm — fortunately not deeply; the Indian looked with amazement at the blood, while García was voluble in apology and prodigal of gesture. But the Indian only smiled and shut his fist upon the cut; from the chattering that went on it was apparent that they were explaining to each other that a weapon which could cut at a touch could sever a caiman's leg at a blow.

Rich judged it to be as well to be conciliatory. He produced some of the trade goods with which the longboat had been supplied, and jingled a hawk's-bell enticingly. There were just the same

awe and delight displayed at the gifts as Rich had seen on the first occasion. He tapped at one of the collars of gold, and without a moment's hesitation the Indian unsnapped it from his neck and thrust it into his hand. It was harder and tougher than pure gold would have been; it was clearly an alloy, but its weight demonstrated that it must contain a large proportion of gold. Rich tried to display in dumb show great affection for the gold, and pointed inquiringly to the horizon. Instantly the Indian pointed south, with many words and gestures. Rich caught one word — '*Guanin*.'

'*Guanin*?' he said.

'*Guanin*,' said the Indian, tapping the collar.

They knew now the Indian word for 'gold.' The two other collars were put into Rich's hands without his even asking for them. These uncultured folk clearly were possessed of the instinct to present strangers with whatever they desired. One of them began a new pantomime, pointing to his mouth, pointing to the whole group of Spaniards, and then, in a wide gesture, away across the river.

'He's inviting us to dinner,' said García.

'I fancy so,' said Rich. 'He wants to take us to his village.'

He nodded in acceptance, and with little more ado the matter was settled satisfactorily. They pushed the long-boat out from its mooring place and pulled after the canoe, which preceded them down the river with the Indian in the stern looking anxiously back at them and calling to see that they understood what they had to do. His gesture towards the setting sun indicated his wish to arrive at their destination before nightfall.

The current bore them down the river, while they quartered steadily across. Down where the delta began, the canoe turned abruptly into a side channel, which led them into a broader arm again, where trees grew with their feet in the water. It was not very far up here; the

forest receded from the river bank, leaving a wide clearing. Four more canoes floated moored to the bank, and a little crowd of Indians stood at the landing place to welcome them, men, women, and children, some in cotton aprons, many of them naked, and all of them chattering and laughing with pleasure at the success of their embassy in inducing these strangers to visit them.

A dignified Indian, taller than his fellows, met them at the huts, and for the moment chatter ceased. The speech he made was obviously one of welcome.

'Thank you,' said Rich. He said something about Their Highnesses, and about His Excellency the Admiral. He mentioned the Church of Christ, and to all of this they listened with grave attention. The chief tapped his own chest.

'Malalé,' he said.

Rich tried to reproduce the name. The chief listened courteously, and repeated it.

'Malalé,' said Rich.

The chief clapped his hands with pleasure, and all the mob round clapped as well. Yet the chief still waited for a second or two, and then with extreme deference he began again.

'Malalé,' he said, pointing to himself, and then pointed to Rich, who grasped his meaning at last.

'Rich,' he said, touching his breast.

Malalé hesitated.

'Rich,' said Rich again, encouragingly.

'Lish,' said Malalé with an effort.

'Rich,' said Rich.

'Lish,' said Malalé.

It was too much for anybody's gravity, certainly too much for the very precarious gravity of the Indians. Everybody laughed, including the chief. Everybody was saying 'Lish' in a hundred different intonations. The harsh *r* and *ch* were clearly beyond their powers of articulation.

'Lish,' said the girls on Osorio's arms.

'Lish,' said a potbellied little boy, laughing with his head thrown back and his stomach protruding.

'Lish,' said everyone else; it was like the wind rustling in a grove of willows.

The chief waved his arms to terminate the séance; Rich was irresistibly reminded of the kindly young teaching friar in his first school breaking off the chorused repetition when it grew too riotous. Everyone remembered the real business of the meeting, and the Spaniards were led by their chattering escorts up to the leafy huts. There were hammocks in there, standing on the earthen floors; a few gourds; a headless spear; some fantastic shells — practically nothing. Rich was led into the main hut, and seated on a couch of trellised creeper beside the doorway. It wobbled under his weight; it was as impermanent as the hut in which it stood. Osorio was given a block of wood on which to sit at Rich's side, and García another — apparently these two were singled out to share the place of honor, the one because he had been seen much in Rich's company and the other because of his glittering helmet.

It was almost dark by now. Someone stirred the two fires into a bright blaze, and the rest of the Spaniards were led to seats by them. Then came the food, a prodigal display. There was fish and there was fruit, yellow corn bread, and gray cassava bread, with roast meat of a nature quite unidentifiable — all served by the women and young men, while the older men stood by anxiously watchful that their guests should want for nothing.

'A cup of wine, now —' said García. 'Hey, Don Malalé!'

He made a gesture of drinking, and in obedience to Malalé's request a girl approached him, carrying under each arm a bulky gourd. Another girl followed her with a couple of small drinking gourds. She put one in each of García's hands. The first girl filled one of them, and stood by while García tasted it.

'Queer,' said García, savoring it on his palate. 'Sickly. I can't say that I like it.'

The expression on his face was suffi-

cient indication for the girl to stoop and fill the other cup from the other gourd.

'Sour,' said García. 'But still — drinkable, at any rate.'

He drained the cup, and it was refilled for him. When Rich came to taste the drink he found it sour, as García had said. The flavor was indefinable, and he simply could not guess whether it was fermented or not.

Malalé was standing ready to make polite conversation. It called for a good deal of effort to make him understand that they wanted to know the name of this little town.

'Paria,' said Malalé at length. He pointed all about him into the surrounding darkness. 'Paria.'

So this country was called Paria. Rich could remember no geographical name that resembled it, in the way that Cibao resembled Cipangu.

'Guanin?' asked Rich, and the chief evinced a little surprise at Rich's knowing a word of his language. One of the Indians who had been in the canoe interposed with a voluble explanation in which Rich heard the word repeated more than once. Malalé called to his subjects. There was a good deal of bustling about, and people brought Rich ornaments of gold and put them at his feet — two more collars, and several shapeless lumps, the largest the size of a walnut.

'This wench here has pearls on,' said Osorio.

'I was going to ask about them next,' said Rich.

He reached out and touched the armlet, and at his touch the girl stood stock-still, quivering a little like a frightened horse. At a word from Malalé she stripped off the armlet and put it in his hand, still stood for a second, and then, presumably deciding that it was only the pearls that interested Rich, quietly withdrew. More pearls were brought: a little pile of wealth lay at Rich's feet.

Beyond the ring of light round the fires something was happening in the darkness. The circle of Spaniards had grown thin. The din and chatter had died away into a more secretive murmur. Uneasily Rich guessed what was going on, and felt a little sick with apprehension and disgust. He could feel only small sympathy with the animal grossness of these hot-blooded Castilians; he was a dozen years older than the eldest of the hidalgos, and he felt as if it were more like thirty or forty.

All the same, it was dangerous to interfere — physically dangerous. To take a girl from these men was like taking a kill from a wild cat. They would challenge him, perhaps. Any of these brawny louts could kill him five seconds after crossing swords. Rich vividly pictured to himself a sword blade slicing through his soft flesh, and his red blood flowing; the thought made him sick, and decided him instantly to take no action. After all, he did not know — he was not certain — what was going on. That was sufficient excuse, although he despised himself for his weakness at the same time that he yielded to it.

Somewhere in the darkness a woman screamed sharply, and Rich felt his heart sink. He tried to act as if he had not heard, and the cry came again. García was eyeing him curiously in the firelight, and Osorio was looking at him sidelong, to see what he would do. The Indians were tense; everything seemed to be waiting on his decision. In a few moments there might be a bloody massacre, he realized now. He got slowly to his feet, and as he did so an Indian girl came running into the firelight. She made straight for one of the men and threw herself into his arms; she pointed back into the darkness with tearful explanations as he stood with an arm round her shoulders.

As she pointed, two figures came into sight, blinking a little sheepishly in the firelight, João de Setubal and Diego Moret. They saw the others on their

feet, and they felt the tension, and they were self-conscious with every eye on them.

'What is this?' asked Rich. Every word was a torment to utter.

'I found the girl first,' said Moret, sullenly.

'You found her first? *You* found her?' protested Setubal in his slobbering Portuguese. 'She promised me an hour ago.'

'Can you talk this monkey-talk, then?' Moret was a fat and lazy man, but he was thoroughly roused now.

'No. But she knew what I meant, well enough,' said Setubal. 'She promised me.'

'Nonsense. She was willing enough for me, or would have been if you had not interfered and frightened her.'

'You had no right to her.'

'Nor had you!'

'I claimed her first!'

'That's a lie!'

Their hands went to their sword hilts at those words. To give the lie was as much an invitation to bloodshed as to give a blow. Someone was at Setubal's elbow in the half light, and someone else at Moret's. In a moment there would be a dozen swords drawn. Everyone's life would be in peril, with these Indians uneasily looking on, and Rich had to plunge in, lest worse befall.

'Don Diego! Don João!' he cried, hurrying forward from the hut between the two fires.

His words barely sufficed to check the men as they stood with their swords half drawn. They looked round at him, their bodies turned towards each other, right feet advanced, left shoulders thrown back. In the tenth part of a second those blades could cross.

'Take your hands from your swords!' roared Rich. The desperate urgency of the moment gave power to his voice — it was like shouting at a child who was about to touch unwittingly a brazier of burning charcoal. They hesitated, and then, as Rich strode between them, they

dropped their melodramatic poses; their right hands left their sword hilts even if their left hands still retained their grasp on the scabbards.

'Are you fools enough to want to fight with a hundred Indians looking on?' spluttered Rich. 'They may think us gods now, but how long would they think it if one of you had a yard of steel in his belly?'

A training in rhetoric may have enabled his tongue to move more freely, but he had never before been so desperately anxious to win a cause, and the idiom he used and the tactics he employed were the proof of the inspiration of necessity. The sound of the quarrel had called back to the firelight the other Spaniards who were out in the shadow; they were coming back to the ring one by one, and taking their places in it, while the Indian women were grouping together in the background behind the screen of their menfolk — Rich was conscious out of the tail of his eye of this byplay.

'Will the women be so easy for you if they see you think 'em worth squabbling about?' he asked, wondering, as he said it, whether his tone of self-confident coarse good-fellowship rang true. 'Twenty of you came with me in the longboat, and I've got to take twenty of you back, or there'll be the devil to pay when I make my report to the Admiral.'

He ran his eyes round the ring; every Spaniard was present now. Somebody damned the Admiral in an undertone, but low enough for Rich to be able to pretend he had not heard.

'If it comes to that,' he went on, amplifying his earlier speech, 'what'll these women think of us anyway if you go on as you do? With our clothes on, and our helmets, and our sword belts, and our white skins, we're gods to them now. There's gold and there are pearls for the asking. But with our breeches off we're men. Aren't we, now? And you've been taking the surest way of making

the men angry and dangerous. Think of your own case. If an archangel visited you in Spain you'd give him dinner, wouldn't you? But if you caught that archangel with your wife? What then?'

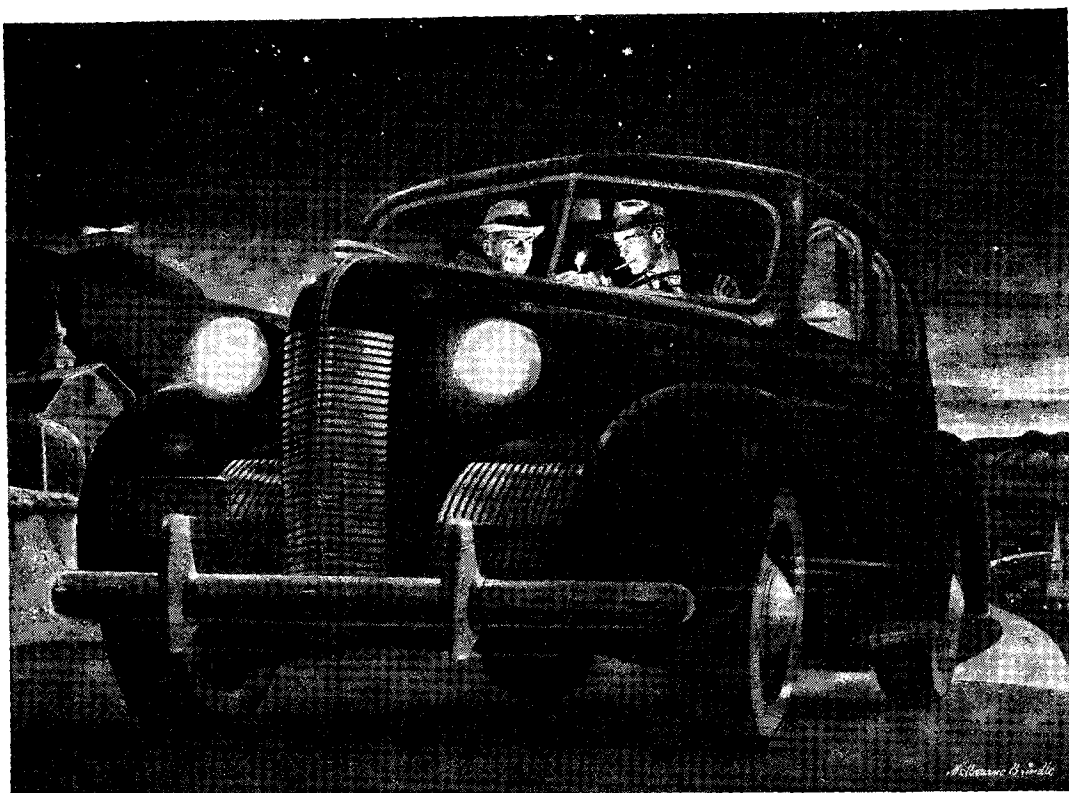
He got a laugh at that — a most encouraging sound.

'Let's have no more of this nonsense,' he said, taking the bull by the horns at last, and assuming the attitude of authority which he dreaded. 'It's time for sleep, and we'll sleep close together for safety's sake. I'm not going to take chances with my eyes shut. Seamen can sleep by the fire here. Gentlemen here. Don Cristobal, you can make yourself obeyed by these hot-headed lads. See that nobody wanders off in the night and gets his throat cut. Boatswain, you can do the same with your seamen.'

To delegate the responsibility to García was a bold and successful move. García would not like it to be demonstrated that he could not make himself obeyed after Rich had assumed he could, and he certainly could fight if necessary, which was more than Rich could do. And the simple assumption of authority and of García's support worked a miracle, too. The young men were impressed by it — and perhaps Rich did not realize that they were the less ready to resent his authority after he had withstood, sword in hand, the first mad charge of the wounded caiman. Nor was the hint that their lives might be in peril, here in this unknown land, without its weight.

X

For the four full days which the Admiral had allotted as a maximum, Rich explored this new coast in the longboat. Southward they went, and southward again, finding the land continuous. The marshy delta continued for miles — more than one big river contributed to its formation. There was a fresh-water lagoon where flocked countless white



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THE Atlantic

aigrettes, beautiful in the sunshine. There were cranes and monkeys and parrots, while each sand bank bore its two or three caimans — the sight of them always raised a laugh in the longboat at the memory of García's temerity in attempting to kill one with a noose and the bare steel.

There were Indians in little groups everywhere, each group with a hospitable welcome, and ready to accompany them to the next group even though it was impossible to explain to them by sign language that they were seeking an easterly passage to the open sea — they were never able to make them understand this. The Spaniards' gesticulations were met with a wooden lack of understanding which their utmost efforts could not enlighten. The Indians knew of no sea to the west, but the evidence was not convincing, seeing that it appeared unlikely that any one of them had ever been more than ten miles from his birthplace.

The Admiral listened courteously to Rich's report. His eyes brightened at the sight of the gold and the pearls which Rich handed over, and he seemed pleased at the news that the longboat was full of fresh food. The Admiral had no interest in food himself, — his bad teeth alone would have limited it, — and with him it was an article of faith, not of knowledge, that weaker men found benefit in a varied diet. He laughed at Rich's account of how they had attacked a caiman under the impression that it was an iguana.

'It is a pity you had no men with you with experience of the Indies,' he said, and then his face hardened as he realized what he said. When the squadron sailed from Spain no inducement offered had been great enough to tempt a single one of those survivors of the previous expedition who had returned to Spain to sail again for the Indies.

Rich noticed the Admiral's hurt expression, and went on hastily with his report so as to smooth over the difficulty.

'It is a vast land, Your Excellency,' he said, and the Admiral nodded doubtfully. 'The rivers are huge.'

'You mean the channels between the islands?'

'Rivers, Your Excellency. Vast rivers of fresh water. So vast that they freshen the water far out in this inland sea.'

'That freshness is interesting — we have noticed it here, near the ships, while you have been away. I have decided on the cause.'

'It is caused by these big rivers, Your Excellency.'

'Oh no. There is no land near which could support a river of that size. It is far more likely that —'

'We found a river the Indians called Orinoco, Your Excellency,' said Rich. He was desperate enough to interrupt in his anxiety not to hear the theory. 'They said one could ascend it for many days' journey, as far as a great waterfall.'

'There is nothing so easy to misunderstand as the signs these Indians make,' said the Admiral, kindly. 'Believe me on that point; I have had sufficient experience to know.'

Rich remembered the Admiral's early reports and their frequent mentions of the consequences of such misunderstandings, and yet he was sure that on this occasion there had been no misunderstanding.

'Their gestures left me in no doubt,' he said.

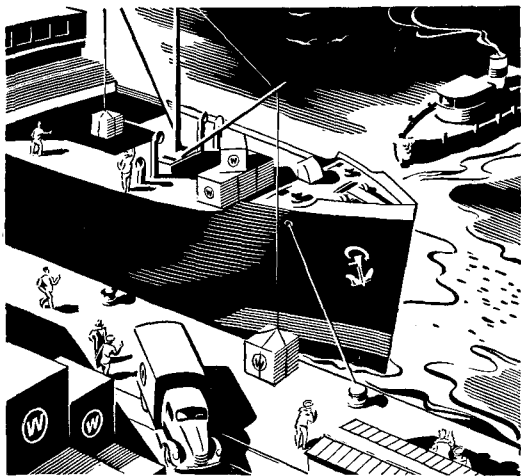
'That is often enough the case, believe me. Could they have been referring to a fountain, perhaps? The Fountain of Youth. What did you say this river was called?'

'Orinoco, Your Excellency.'

'There were four rivers in Eden: Euphrates, Hiddekel, Pishon, and Gihon.' The Admiral thought for a while; Rich could see the struggle in his face as he gave up the attempt to reconcile one of the last three names with 'Orinoco.' 'No matter. These Indians often have

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several different names for their rivers. Let us hear more.'

Rich told of the oysters which grew upon trees.

'Ah, that is the source of these pearls. Pliny has a passage on the subject. Did you notice any clinging with their shells open?'

'No, Your Excellency.'

'Pliny tells that oysters exposed by the tide open their shells to receive drops of dew from the skies, and then solidify these drops into pearls. It is natural to meet with confirmation here.'

Rich kept his mouth tight shut. He was not going to risk a snub by advancing any further information about the pearls. And then with a shock he realized that the Admiral was right. He remembered perfectly plainly now the passage in *Historia Naturalis* that dealt with the point. Pliny could not be wrong; Rich withdrew in horror from the brink of the abyss of freethinking into which he had been about to plunge.

'What is the matter, Don Narciso?' asked the Admiral politely. 'You look unwell.'

'Oh no, Your Excellency, thank you,' said Rich, hastily. Not for worlds would he confess to a proximity to heretical unbelief. 'I am perfectly well.'

'Then let us hear more.'

Rich told of the endless marshy channels, of their eventual recognition of the Isle of Grace as they emerged beside the Serpent's Mouth.

'So that between here and the Isle of Grace you think the channels impracticable for the squadron, then?'

'Yes, Your Excellency.'

That was one way of saying that he thought the Isle of Grace a peninsula jutting out from a vast continent, and it was one which saved argument. Besides, after the incident of Pliny and the pearls, Rich was in a bewilderment of doubt again.

'Then we shall have to risk the passage of the Dragon's Mouths. We have no more time to spare at the moment —

my presence is probably urgently needed in Española. We shall make the passage tomorrow morning.'

'Yes, Your Excellency.'

Rich had foreseen this development some time back — he was coming to know the Admiral so well and to anticipate his reactions. It was the Admiral's way to touch lightly upon one subject of investigation and then dash on to the next, to formulate a theory and neglect the confirmation of it, to find the distant prospect always more alluring than the present — an extraordinary trait in a man with the obstinacy and firmness of character to pursue, as the Admiral had done, a single aim through eighteen early years of rebuffs and poverty. It was as if that effort had drained him of all his single-purposedness.

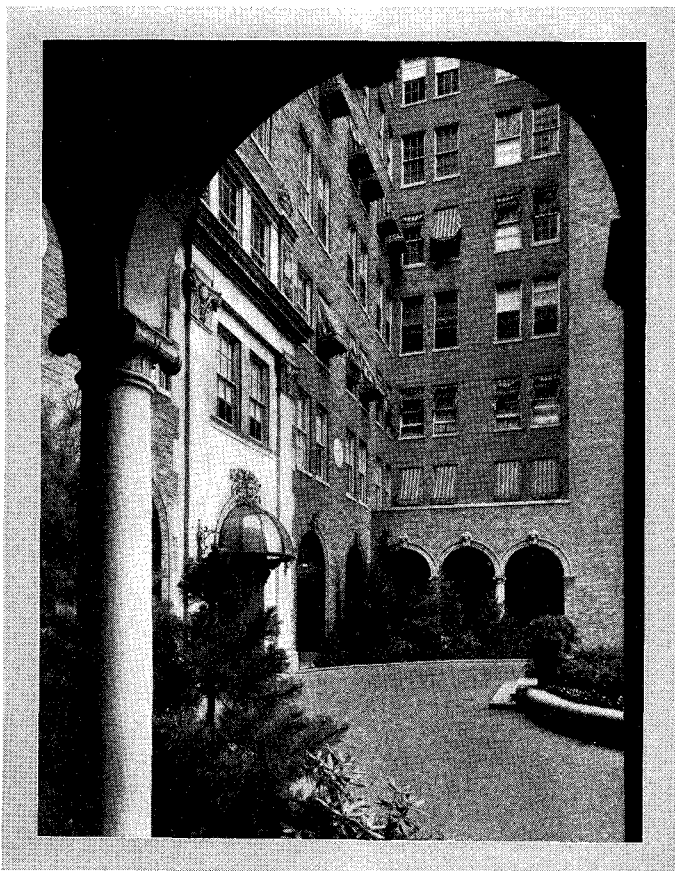
'My brother, I hope, will have reduced the colony to order, and will have several shiploads of treasure awaiting us. As *Adelantado*, he was left with full powers.'

'Yes, Your Excellency.'

Bartholomew Columbus was one of the few men whom the Admiral trusted — but these clannish Genoese could be of course expected to trust their brothers. And Bartholomew had sailed with Diaz to the Cape of Good Hope, and was generally reputed to be a man of parts. With the powers of *Adelantado* — deputy to the Viceroy — he certainly might by now have effected a change in the colony since the date of the last depressing reports; but Rich was aware that it would call for a man of vast ability and courage to enforce an orderly government on the adventurers and jailbirds who had accompanied the Admiral to Española on his second voyage. He hoped it had been done.

'If all is well in Española, Your Excellency,' ventured Rich, 'I hope you will consider it advisable to dispatch a new expedition to explore these parts.'

'I hope I shall,' said the Admiral. 'But there is so much to explore — there is so much to do.'



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The Admiral sighed, and his heavy lids drooped over his blue eyes; the man was weary.

'But here there is so much to discover,' said Rich.

'Yes, indeed,' agreed the Admiral with more animation; his face brightened as he spoke. 'I have written it all in the report I am sending to Their Highnesses. The Earthly Paradise, the mines of Ophir, the Fountain of Youth — I am glad that you are with me, Don Narciso, to confirm me in all these matters.'

Rich had not the least intention of affirming to King Ferdinand the presence of any such phenomena on these parts; he wanted a great deal more evidence before he could do that, even though he knew that the counter-theories at the back of his mind were ridiculous and dangerous enough to call for instant repression with nothing to replace them. But he had to swallow twice before his innate honesty forced him to hint as much to the Admiral.

'The gold and the pearls which you will send will be better evidence of the wealth of the country, perhaps, Your Excellency,' he said, 'and I am not geographer enough to venture an opinion on the other points.'

The straight deep line reappeared between the Admiral's eyebrows at the suggestion of an opinion contrary to his own.

'The ultimate exploration of this group of islands,' he said finally, 'will reveal many wonders. I should be accustomed by now to having my ideas mocked at by those unqualified to judge.'

'At least, Your Excellency,' pleaded Rich, 'I am aware of my lack of qualification.'

For the first time in his life Rich was feeling sympathy towards heretics faced with a demand for a recantation. Someone who should know spoke of 'a group of islands' where Rich himself considered lay a mass of land; and in the face of superior experience Rich could not but

cling to his own opinion, despite himself. Whether he would go to the stake for it or not Rich could not decide; certainly he would face a good deal of unpleasantness, and he was decidedly glad that it was a geographical point, and only distantly a theological one, which was at issue.

'Then you need not continue to weary me with argument,' said the Admiral, dismissing him.

Rich went on deck again depressed and unhappy, to watch the sun descend slowly towards this unknown land — or islands.

XI

A little group of canoes came stealing out to the squadron over the glassy waters of the Gulf of Paria; they were the usual cranky craft of which Rich had seen a good many specimens during the longboat's voyage, mere strips of bark two or three feet wide. The two ends were tied into thin bundles and bent upwards, so as to accentuate the natural trough-like curve of the bark, thus making a boat which a venturesome boy might use on a millpond, but which would roll over at the first incentive and which buckled about, snakelike in its lack of rigidity, under the impulse of the paddles. Two or three such groups had already visited the squadron during the longboat's absence, and the ships' companies watched the approach of this one without excitement; Rich was too deeply sunk in his own thoughts to pay any attention at all.

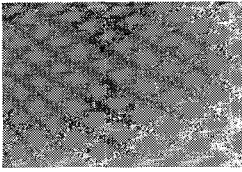
It was Acevedo who raised him from his depression.

'Don Narciso,' he said, crossing the deck, 'a friend of yours is hailing you.'

A small canoe was creeping alongside the ship, propelled slowly by the paddles of two boys, and in the middle a naked Indian half stood, half crouched on his precarious foothold.

'Lish!' he was calling. 'Lish!'

He saw Rich's head and shoulders appear over the bulwark, and nearly



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capsized the canoe in the enthusiasm of his arm waving. It was Malalé, the chief of the village Rich had visited; he smiled widely and stooped to seek something down by his feet as the boys brought the canoe to the ship's side.

'Perhaps it is a royal collar of gold and pearls which he has brought you,' suggested Acevedo — someone was throwing a rope for Malalé to climb into the waist.

The Indian swung himself up over the bulwarks; he blinked for a moment, like a man emerging into strong sunlight, at the proximity of all the massive wonders about him, but he had confidence in Rich and was still smiling with the pleasure of seeing him again.

'No, it's a parrot, by God!' said Acevedo; perched on Malalé's hand was a big blood-red bird, which, as it moved, betrayed bewildering markings of a vivid blue — it was an extraordinarily stimulating combination of colors.

Malalé approached, talking volubly but deferentially; it was not hard to guess that he was employing formal phrases which for once had a real meaning. He stopped, and waited for Rich to speak.

'I am delighted to see you again, Malalé,' said Rich. 'I hope you are well.'

He might as well say that as anything else, and it was all true. Malalé lifted the red parrot and offered it to Rich, and at the latter's hesitation burst into voluble pleading; Rich held out his hand and Malalé set the parrot upon it. Rich was about to utter formal thanks, but was checked by a new outburst of speech from Malalé. He was chattering to the parrot, stroking its feathers and rubbing the back of its head, and the parrot

contorted its neck and goggled up at Rich with beady eyes. Still Malalé chattered and caressed; the parrot put its head on the other side and said something in reply — but evidently not the right thing, for Malalé continued to address it, coaxingly. Suddenly the parrot seemed to realize what was expected of it.

'Lish,' it said, clearly and unmistakably. 'Lish, Lish, Lish.'

Everybody laughed, and Malalé stood by with modest pride while the parrot looked round the ring with its inhuman eyes and ruffled its blood-red feathers and repeated 'Lish' half a dozen more times before it trailed off again first into Indian speech and then into silence, with its long claws gripping Rich's finger.

'They must have started teaching the bird to say that the moment we left their village,' commented Acevedo.

Rich did not need Acevedo's friendly comment to call his attention to the forethought that contributed to the gift. He was inexpressibly moved by it — foolishly, he told himself — and he was surprised to find such a strong emotion in him, impeding his utterance and blurring his vision for a second or two. Not many people had ever made gifts to the learned Narciso Rich, save in payment for his professional services. He found it hard to stammer his thanks, and it moved him still more to see Malalé's obvious delight in the pleasure he had given. The parrot flapped impotent wings and began to sidle along his sleeve with beak and claws.

'Lish,' it said, peering up at him.

Malalé's visit and the gift he bore drew some of the sting from the necessity of saying farewell to the Gulf of Paria.

(To be continued)

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